

I'M LEAVING

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I. Action

Standing in an antique store,
holding the shopkeep's prized possession;
A cut crystal bowl, seemingly shaped from frost.
The door chimes, those few words, startling—
you reflexively retract your hands from its side,
slowly watching it fall towards the floorboards,
each second creeps towards the inevitable.
Your mind already figures out the best exit—
sprinting towards the door, never looking back.

II. Equal and Opposite Newton's Third Law of Motion:

every action must have
an equal and opposite reaction.
The atoms caress the crystal,
a cushion, a comfort.
Thousands of them try to soothe
the pressure. They push against the bowl,
Beg it to stay together as long as possible,
plead for the end to be merciful,
shield it from the approaching affliction.

III. Reaction

When the moment finally arrives
and that crystal bowl hits the unforgiving floor,
you close your eyes, waiting
for the crack: the silence following
Your heart, prepared to dash for that door,
wonders what you owe that shopkeep.
An apology?
But the crack never occurs
and you consider:
shatterproof?

