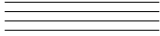


C A E S U R A



S C O T T D A L G A R N O

God hangs the earth upon nothing. – Job 26:7

When our arms were longer, the ground
higher up, we moved through the tundra
like Itzhak Perlman, without applause.

Once under the jungle canopy, abandon
describes our spiral way, slinging
compact bodies to heights

where they crest, nearly still – a moment,
surely, of joy. Not the banking turn,
nor the free-fall demanding a choice

of bridge. No, a moment of phantom stasis
when things would come into view
you couldn't see as clearly at any other

place or time. Alan Shepherd beholding
the crisp moon, his Mercury capsule
achieving apex; the violin's pause in Mozart's

G Major Concerto, holding Dudamel, the L.A.,
the Hollywood Bowl, an eighty-year-old usher
with Plantar Fasciitis in perilous thrall. Or my mother,

once the decree of her divorce came down,
gathered with her friends to "celebrate,"
before she woke up

the next morning,
asking, "What now?"

The moment after Frank Stanford
shot himself in the heart.
Before he shot himself
again.