

Into a theatre of wind and mist
a cable dips, disappears.

He moves steadily,
each step shortening
the improbable.
He dissolves into thunder.

The camera loses then finds his face
soaked, focused
on distance relenting.

In shoes his mother made
elk-skin suede
his feet curl along the wire.

He tells the cameraman
his arms are numb.
Weighs the long pole
in sighs, side to side.

And we can see
the waters waiting
the letting go
the urge to.

He inches ahead
each second of inertia
a pinpoint
from which we too
step forward.