

My, my, sweet hardware act...
(on learning to fall for the first time)

I am poised
15 stories
with nothing but this thin line
between
myself and the canvas.

I close my eyes
hoping
my red blood stays that way
in the fall, in my veins

But when the cable
lapses into its proper motion
and the safety gear flares
out with wind

I see god flying up
at me.
I think he's smiling
like a slow moving freight train.

I saw God,
man.
I saw god,
and I learned in that instant why
his people were afraid.

A burning bush would have been easier
than Earth flying up at 63mph towards
my face,
than the condemnation of my misguided
attempts to help her,
than the need to rip the straps
off
and let her catch me.

Let god paint me across her chest,
concrete and cold and to me distant
because I am more attached to this vest
and line
than I am to her.

-Aaron Black

