

A Cliff

By: Corabelle Tally

An edge of a cliff

A choice of a life time

Hold on...or let go?

Darkness all around

I can't see the ground

But the sky is nowhere in sight either

I hear my name called from below

The voice echoes as it says

"Come, it's not so bad down here"

But then I hear a voice coming from above

It says clear and strong

"Take my hand and I will help you up"

My fingers are slipping

My time is near

It would be so easy to just...let...go...

But suddenly I know

I want to live...to not let go

I don't want to see the bottom of this cliff

But I can't see the hand

The one that was offered

The one that promised to be there

My time is up and my fingers slip off

But I fling my hand into the sky I can't see

And the hand that promised to be there...caught me.