

# WE ALL FALL

(POETRY)  
Editors' Choice

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what is it with people trying to fly  
make roosts in the sky from which  
they can't dive gracefully  
like the other day I saw the craziest thing  
saw one of their fake heavy birds  
glide into a building not once but twice  
and all those people  
flapping their arms out of windows  
and plummeting down  
because they don't have feathers  
made me think of the time I saw a hatchling tumble  
from a nest while the mother watched  
her chick's body being kicked around below  
by people leaving the subway

except the people that day  
the ones who walked away  
weren't carrying briefcases just dust  
grey dust on their backs  
not like you find on ledges  
but the cinder kind made of drywall  
and flesh and hair and bones  
and it all floated around like down and dander  
becoming the closest thing they'll have  
to wings  
more ashen than a scarlet bird can shake  
and I would know  
something about that

