Our Twisted Hero
Sam Walder

On Monday I wished death upon my tormentors,
Imaged flaming obsidian splitting their skulls,
Checked my phone—no new e-mails,
Remarked upon something ephemeral,
And gawked at the girl who bent all the way at the waist
To pick up some ordinary object.

From the twelfth story of my dormitory
I see invisible strings pulling people apart.
They cry and struggle, but the silky nooses of fate
Tighten, drag, extinguish.

An explosive man with an oak tree torso
Tattooed by time and punishing work
Dragged his serrated knife across the strings.
The sound of Fate snapping was like all the violins of the world
Charging up a capacitor with passion
And then splintering under its pressure.

He barreled into thin air and crashed,
As if it were drywall, into another dimension.
He was gone; the hole remained.

I saw women clutching Starbucks fall towards the rift
A bus broadsided a stroller
Dogs stopped pulling on their leashes
Young men felt love for the first time.

One after another, they careened towards freedom, and
Only in a flash, a fluttering refraction of a false shadow,
Did I notice on the edge of my consciousness the synaptic fragments of Fate’s ropes
Emanating from the hole.