The Acrobat and Her Lover  
Amy Luong

In a heartbeat
she’s at the top, conquering her stage
and his heart.
boy meets girl, girl meets boy.
mystery, intrigue, thrill,
it’s refreshing.

Adrenaline rush
act after act,
the room is filled with artistry and awe,
but she only sees him.
high. very high. off of love.
soaring into his embrace.

Destined to be
they’re like gum on a shoe.
friends may laugh,
but they are in too deep to notice.
she goes from I to we,
the future no longer mine but ours.

Discovery of differences
but higher the climb, harder the fall.
even years of effort can’t predict
that love can turn bland,
that with three letters and a young mind,
like can become dislike.

Letting go
Her fingers begin to slip like oil on glass.
Nothing could’ve prepared her for this
disappointment.
sometimes, Cinderella doesn’t go with Prince Charming.
like Romeo and Juliet.

Rebirth
blisters form and break,
tearing away bits and pieces of her memory,
but callouses mark her story.
they toughen her hands
and her heart.
Different discoveries
   but she is capable of finding that high again,
   and all wasn’t for naught.
they’re older now, and know
that destined to be
is not that absurd.

Happy ever after
   though her mind is worn and her heart grows old,
she reaches out for one last chance,
because they both want this.
doubt hung in the air,
until he answered, will you marry me?

Applauses all around
   but they don’t even know.