

## 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

