The Second Dare:

Across the rope, sipping noir, a swirl, a spin, in elevation - above

the falls

below,

The endling legend,

The scaled serpent,

A cold coiled poisoning

creature

like moving a piano between bird feeders

increasing the feats difficulty incrementally

handstands, wheelbarrows, omelettes, washing machines, clean

laundry

Stay still moving

a concerted concentration -

Each step, a clap of thunder,

notes along a string

exacting

A final chord

like learning to build a stake gate

To protect

stars and lightning

from spilling out

into

A rapid whirling vortex

or

an

astonished

audience.

Continuing through

the attending trace mists of grace.

Like reaching out, asking for her hand, the knot commitment, who knows

when you only ask yourself?

Though a fumble of fate

In a mumble or

A whisper

Of being late

Could render

A fortune fake

Or the tragedy of waving in self-congratulation, to fall like a cannonball, wait …

nearly there

never farther

Niagara

In view

The distance to finish, so

shrugs an itch

Off

as too specific

a step

to balance a kiss at the other end

Of the towering rainbow

(previously missed)

with a sudden holding

embracing

a depth of fathom