Walking the Tightrope
Robin Barnett

For John

Dizzy, heart pounding, pure fear, one foot in front of the other
Shaky legs, trembling knees and ohhh, the fall!
Hurts so bad, crying, not wanting to try again
Friends, family trying to be supportive
'I'll catch you' they say, you don't care
Just want to lay here and hurt
Don't make me go up again, slowly, painfully you climb
To the top, terrified again 'Why am I doing this?'
People watching, making you nervous
Angry, so angry, wanting to scream at those looking
You try! Just you try!
But they do not want to, they are more afraid than you
You climb up again, tired, wondering why you bother
You begin to walk slowly, any moment you could fall again
Concentrate, so many distractions, a word, a picture, birthdays
A baby's cry, a child's laugh, try not to think
The months and years go by and like a child you begin to walk
The falls become fewer, the pain is always there
You walk the tightrope as friends and family watch
Breathe a sigh of relief, you have survived the death of your child