Flying

I

I
The buildings they were tall I jumped
I
fell I
never landed I kept going

II

You desisted flickered and continued
with the gaps in tact just the way they were
you don't know you don't know you
created a nother gap

III

That I closed. Then it was we, nevermind that
nothing ever gets done. We jumped off the building together
and that's when things got complicated.
Turn a circle keep going we have become myriad

IV

And suddenly everyone was everywhere
bursting with themselves the unbearable
impact of conviction in a crude geometry
of rainshadow wet like memory the thought
of where they've been like a birth a crisis
something likely to remain
and when it hits them they'll climb the stairs
and
fall
like
rain