

## The Ledge

I stand upon a flat ledge, a high mountain  
Overlooking desert with small water in the distance  
A ceaseless hot wind carefully rearranges the waves of sand.  
How far to have traveled, and too early to look at the

Distances yet to come—

I almost feel secure upon the ledge.

But how easily this warm, solid rock beneath human feet  
Becomes a bright flower on a slender stalk, bobbing in the  
Wind that ruffles the tall grass.  
The butterfly clings without fear of falling,  
Knowing a tight enough hold and wings  
Make the flower a ledge.

Ariel Cohen