

THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 3 | 1994

The Old Man Who Flew Russell Edson

© Providence College

The author(s) permits users to copy, distribute, display, and perform this work under the following conditions: (1) the original author(s) must be given proper attribution; (2) this work may not be used for commercial purposes; (3) the users may not alter, transform, or build upon this work; (4) users must make the license terms of this work clearly known for any reuse or distribution of this work. Upon request, as holder of this work's copyright, the author(s) may waive any or all of these conditions.

The Prose Poem: An International Journal is produced by
The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress)
for the Providence College Digital Commons.
<http://digitalcommons.providence.edu/prosepoems/>

Russell Edson

THE OLD MAN WHO FLEW

An old man had learned how to fly. He'd open his arms and lean his breast on the thin evening air, and lift away into the twilight.

Nothing matters any more, this is why he flies. He flies because he doesn't care. It's when you have ceased to care that all things that you no longer care about are suddenly possible.

One night he opened his arms to the night and lifted into the dark; going higher and higher...until at last, forming his arms like a diver, dove headfirst into the earth...