

TRAPEZE ACT

When I wanted to be an aerialist, Lord,
you knew I lacked the strength
to be a catcher. So you made me a flyer,
infusing each length of my swings
through space with loans of power and grace.
You taught me to defeat earth's pull, Lord,
taught me every dynamic fact I know,
eased the fear, helped me forget
there's not a net below.

You led me to the highest places, Lord,
and wove me wings of confidence.
But however frantic or flawless my flights,
however daring my springs and loops
and all the things the crowd applauds,
in the end it's never my show.
I'm still a thrall to gravity.
It's your sure hands that stop my fall,
your ready might in which I'm saved,
your calm perfection that holds me.

This is my psalm of praise, Lord.

--Glenna Holloway