

WHEN OTHER TOWERS COME DOWN

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You didn't need me to tell you the moon was a liar. By day it was all polish-the-podium, hand-me-the-microphone, get-a-feed-to-the-satellite-truck, kiss-the-lady-with-the-oxygen-tank. By night entire buildings were disappearing. Mom has not yet returned with the pizza, with the laundry, and already the city is a sound like a set fire; already the boards are black from burning and not burning and burning again. The newsman is saying there's nothing left, but no one is stuffing an envelope with their loose change. No one but us even saw the sky start to fall. Tonight we will struggle to sleep in the silence of ice on cut wires, ice on fuse boxes. We'll hold each other in crooks of knees, elbows, spent knuckles—a city pugilistic. GG will tell us the story of her first dance in the University Club, the first men to roll boulders to where they say the fence has always stood. We will hold our noses against the miniblinds, trace our fingertips along the new course of a skyline, stop at the places police cruisers have left the lights turning, stop at the places our eyes can't tell from the dark. “Move along sweetheart,” a cop will say into her cupped hands, her eye to the peephole of a locked door, our locked door, her knocking a drum that's been beating as long as we've been alive. “No, girlfriend,” we say in our breath on the windows, “You must misunderstand, no one must have told you. This is the house our fathers built when the moving was over, when moving was no longer an option. Our moving parts are stationary. Our moving days are done.”