

# Falling: The Code

By Li-Young Lee

1.

Through the night  
the apples  
outside my window  
one by one let go  
their branches and  
drop to the lawn.  
I can't see, but hear  
the stem-snap, the plummet  
through leaves, then  
the final thump against the ground.

Sometimes two  
at once, or one  
right after another.  
During long moments of silence  
I wait  
and wonder about the bruised bodies,  
the terror of diving through air, and  
think I'll go tomorrow  
to find the newly fallen, but they  
all look alike lying there  
dewsoaked, disappearing before me.

2.

I lie beneath my window listening  
to the sound of apples dropping in  
  
the yard, a syncopated code I long to know,  
which continues even as I sleep, and dream I know  
  
the meaning of what I hear, each dull  
thud of unseen apple-  
  
body, the earth  
falling to earth

once and forever, over  
and over.

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