

Jig is Up

Chelsea-Nicole Newton

for turn of phrase
the jig is up
no
the jig is *down*
it falls like a crown from my neck
to the floor
i bolt for the door
the window
anything to escape the *crescendo*
the soundtrack to my finale
(applause)
(but no standing ovation)
this time, there is no smile
because i didn't pass the trial
inches for miles, inches for miles
but no legs to walk them, let alone run
i am done
finished
feeling fragile and my health diminished
why is this happening to me?
is this what it's like to be
in love?