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Fragments Falling

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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?

It's gonna be okay.

Why would you say that?

It seemed appropriate.

How do you know?

I don't. But it's true.

That doesn't make sense.

Not knowing doesn't make it any less true.

True, but you can't say it.

Why not? I can say whatever I want.

But then what you say won't mean anything.

Why not? If I say it, I mean it.

Unless you're lying.

Lies have a different kind of meaning.

How do I know you're not lying?

Faith, really. That's it.

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.

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.