



## The Fall

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### [David Kertis](#)

It was the day the dead  
fought in the air  
with the dead. The sky here  
was far away, was blank, lovely  
as a blue globe,  
as glass. I listened  
to the news, I watched it all,  
the screen like  
the mind's eye, showing it  
again  
and again.

Part burned, part was ground  
down into powder  
as the world fell. The world  
had been built  
out of paper  
and the flickering of power.  
The power lasted long enough  
for a few urgent words.

The paper  
was light enough  
to survive on the wind, was found  
all over  
the city for days,  
and nothing  
could be read in order.



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