Glitch

By Nick Laird

More than ample a deadfall of one meter eighty to split
my temple apart on the herringbone parquet and crash
the operating system, tripping an automated shutdown

in the casing and halting all external workings of the moist
robot I inhabit at the moment: I am out cold and when
my eyes roll in again I sit on the edge of the bed and tell

you just how taken I am with the place I’d been, had been
compelled to leave, airlifted mid-gesture, mid-sentence, risen
of a sudden like a bubble or its glisten or a victim snatched

and bundled out, helplessly, from sunlight, the usual day,
and all particulars of life there fled except the sense that stays
with me for hours and hours that I was valuable and needed there.

Source: Poetry (September 2015)