

## *Traveling Alone, She Fell in the Sistine Chapel—*

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collapsed in a whirl, as if a gust of wind  
struck her weak ankle and set her spinning—  
her skirt inflated, but she did not rise  
to bump her head beneath God's fingertip,  
nor did she push Adam aside.

Instead, she leaned into descent  
like a scarf tossed in a dance,  
and onto the marble floor  
she puddled, still looking up . . .

A crowd gathered; then men  
carrying a canvas litter  
arrived with a knock  
on floor:

*Avanti*, she whispered,  
and they lifted her up to their shoulders—  
a marvelous blur moved beneath her—  
and before her: God's plan.