

**My, my, sweet hardware act...**  
(on learning to fall for the first time)

I am poised  
15 stories  
with nothing but this thin line  
between  
myself and the canvas.

I close my eyes  
hoping  
my red blood stays that way  
in the fall, in my veins

But when the cable  
lapses into its proper motion  
and the safety gear flares  
out with wind

I see god flying up  
at me.  
I think he's smiling  
like a slow moving freight train.

I saw God,  
man.  
I saw god,  
and I learned in that instant why  
his people were afraid.

A burning bush would have been easier  
than Earth flying up at 63mph towards  
my face,  
than the condemnation of my misguided  
attempts to help her,  
than the need to rip the straps  
off  
and let her catch me.

Let god paint me across her chest,  
concrete and cold and to me distant  
because I am more attached to this vest  
and line  
than I am to her.

-Aaron Black

