JOAN BIDDLE

Joan Biddle lives in Memphis, Tennessee, where she is a writer and dancer with the modern dance collective Project: Motion. She holds an MA in Writing from Johns Hopkins University and an MFA in Writing from The New School. Her poetry and criticism have appeared or are forthcoming in The Best American Poetry Blog, RHINO, Ruminate, Half-Drunk Muse, The Poet’s Quest for God: 21st Century Poems of Spirituality, and elsewhere. Her website is joanbiddle.net.
THE BODIES THAT FELL FROM THE SKY

You are spooning her in the bed. You are eleven years old. The giant Swatch hanging from her closet door ticks, ticks. You hold her till she falls asleep, but you stay awake forever. You ask her about the bodies falling from the sky that morning in Manhattan, several years in the future. What did they look like?
STILL SUNSET

It all started on New Year’s Eve. You watched the sun fall off a cliff with your dad and uncle in Del Mar. You’re still waiting for someone to say goodnight. You’re still alone with the ribbons of smoke in the garden. Still in the bathroom, kissing the cool tile. Your limbs are still tangled in knots as the world changes colors unbelievably.