

Vertigo

by Jack Ales-Oruam

Falling down,
crunchy brown
puddles of arboreal drool,
swaying and lurching
limbs in limbo

Lines
for writing
for parking
I am ruled by lines.
College-ruled.

Micro
like a bonsai
manicured to a T...
toe's pedicure.

Tethered -
that one embarrassing
string of spit,
that strand of vermicelli,
that invisible spider web
that clings
tenaciously
to autumn's last
falling fruit.

