

Spring 5-1-2014

The Senses of the Fall

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Recommended Citation

Phillips, Gwyneth (2014) "The Senses of the Fall," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 36: No. 2, Article 13.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol36/iss2/13>

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Yeah, I've seen him
That one who runs recklessly
That one who stumbles
I've seen the things he does in fear or hate or anger:
Sure, I've seen the one who falls.

But isn't falling like flying
Only with no strings attached?

I've heard him hit rock bottom
The splintering sound of his heart shattering
The cries of the boy sobbing in the dark
Cracking face, cracking mind, cracking soul:
Of course I've heard the one who falls.

But isn't falling like flying
Only with no strings attached?

I've smelled the scent of his decay
All the shaky walls he built rotting to dirt
All the smoke curling from his burning lies
Peeled, skinned, scourged away:
Yes, I've smelled the one who falls.

But isn't falling like flying
Only with no strings attached?

Ah, but I've tasted the spark on his tongue
Flavored bitter with honest fear

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**Flavored spicy with spiking courage
Carbonated, aged well, shaken-not-stirred hope:
Yes, oh yes, I've tasted the one who falls.**

**So falling is like flying
Only with no strings attached?**

**Naturally, I've felt his remains
In my hands held and shaped them with blood-slippery
fingers
In my heart, forgiving but not forgetting them
Rising, learning, exploding from them:
By my all, I've felt the one who falls.**

**Yes! Falling is like flying
With no strings attached!**

**With no strings attached, I am him
Mine the hands outreached, groping, flailing
Mine, the false wings clipped, dry roots burned
In my falling, cleansing, climbing resurrection:
I've been the one who falls.
Yet more
I am the one who rises.**

**Falling is like flying
Only with no strings attached,
Because of course,
Who has need of strings to suspend
When there are arms to catch?**