

I drop out of the vicious sky –

Space unsure unsung,

Suspended in a moment's

Ephemeral;

Suddenly free-falling

Circumstance, I swing clear,

Tethered between prompt and

Curse and yell in my sleep.

And I gnash my teeth,

Pragmatism, tack on hedonism,

Of virtue, hammer away at

Demons, impale paragons

I string up childhood

Always fighting drift:

Temperamental.

Rickety, pride and storm

Memory and experience

I build my scaffold up and out –

FALLING UP

BETH CHENG

Beth Cheng is a poet who now realizes that for most of her life she has been following the Pet Shop Boys à la the Village People's injunction to "Go West!" She was born in Washington, D.C., and her journey west started with fleeing to college and the lovely loveliness of Madison, Wisconsin, regressing east a little to Michigan, and then full force escape to California. She now lives and writes in Los Angeles. Her poetry has appeared in publications such as the online lit zines *Ears XXI* and *poetic diversity*, as well as the *San Gabriel Valley Poetry Quarterly*, and it also gets out and about to various open mic venues around town.

