

Things that Fall from the Sky

The sun is the center of our solar system.
We live in the second house, underneath
a walnut tree. Chipped paint falls from the walls
like white feathers. Early in the morning,
father lifts his feet to the airplane
factory. Mother hangs damp laundry on the line.
Big Billy watches Loony Toons at breakfast.
I watch everything.
Then I run to school.

Wild E. Coyote chases the Roadrunner
like a locomotive out of control.
He's about to get what he wants before
a twelve-ton mountain boulder falls
from nowhere. He is crushed like a nut,
flattened into a thin disc which whimpers
and wobbles away.
Again and again, he fails
to catch his wildest dream.
I laugh, again and again.
The television antenna reaches upward
allowing everything possible.

The earth is the third planet from the sun.
We live in the second house, underneath
a walnut tree. Cracked pipes drip drops
from the ceiling. Late at night,
father flies through the house chasing me
like a mad man, until he must sit down and drop off
to sleep. Mother carries in crushed
walnut cookies. Then she darns our socks.
Big Billy listens to Led Zeppelin at the dinner table.
I watch everything.
Then I drop my body onto father,
landing like an Acme anvil,
and waking him from his dream.
Father laughs and reaches his arms upward,
allowing everything possible.
I tell him everything I learned today.
I tell him everything I did.