

## My dear romance in the Cayman Islands

Books will fall 100 feet before they reach terminal velocity;  
in the air they think about themselves with the words they have  
and are impressed until they stop accelerating before the world stills.  
Outside of falling, there is a rhizome of filings and evidence  
that there is truly no one falling outside of this rhizome  
or somehow untraced by its excellent tendrils,  
and before falling one fair knowing-one  
stood like a postured beast on a mountain (moriah) of big talk  
before walking back down for the other half of his life.  
Which son had he taken with him to the top, the idiot realized he would fall.  
He had no son, no one took children anymore to the mountain or down it  
but in the crooks and slopes he thought he saw one  
that walked in reverent quiet behind his utter triumph up it.  
As fast as they can go, unsmelled people dart into the floor  
like genuine rain every second until right now—we don't know this instant per se.  
There is no one to tell about this, or a smeller to smell about this.  
They talk funny and quickly on their own terms in the air for 100 feet or so  
and quiet down when they can look down at it coming up at them.  
It was the right choice, the rhizomal would say, if choosing was the thing.

-42212Boneman

