

# To the Flung Out

by Isabella Cruz Pantoja



"We see you" by Serge Lecomte

Swear off poplar trees.

Swear off those congenial fields of high grass  
and dandelions that have not yet grown white  
and feeble and old.

Swear off any view that sets.

Come down the equator,  
retire from your tightrope days.

Let yourself fall onto that braided net which  
masticates and bounces you, foreign object,  
from side to side,

Wipe off the sweat on your forehead.

Pry yourself out.

Suffer this indignity and swear off  
any forgetting.

The crowd's million-and-one faces  
staring at your slanted, coltish walk.

The spine is malleable and you say  
a prayer for it.

You straighten yourself up not feeling  
even a single twinge.

*The human body is capable of more than we think —*

Most people don't test that out though,  
because who wouldn't choose if given the chance  
to just feel good?

You close your eyes before walking  
out and silently say another prayer,  
not even daring to ask, only a soft  
proclamation of awe, a longing.

*Here's to feeling good.*