Fragments Falling

Jacob Zimmerman

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FRAGMENTS FALLING

Jacob Zimmerman

1. 2004

Raining broken glass.
He leapt. His buttoned shirt
bent around his body, cascading.
A stranger, her hair suspended
in motion rushed to the
newly open window.

2. 1993

What’s wrong?
Why would you say that?
How do you know?
That doesn’t make sense.
True, but you can’t say it.
But then what you say won’t mean anything.
Unless you’re lying.
How do I know you’re not lying?
Okay. It’s gonna be okay.

3. 1962

The musk of burning mahogany and pine,
the fragrance of amber rising with the ash.
The horses break from the barn doors
into the shadows of the trees.

It’s gonna be okay.
It seemed appropriate.
I don’t. But it’s true.
Not knowing doesn’t make it any less true.
Why not? I can say whatever I want.
Why not? If I say it, I mean it.
Lies have a different kind of meaning.
Faith, really. That’s it.
The structure bends in the light
as we watch from the hillside.
Beneath the black night
the budging red
seems small
a candle drowning itself in wax.
Grandma is crying.