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The Fall

-To F. G. Lorca

Perhaps not even the rain has a tongue
To express the way still valleys reach towards me,
Having come to knock on my shutters like moonlight.

(In the fields two riders wrap themselves
In the desirable capture of distance)

Here, my voice alone is a sort of living—
A river flushed with visitors
Drawing strange figures along the surface
In the shallow water, where only sighs can flap about.

And the shy aching of the wind always is dissembling
Each momentary pattern of dying leaves, so that
I think the very flesh of night must be hidden
Somewhere in their falling.

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Greg Billingham is a recent graduate of the University of New Hampshire with a BA in English. He is currently living, working, and writing in New Hampshire. Previous or forthcoming publishing credits include *Tonopah Review*, *White Whale Review*, *Emprise Review*, *Sierra Nevada College Review*, and *Flutter*.