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The Fall

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The Fall

Author Bio

Ela Thompson is a senior. They are an English Major with a writing concentration, a WGS minor, and a Classics minor.

The Fall

Ela Thompson

You were a head of squirrels' nests,
with blackberry stained lips,
half pursed in smile. I remember
 how you sang
 like a whippoorwill,
with your tongue pressed against your teeth
so the sound of your breath
formed a harsh whistle of heavy air.

Now, your back is to the cliff's edge.
My arms pressed against your bare back,
sticky summer skin stuck between
stringy bathing suits.
Your feet placed carefully;
one step too far back,
 and you'd fall headlong
 into Hog's Mouth,
the sensation of cold, spring water
like so many needles pricking a thumb,
only rapid and all over.

The devil's beating his wife, you said
off the cuff one afternoon, your rosebud
lips forming the shadows of letters,
when the sun was high and the rain
was falling from a near cloudless sky.
I can't shake this feeling—
you got up one morning on the wrong side
of the tracks, and I watched you
 fall from grace
 and out of my arms.