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Spin Me

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SPIN ME

Brooke Payment

Her feet, small shadows of my own
slid across thin blades of grass.

I promised her
I'd spin her at the park
where her legs wouldn't hit the furniture.

The trees could spin so fast
they'd become
not trees anymore,
the colors would bleed together and become
not colors anymore
but grey smears in between breaths.

She didn't know the world could slip
out from underneath her,
and that gravity could come alive
and bite us back,
nipping at her fingers,
until every one is lifted from their curl
around my hand,
tossing her into messy pieces on the grass.
She didn't know.

And in her light, airy six year old song, she said,
"spin me"

Without thinking, I took her hands in mine
and spun her
because the world isn't moving fast enough already.
And before we can think,
it ties a rope around the neck of a peninsula,
restlessly pulling the earth
out of its socket,
skidding it into space
shattering us into messy pieces
on the sky's floor
to be vacuumed up
with the dust of the stars.