

Fran Mbadiwe

After

i hadn't realized i was hurtling,
falling as dead weight, waiting to stop
wasting my time.

i hadn't realized you caught me
right above the water —
walked me back across the bridge,
back to my apartment.

the next day, i woke up wondering
why i did
and where i would go from there.

everything after is just as hard
and tears don't get me far at all —
just across the night.
i work so hard, rain or shine, to exist;
i don't know why.

if we ever cross paths again —
walking past, what would you think?
"all these years, and you're still falling
short of yourself, and out of control
like nobody else ever does"?