

# 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.

