

# A Brief Conversation With A Man Who Fell Off a Cliff

*by* Gita M. Smith

He said he was surprised how little time it took  
to hit the ground.

He thought it would take longer,  
that he'd have time to see  
the purple swallows nested in the crags.

I asked him where he hurt and he said  
everywhere,  
seeing as he'd landed not on sand  
but on a rock outcropping.

They are so brave, he said, right before he died,  
indicating with his eyes  
the nests tucked in the sheer  
and jagged face of stone  
Until the wind.

