

Dropping through Darkness

Do we ever
experience death as anything
except an impact?

dropping through a darkness whose polestar
was the flames consuming what had been
their plane –
did they think they had already died?

did they claw at that black air
or dive
for the irresistible merging?

Picture them laying back in sudden acceptance
– almost a serenity –
propelled like Benjamin's angel into history's stream
eyes fixed on the blare of the past's calamity,
wings pinioned in the onrush
of the future's inconsolable embrace