

## The Art of a Fall

On a Saturday, in the unearthly quiet,  
I discover that half-folded limbs, the warm

rumble of train tracks, inkwells of night that pour  
from the sky to cool the earth into October

are all turning me into myself.  
The harvest moon is perched in the throat

of the cold dusk, its fine bone turned orange  
by the light of some distant torch.

We stand inside a lit barn, amateurs who read poetry  
into the spaces where thick dark swivels made by an artist's hand

paint us whole. A man breathes out. He opens a spine  
and spreads his feet and puts hot lips to a microphone.

The speech that leaks into the crowd is not talk,  
not vowels, not language – it is a conversation

from the open mouth of his life to the open  
mouth of mine. He knows that to love

is to get quiet and to close the eyes and open  
the body and eat the wide soul of a poem,

to take the hunger that can never be satisfied  
and to pass it on.

**Kate Stoltzfus**



**BROADSIDE**

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