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.

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