

Steven Schroeder

souls falling

for Katia Mitova

Tolstoy is
Anna, you say.
And my mind goes

to the poem,
to the fine line,
between the saint

and every other
fallen soul in
a world full

of souls falling.

One fall is
as good as
another,

always coming
to rest in the same
world, always falling

again, always thinking
there might be another,
always casting stones,

never more than
a stone's throw
from being

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the target. With all the stones
cast, you'd think the world sinless,
every target exhausted. No wonder

Lev Nikolayevich
fell in love with Anna,

who wrote his whole life
from the still point
where he met her,

where she drew him
out of his mind.