

Would you take a look at that?
The ground rising below
your knees and cuffs and shoes
to meet you as it must
and is its business.

And how the various things
now coming into focus
calling out to you
tree branches, street lamps,
is that a parking lot, a bird
from your bird's eye view,
crow perhaps, due southward
now a brief spot in front of the sun.

All the world a-dangle
from your daredevil streak.
Gravity of a moment
stalling in the brain
until, of course, it doesn't.