

Falling

Swaying precariously above that deadly chasm,
Grasping onto three, maybe four threads,
Of my once solid reason.

I look down, and the bottom creeps closer
And closer to my soul.

How She must be laughing now, that wicked
Sorceress of my Heart;

And I thought I could cheat her from the harvest
She reaps best.

So long I have avoided plummeting into the chasm.
But when I see the jewel that blankets the bottom,
There is no point in resistance.