

One, One at a Time

Love saved my life I told myself
I don't know how many times and always believed it,
the abyss of its absence known all too well,
but now it's one small white pill each morning
that keeps things from getting gummed up —
polyrhythms and polyphony of course
but a steady upbeat iambic pulse, no fancy
flimflam syncopated grace notes
just two-step hum-along old favorites
making the rounds heart to brain and back
not exactly involuntary but no baton,
le tout ensemble in the pocket all the players
digging it as long as the gig lasts.

Thank you, Love, for that time you made for us,
the pure exuberance of our being in touch
dancing eye to eye on luminous air
hearts racing just for the fun of it
though we knew coming back to earth would mean breaking up,
pulled apart by the force of gravity,
enchantment shattered, emerald city a shambles,
bubble shriveled to a flaccid balloon.
Yet the Calcium Score shows no debris
the PETscan no scar tissue
no pent-up past bending the heartstrings
no muscles clenched into fists and snarls.
As long as I do one one day at a time.

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