

The Edge

Do you dare stand at the edge?

And look into the vastness

He had thought everything was fine.

He could control his fate.

He outranked nature.

But then, caught with his pants down,

No matter others could not see,

He was naked to himself

Exposed!

In his vulnerability he saw

For the first time

How excavators and mechanical bob-Cats

Tore down the perfect picture of the forest.

He saw, through the gloom, eyes

Blue, brown, black and white

At war.

How had he missed such violence?

Machines that killed and healers not reached.

Starkly,

In pain and sadness, he saw,

How he wished he had not!

Coloured bruises on the skin

Of a child.

Where was the path that he had lost?

Did the shores he could not reach hold reminders from an unearthed past?

Presentiments of the future

This strange excursion shook his heart

And yellowed his brain

I can't go back, I can't go back,

He wept.

Again, I ask

Do you dare to stand at the edge?

For if you fall

It is into a space

That after many years

Will land you back into the future

At the edge of the infinite.

Susan Long International Dream matrix

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