

'THE FALL'

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From half a world away
I wait for wifi to watch
tyrants toppled by the hands of those tired
of shouting into the abyss.
People
poured libations on the monuments of men
(yes, men)
who drowned our ancestors with dictionary definitions
of who they were.
Who they could be.
Who we are.
Who we can be.
But now those bearers have found
their pots
are empty.
We
have taken these vessels
and thrown them up
to shatter ceilings
of crystal
created

to keep us from noticing
that it was being
lowered
onto
us.
We have seen the vast blackness of night above us.
And it is beautiful.
Though we have still more to endure
we have started to climb out from the holes
we were buried in hundreds of years ago.
We have cut our feet out of their ball-and-chains
and are finally pulling ourselves up.
Up
towards the beauty of blackness.
Up
towards the broken fragments of the past.
Up
towards a vast and expansive future