

All Things Are Falling

So he smiles down at the warm weight of his son
sleep-breathing against the curve of his body,
head leaned into the soft mound
between shoulder and tight man-breast.
All things, he thinks, are falling.
Outside, a robin makes its languid flight
from rooftop to tree. In the late
afternoon, summer sky, the round moon rests
in the thin palm of a cloud. The man
closes his eyes, the book falls from his hand,
and they sleep in the chair until dark.

Jim Zeigler

