

The Tightest Tightrope

It must be fun to make me wait,
To see my worried memory roam.
What's it to you, so safe and sound?
At least you'll get another poem.

Another, and another still
My words will like an endless tide
Roar over you, so still and soft
In heart's recess, where you abide.

Enough! How can my balance be
So delicate, without a sound?
My witless banter serves to crush
The sound of crashing to the ground.

Ariel Cohen