A National Tragedy

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On the day the sky wept
   blood over Texas
   we stood together
   a little apart

Bad posture against the criss-cross
   chalky aluminum fence
   braids pulled tight
   and neat beneath the sometimes

Clear and lying blue infinity.
   She turned to me
   with a whoosh of plaid
   and a little skip

Fixing me in a tepid gaze –
   I don’t really care at all, she said,
   It’s not as if I knew them.
   My conscience relaxed then

Exhaling through my shoulders.
   Me neither, I whispered.
   Then she told me a myth
   she had heard that morning

About a human head then
   that fell from Heaven
   and onto the roof
   of someone’s Toyota.

I aligned my toes
   with a crack in the ground
   and leaned all the way
   forward until nothing

But the very tips
   of my fingers clinging
   to the metal twists
   kept me from falling.