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Falling In

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Falling In

I'm still picking leaves out of my hair—
those were your sky.

Me, I saw birds, your shirt that bore
two holes in your head on each
side of your nose
that let me see through to the
blue that was my sky.

You had tree branches growing
out of your ears, and some
leaves stuck in there too
(don't know how that could've happened).
I was thinking we were in the right place;
the season was a coincidence.
I tried to tell you how you were an elf
and I was a wood nymph,
but all that came out
was something about happiness,
and how earth energy can ground a person.

Only to you my feet were dangling,
and so I pulled you up
to hold your head near my heart
so our skies would be one.
Now those were the days
when falling was safe
because there was no down,
and if I asked you
which way you were pulled
“Why, in,” you'd say, drawing close.

You laughed when I told you
how you were an elf;
and I'm glad because
there's something about happiness
that can ground a person.

—Bekah Taylor '00