

## Via Cue "Flying"

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She smiled

So bright the sun was envious and I was blinded and  
lost in the darkest parts.

The darkest parts of her hair, her mouth, her eyes.  
"Would it be alright", I ask, "if I told you our hearts  
disagree?"

She smiles, smaller this time, and her face is red and I  
am, looking at my feet.

With her, my arms are never empty, yet my eyes are  
never dry and I feel as if I should weigh these two  
things.

Is one worth the other? Is this corner small enough to  
hide me and large enough to dwell inside, or must I be  
forced to enter the light, where she is smiling, so  
smooth and naive.

And her hair, it hangs to the side and I slide my hands  
through it, and I slide my hands, and I slide away but  
she doesn't follow, and it is better.

It's better if I am sliding and she is standing still.

Her feet are stuck, yet she is flying.

The syllables drop, heavy with the weight of what they  
mean, and light with the freedom manifest inside their  
curves and edges and she is smiling again and I feel  
that, perhaps, in the end this will all turn out...all right

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