

# FALLING and other poems...

By Leslie Dianne

*Poetry Editor Hezekiah writes: I am young and easily confused, but still it amazes me the calibre and quality of the poetry sent to me. I feel like I am spinning all over again. Adoration demands suppliance. Forgive me if I quote too many lines: Is 'their junk skinny / friend leans' a reference to the emaciation that harbours substance abuse? '...his friends catch / his back / I hope God / holds / his soul.' It is appropriately entitle, the Falling. Next '... anger rising and / falling in the instant / that the light / turns green' This is so SO. (So true, not so-so)... '...we walk with bowed heads / next to each other...' How sad is this, why don't we take the chance and engage? Why is it that the people we have yet to embrace are considered strangers [italic]—stranger than us? Address someone new today! Read Dianne '...dream and don't shut your eyes...' You won't be disappointed. It will '...sharpen your dive....HS*

## Falling

You clean?  
I hear the men whisper  
in voices  
full of worry  
and care as  
their junk skinny  
friend leans  
against the wall  
when he falls  
his friends catch  
his back  
I hope God  
holds  
his soul

## We Shape The Day

We shape the day  
for each other  
quick jostle  
hard shove  
wheels rolling  
over toes  
anger rising and  
falling in the instant  
that the light  
turns green  
and urges us away  
we walk with bowed heads  
next to each other  
we say prayers  
that only  
we can hear  
and when the man  
on the corner asks  
for a dollar  
we count our blessings  
and good fortune  
and slip into  
the morning  
never knowing  
that we really did  
see each other  
hear each other  
and when we  
accidentally touched  
something in the  
universe shifted  
and the atmosphere changed  
in that small instant of time  
we truly did  
change the course  
of each other's lives

## How To Live

This is how to live  
dream and don't shut your eyes  
put your hands out in front of you  
not to stop your fall  
but to sharpen the dive  
and plummet  
then spread your arms  
let the sky  
support you  
the concrete will shiver  
and lose its place  
and you will find yours  
in flight  
in the diving dream  
that should be done  
every day of your life

**THE POET SPEAKS:** *I am a storyteller, a mirror, an interpreter looking out at the world and relating what I see, sense, feel, imagine, hope and dream in words, sounds, rhythms, images and emotions. I am trying to tell my truth and I am blessed when someone reads my poetry because I have a chance to take someone on a journey and if I'm lucky, to touch their heart.*

**BIO:** *Leslie Dianne is a poet, novelist, screenwriter, playwright and performer whose work has been acclaimed internationally in places such as the Harrogate Fringe Festival in Great Britain, The International Arts Festival in Tuscany, Italy and at La Mama, ETC in New York City. Her stage plays have been produced in NYC at The American Theater of Actors, The Raw Space, The Puerto Rican Traveling Theater and The Lamb's Theater. Her poems have appeared or currently appear in Night Picnic Press, About Place Journal, Passaic / Völuspá, The Moon Magazine and The Lake and are forthcoming in Medusa's Laugh Press and Hawai'i Review.*

