The gravity of the matter

Peter Van Zante

*Iowa State University

Copyright ©2003 by the authors. Sketch is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress).
http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch
The gravity of the matter

Peter Van Zante

“It’s a matter of introspection,” he said, words filled with the gravity of an eight-story rooftop. His eyes lowered and his right foot, like the fourth beat of a boxed-in waltz, backstepped over the edge. Eighty feet later, his other foot caught up.

When the police arrived they found little to say, and it was strange that he who had fallen needed eight stories to end his own. They shook their heads, vertigo ringing in their ears.

When the undertaker overtook the matter of washing away evidence of his fall, little mattered beside an outward appearance of calm. So the quiet vault was sealed six feet deeper, his body resting six feet lighter, one story closer to gravity.

He left little for discussion when his left foot followed the rest in the short drop to the bottom, only mouths closed like caskets and the echo of a friend backing away.