And she fell

Sirens flying below
belie the certainty of
sympathies undeserved,
and fears of family
lumps (in breasts, throats)
ours, taken regardless.

from the sky—

Silence is lying. We know:
she lied (certainly) at
symptoms (unreserved);
what’s reared from famed,
stamps of crests, promotion
stars, taped on guard’s chest.

scrape her—

Violins playing the bold
suicide’s biopsy for
implications unreversed
when varied by filmy
stumps of masts, pronounce
scars raked under flat dresses.

from the sidewalk, white

Violets plying the cold,
untried flippancy in
imps’ tomes, unversed
then revealed by family
lumps in breasts, announce
hours, wrapped in unlocked tresses.

chalk unnecessary.