

the fall

June 2019

waking up from a nightmare, I found a dream
waiting for me after my downfall.
I gave up on finding paradise
for the tension in my blood was enough.
almost losing myself, I found a new home,
and could not bear to wave

goodbye to a city so close to my heart. waves
crash when you least expect them to; thought I was dreaming
when I met you. leaving the place we call home,
you promised to give me *the fall**.
a literature lover? for me, that was enough;
maybe this could be paradise.

under the night sky and a palm tree paradise,
we spoke of our worlds, and the wave
moving us all. it was more than enough
to know that you, too, believe in the dream.
we spoke of what made our hearts rise and fall,
everything and everywhere we call home.

somewhere in between, I found a home
and every morning was one of paradise.
before I knew it, I found myself falling
into your ocean; every thought of you a wave
washing over me. in the daylight, you were a dream
I could not conceive in my wake, colorful enough

to make me blink again. in the dark, it was enough
for you to surprise me, flying home
with me that evening. thought I was dreaming
when you said what I wished to say, an inch away from paradise.
wonder if our meeting was a wave
of tides beyond chance. how could you make me fall

into an abyss deeper than the ocean? I fear my next fall,
for reality might not be good enough.
like the paranoia of induced psychosis, a tidal wave
hanging over my home,
will I rue the day I arrive in paradise,
knowing it was an illusion, just another dream?

whether I fall in love or find a home,
it is enough for me to step out of the safety of paradise,
searching for the wave and something more than a dream.

* a novel by albert camus