

SAM TAYLOR
Suits of Men

At 2 a.m., a plane. At 2:15, another. At 3 a.m.
What if we all were jumping,
skydiving at night in our sleep of green bottles
thrown out of duvets and covers by men
in gorilla suits, or gorillas dressed in suits
of men? Wouldn't the cities then
aglow with the burning marrow of the earth
be beautiful, so beautiful
some of us would forget to pull the cord?
And the ads the gorillas played for us
on the movie screen of the earth's face
as we fell, wouldn't they too be beautiful?
Commercials for skydiving at night,
for bigger parachutes, for ripcord training
classes to refine and perfect our timing,
for outfits that would make us sexier
in the darkness as we fell,
for fancy watches that would lift our arms
at the precise moment to pull the cord
of our retirement; commercials that
played, sensually, over each other's skin
for portable music players so we wouldn't hear
the sound of our falling through space
or the murmuring *aahs* and cries of terror
of our fellow fallers. Ads for modular screens
like individual pan pizzas in front of each face
so we wouldn't have to see each other
or reach out to hold one another
as we plummeted through the saffron-reamed
darkness, as we lay in bed falling
into a nightmare, saying I am
only sleeping, I'm only sleeping,
as the earth leapt up toward us, gigantic, becoming
our body, as the earth burned.