

The Day After Falling in Love

by Gita M. Smith

The day after falling in love,
I became unmoored from everything familiar,
(this chair, that piece of curtain, all suddenly turned brilliant)
And floated off, as light as photons.

You stayed behind to guard the perimeters of
our marriage, to summarize the situation when
onlookers stopped to gawk.
"Nothing to see here, folks, move along," you said
in your crossing guard's voice.
"It happens every few years, she's just that way,"
and the neighbors shuffled off, looking doubtful.

In my altered state, beset with hiccups and filled with poetry,
I had no need of food or a clean bathroom.
Eventually, weeks later, I regained my corporeal form,
which was subject to the usual rules of gravity and, thus,
I fell to earth like Icarus, aflame but not regretting
my too-short flight.

