



SONG FOR THE CARRY ON

In the minute and a half it takes
for a plane to fall from the sky
there is time to pray for all of us
living now who will in this way
die the excruciating slow fall of

strangers cloud-high and plunging
down together and there is time
while the lights flicker and the fire
grows and the human noise stuns
everyone and all certainty disappears

except for the impending one now
rising up like cornfields or cities
to snatch us back--there is still
a moment or two in the chaos of
gravity to say something—it's OK—

It's OK.

Once as a boy my father helped
a sheep give birth and the thing was
stuck and so he put his hand inside
the body and pulled out a thick bouquet

of flowers—tulips, roses and a spray
of Queen Anne's lace. He was a boy.
He told me this when I was grown,
old enough to know better. It's ok.
Breath carries us and we fall away.

—*Steve Scafidi*