Startle Reflex

by Bill Yarrow

I'm decades in and it hasn't gone away.
In all other respects, I am normal. Life
is hard, but I'm not complaining. The thing
is, I am in a constant state of falling. I say
something and I fall through my words. I eat
something and I fall through my food. I step
on the accelerator and I fall right through
the road. I hardly sleep. Dreams are literally
pitfalls. On my last birthday, I was given
a harness. To trick my mind into thinking
I was tied to something. I hooked it to the
radiator and ventured out the door. The straps
broke and I went sprawling. That descent still
hasn't ended, but how long can one truly fall?

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