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