



Edge of Change

I stand on the edge of change.
The air is thin here.
Toes feel for the boundary,
seeking safety.

Fear pushes my heart,
Ribs strain, desperate for space.
Hands grasp for dead branches.
Heels dig in, frantic for solid ground.

Tired eyes seek new vistas
While blisters rub gripping hands raw.
I cling to perceived safety, sore.
These branches feel fragile,
support elusive.

My hands hurt.
My ribs hurt.
My arms hurt.
My ... Heart ... Hurts.

This holding still must end.
I whisper. I cry. I howl.
Not sure to whom I plea,
For a safety net.

Air carries my cries,
Fire fuels my plea.
Water holds my tears,
The Earth responds.

Tectonic shifts vibrate bone, reminders.
Solid. Rhythmic.
She will not hold me wrong.
My feet, my hands first, then my heart, accept Her gift.

Gently, Her life pulses growth
Upward toward my center.



Slowly, breath responds to visceral knowledge.
Logic suspends, I sway.

Gripping hands release.
Despair turns to hope,
Fear to faith.
I step off ...