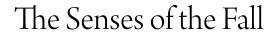
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THE SENSESHOF BEFEF FALL

Gwyneth Phillips

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 coin age 1, No. 2, Art. 13 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?