

gravity

the mass.
the debris
an element
and its volume

gravity when the lighter thing
falls and the larger
part holds the story

my magnet skin is coated
with weather
with ash
with tears
bonded by eraser dust

i angle in the light
half at brilliant as the
sun springs off the glisten of my arm

the edges of my shadow
half shift and leave

i raise my hand to
interrupt the sun.
the bird that dropped the ghost
is gone.

this feather falls
away from me
and settles for nothing

i remark to the sky
'this is complete'.
i shift, turn and leave behind
the story that told itself

i feel jubilation
and have nothing left to say