

Poem

the ridge crumbles at my big toe,

i stop- i'm balancing on the black rubber of my shoe.
taking a quick glance behind me, i step forward.

i fall - i'm mid-air floating on the unpredictable current,
not soaring, but floating,
in the midst of an almost bottomless valley.
mother nature doesn't catch me, survival is out of reach.

i tremble - i was fine standing on my feet,
supported by lifeless brown dirt,
now i'm floating,
terrified of the uncertainty of the winds.

i awake - land was boring and slow,
now i am among eccentricity and risk,
but i am ever-falling and unsure,
sometimes supported by clouds of air
others accelerating into nothingness.

i struggle - but this struggle keeps me my spirit alive,

Submitted by Alexx T.
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