

**Our Twisted Hero**

Sam Walder

On Monday I wished death upon my tormentors,  
Imagined flaming obsidian splitting their skulls,  
Checked my phone—no new e-mails,  
Remarked upon something ephemeral,  
And gawked at the girl who bent all the way at the waist  
To pick up some ordinary object.

From the twelfth story of my dormitory  
I see invisible strings pulling people apart.  
They cry and struggle, but the silky nooses of fate  
Tighten, drag, extinguish.

An explosive man with an oak tree torso  
Tattooed by time and punishing work  
Dragged his serrated knife across the strings.  
The sound of Fate snapping was like all the violins of the world  
Charging up a capacitor with passion  
And then splintering under its pressure.

He barreled into thin air and crashed,  
As if it were drywall, into another dimension.  
He was gone; the hole remained.

I saw women clutching Starbucks fall towards the rift  
A bus broadsided a stroller  
Dogs stopped pulling on their leashes  
Young men felt love for the first time.

One after another, they careened towards freedom, and  
Only in a flash, a fluttering refraction of a false shadow,  
Did I notice on the edge of my consciousness the synaptic fragments of Fate's ropes  
Emanating from the hole.