

The Rug Pulled Out from Under

by Ron Watson

Me, paired with you, team-teaching seniors,
I was never sure of my footing all along—
our class inclined to teeter as we tilted
side to side, ceiling flirting with the walls.
I adjusted, found my rhythm in undulations,
tucked my stack of twice-learned lessons,
and re-schooled myself in the art of flux.
Since you were my sole fixed reference,
forgive me if I seemed to stare too much,
if I admired you a tad too long, or worse—
if I crisscrossed that fine line dividing lust.
Having a pick-sharp focus exacts a cost.
I lost sight of a gradual two-fisted grip,
did not see fingers clinching the fabric
on which we stood or leaned or truly slid.
But it happened: the floor taking flight—
the undersides of our shoes catching air—
with you vanishing and me left there
upside-down, a flurry of loose handouts
swirling around me like wind-blown snow
settling to a new ground. *Now, I thought,*
now, what am I going to do with these?