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Seven Sisters Cliffs

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Seven Sisters Cliffs

by Olivia Geho

I did not fall down the 300 foot cliff
because I was lying on my stomach
so I could poke my camera lens over the edge
and shoot straight down at the waves that rolled
against the white chalk.

You swung your legs recklessly
back and forth, knees hooked the edge,
gaining the kind of momentum
my brother did when he jumped from the swing
and broke his arm.

You glanced between your knees, and tilted
a little farther. My camera cards slipped
from your jacket pockets.
Your fall made a Fibonacci spiral
like the fossils we found on the beach below.

My shoes scraped against the gravel.
Weak fingers pinched your sweater
that slipped from my grasp.
You flipped head over feet then flattened out.
A long, thin splash engulfed your body.

You sank below the thumping waves.
My empty hands grew numb from the breeze,
throat strained from a scream I don't remember.
Your hounds tooth scarf swayed in the surf,
the fringe like a fancy fishing bobber.

Before hiking to the top, we found a dead fox.
Its broken body washed up for us to find
in a cove by the cliff. Wet fur flecked with sand
covered the lumps of shattered bones,
limp, too thin to have died weeks ago.