**Trajectory of a Falling Body**

Tom Feulner

Patch of dirt or yellowed grass and you think maybe

you’ll curl up a warm evening in September

and decompose like a song, leaves crinkling comfort,

wondering how many other men have had to do just that.

No sadness in it, though, only a warm shame, like hiding

in the refrigerator box as a child, or nuzzling

the birthmark on the soft underbelly of her arm.

The poets can’t seem to get it down on paper,

but priests have a prayer for it, and there are husbands

going out to find themselves. It’s more bodily than all that,

like hot shower steam, or the cling of sleeping sweat.

A man needs to be protected from the way he wears himself down.

We’ll walk on the outside of the sidewalk if you let us

lay our heads in your laps, fingers going through our hair,

living room, curtains closed, gentle men needing refuge.