

THE FALL (SPES BONA)

“Here in the middle, there is a hungry abyss.
We tightrope across the narrow, fragile wire, taking delicate steps.”
—Mohammed El-Kurd

“the actual kiss
of the world everywhere.”
—June Jordan

I fall from grace
the way a shadow falls
with light behind me, throwing shade below
in plain sight under sun, unwatched by god
our backs to you this time (& time again)

I fall in love
the way empires fall
too slowly first (alive), & then too fast
in rapturous applause, South-silenced, strange
surveilled 'neath thumb & eyes scrolling for doom

I fall asleep
the way the Statue fell
airlifted from the earth, twitching from taut
ropes tied to the past, the future fuzzed
under a twitch of fingers, starved for rest

I fall in place
the same way we all fell
for fascism: futures unmasking us
with miners underfoot, caught underground
& good hope rubble-rising to be found
