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The Death of Gravity

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The Death of Gravity

Abstract
A poem.

Keywords
poem, poetry, pull, weight
The Death of Gravity

After Merwin

Jason Nemec

The way we see
at each moment the air
is some god inside us
guiding our eyes, clutching
the back of our skull,
pivoting it like a camera –
a long slow pan into focus.

Or is it blindness
and does the earth have a voice,
a low register, a vibration
beneath our bare feet?

Feel our heels reeling,
gravity gone, a memory
of when the planet held us.
Imagine it: the bodies
lifting off, zooming up,
the sky inhaling,
vacuuming us
like dust; we will be plucked
from what we thought was
the one certain thing.

Jason Nemec is a Ph.D. candidate at the University of Cincinnati. His stories and poems have appeared or are forthcoming in Kenyon Review Online, Washington Square, Rattle, Meridian, Nimrod, storySouth, Verse Daily, Switchback, Tinge, Vestal Review, and various other magazines. He is at work on a novel.