

by Howard Good, from Juked #6, Spring 2009

## LOVESICK

It isn't love if our embassy isn't burning,  
if the windows haven't exploded

in a shower of diamonds from the heat,  
if the ballerina isn't staggering around on stage

as from an accidental elbow in the face,  
or if the knife-thrower, subject to ironic applause,

doesn't suddenly doubt the accuracy of his aim;  
it isn't love if the moon isn't breathing,

if we don't receive unsought help from machines,  
an automated summons to appear in court

and our bewildered joy upon entering the night  
a moment after everyone else has left.