# **Celebrating Writers and Writing in our Communities**

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### Faux

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## **Faux**

### by Greg Pronovost-Carlson

Tumbling...

I'm falling and breaking apart

Piece by piece

I try to pick them up as they fall like sand

From my ears, my mouth, my heart, and my hands

I'm helpless;

I crumble my pieces flying through the sky

Dancing and singing like I was never able to

Self-consciousness be forgotten

Heart be broken and glued back together

Only to fall apart

The glue was faux and I just pretend

Be damned the soul in my heart

For the one in my hands

Has already forgotten what it is to live