

# If the world were to stop spinning

We'd make love on the ceiling  
while baffled scientists,  
wondering why gravity stopped working,  
would come up with new definitions for day, hour.

And along every sidewalk, road, path,  
engineers would build a handrail system  
we'd tether ourselves to  
when we ventured outside.

And there would come that day when  
I would forget to hold on,  
like the times we momentarily forget  
to love another.

We would be walking home  
and I'd forget to clip in, find myself  
looking down into your eyes becoming distant,  
the thin air cold, getting colder by the minute.