

NEAR THE EDGE

About near the edge
you begin to lose your balance
so you rush to grip the masonry
and close your eyes to the cars
like ants, kids would say, below
and you swallow
wishing your spittle was warmer
and you nervously let go of the brick
again looking down to the scurrying crowd
growing in size and noise
like a whisper saying don't do it
but you know they really want you to
they all really want you to
so again near the edge
your toes curled over it
your fingers clenched around solid air
you aim for the crowd
and do it.

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