

The Fall

Martin Robertson

I tripped and fell, heavy on knees and knuckles,
gripping the handle of my heavy bag,
my weight behind me grinding my raw knuckles
in the rough black London grime.

I've fallen before

(my feet almost as clumsy as my fingers)
but always up almost before I was down,
taking a pride in that. This time it took
a passage of time, an effort of conscious will,
to heave my heaviness off my hurting knuckles,
get me on my feet again. Another milestone.