



RYAN J. BROWNE

FEAR OF A GORILLA FALLING

All the books
said gorillas don't climb,
so a fear of the most
unsophisticated kind,
like mother dying
or, for some boys, living
another year
with another man. Then,
there are moments of coming true
and these are terrible moments.
Our tapping on glass,
our children's laughter
so close to true alarm
we'd swear the gorilla's
loose. And it is. It is
knocking on our door, it is
tickling our necks, it is
atop a peppercorn tree,
a spectacle. The wind blows
and we notice the hair
on its face for the first time.
It appears to have a long
mind, like a child in thought.
It turns away before launching itself.
Shattered glass, breaking
necks, it exhausts
the marrow of gravity.
Once fallen,
the hulk wrecked,
what's found inside is
no circus, no promise
broken because it was never made.

