

## A Different Kind of Gravity

“Your hair grows faster when we’re apart,”  
I once overheard a man say to a woman in the airport when I was young  
I thought about those words all flight  
Then never again until  
I saw you, again,  
Standing there—walking, I mean,  
Across the street in the opposite direction  
I saw you  
Not on a screen  
Not imprinted on the backs of my eyelids  
Not as an apparition in the black of my room  
But you, there, and your hair—  
Which, in all the time I knew you, was kept  
Cropped and close to your head like a secret—  
Hung in neat ribbons that landed  
Just above your rib cage, and  
Two silver streaks framed your  
Face,  
Your temples, cheekbones, jaw.

I stand, now, in the shower, facing the water,  
Not regretful  
Just mournful  
I think about the man in the airport for the first time in ten years  
Whatever world you’d inhabited after leaving mine  
Must have a different kind of gravity  
A different electricity  
A different cellular makeup.