

FALLING

It was 1969. I fell out of a tree. It was the year Armstrong and Aldrin set foot on the moon. I have since fallen in love, many times, each time thinking it would last, and sorted all my poetry books by authors' last name. I haven't told you these things to make you envious, or jealous. This is a cautionary tale: the tale of a boy trying to climb the sky with the side of a crib over one shoulder and some string, how he fell to Earth, the last image in his mind—the moon against a light-blue canvas. Hospitals are a far cry from the moon. People like you and me will one day be buried up there, and will look down on our graves with hollow eyes. Elevators will rise to geosynchronous orbit. A terminal will be there, shuttles to the moon every hour on the hour. Taking the elevator down to Earth, people will feel they are falling. Share this with no one. Walk among the trees. Walk among the trees under limbs that will taunt you, but let them. These limbs only want to embrace your lack of imagination, your doubt.