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A National Tragedy

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A National Tragedy

Olivia Weissblum

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.