

# To Hold the Falling Light

by Melissa Luz



"Learning to Live off the Land" by Ann Keeling

here —  
i try to hold  
what won't stay  
and my fingers  
become cracked riverbeds  
where things  
meant to be water  
refuse to settle

since the first time  
i saw you  
*(light dripping like honey  
from a wounded morning)*  
i understood there are meetings  
that arrive like broken constellations  
half-stars, half-ash  
dreams that spill  
before we learn  
how to cup the night  
without tearing it

some days  
i think  
maybe  
it was meant to be:  
a hand too small  
for the tidal pull of longing  
a want too vast  
for the quiet  
you left curled  
in the corners of the room

and still  
i keep trying  
to save a little  
of the shimmer  
you left in the air  
when you passed —  
as if your absence  
were pollen  
and i could gather it  
with trembling palms  
and *breathe* again

but what won't fit  
won't fit  
and what is meeting  
is also gravity  
what is dream  
is also blade  
and sometimes  
we bleed  
from touching things  
that were never meant  
to rest inside us  
we learn  
in the slow way  
that some things  
exist only  
in the brief moment  
they brush our skin  
like wings  
testing air

a bird  
still wet

from its first tropical storm  
trying to fly  
with bones made of glass

and then  
become distance  
wide as the Amazon sky

in the end  
i think it's this:  
a dream  
that refuses a nest  
a meeting  
that dissolves into weather  
a weight  
too light  
to stay in this world

and me  
two small hands  
still reaching —  
trying  
one last time  
to hold  
the falling  
light.