

Falling

& what is God but one more man
 I know to distrust, laying down
 the law only to leave & live

among the clouds. From that height,
 what we must look like—all of us
 stumbling around, not knowing

where to go, no memory of our history:
 the body tied to the fence, all those numbers
 etched into children's arms.

If He came down for me, I'd run
 in the other direction, head
 toward what I trust, what doesn't leave:

water, the meadow I made a home of,
 the scent of my mother's coats.
 So much changes: a new coat

of paint on the kitchen walls,
 the people I love moving away, & I'm here
 trying to hold on, woken up

by dreams of claws cutting through skin,
 mouth baring teeth. & this
 isn't to say I'm some fallen angel

or fiend. I think I'm just a girl
wondering what's so special
about wings.

Breakup Ghazal

I spend days, nights, dreaming of forget-me-nots,
want, waterfalls, romping through the winter wheat.

I bike downriver, past dairy cows, stench
of swine, toward the fields of winter wheat.

Once upon a time, I sneaked into the abandoned
barn with a girl, barn surrounded by winter wheat.

This want, fishbone caught in my throat,
crabgrass and weeds wet from winter. Wheat

shin-high, there for the yanking, perfect to lie in,
looking up at the waxing moon. Winter wheat—

something to hold on to, something I knew
would appear every season. This winter wheat

all around me. Like want. If I close my eyes, the sway
of foxtails turns to touch. Skin or winter wheat?

Brushing in the breeze, it whispers my name in the voice
of the girl whose lips I dream of, hair winter wheat-

colored before the rains come, ash-blond and gone.
Strands feather-soft, a poor substitute, this winter wheat.