

JOHN GALLAHER

Lost in Our Creations, We No Longer Believe in Falling

The starlings are quiet in the look of things.
The trees are not breathing.

There's this place you've got to get to,
where the lovers are not looking up.

There's this thing you'll never know,
though you might listen to both sides of the argument.

And though you meant to stay,
these aren't your people.

Though you practiced your balance, and your special walk,
the rooms are askew.

Voices go by too quickly.
The gestures are intricate, and just past memory.

So let's play the adult game, where you get to start all over again.
Some days, today for instance, you'll close your eyes.

You'll go out and lie in the garden.
You'll begin covering yourself in earth.