

Acrophobic

By Alex Turnage

Shoot the moon
Miss, and burning lights await
Always too meek
Scared by possibilities unknown
and the countless risks
making lift
a fanciful fleeting fantasy

From the flattened spire
A glance escapes downward
Blunder
The Earth detects the peep
Quicker than shooting stars
it extends forth
assailing jaws agape
to welcome a requited embrace
at last

A single instant
all that is allotted
Believe
the stars will not
permit you to fall
like a sinking stone,
a lone Wolf
So ladies and gentlemen
boys and girls
children of all ages
a testimonial miracle
eyes closed
best foot forward
prepare to be astounded
as you witness

a mortal man
simply imagine the stars
to fly