

Borderlands

Once,
feeling untethered
and unraveling,
I found myself
at the edge
of a great void,
toes jutting out
into emptiness,
breath caught
in my chest.
I couldn't help
but peek over,
and all I saw
was nothingness.
Fear
gripped my heart
and squeezed.

Slowly and carefully
I exhaled and
forced my feet to
shuffle back
onto solid ground.
Since that time
I have mostly
stayed safely away
from the edge.
I knitted myself
back together.
But I live now
on the fringes,
not far from
the precipice.

Why do I do this?
Living close to my fear is also
living with the brightest, deepest,
most vibrant colors.
This is where
my people are.
This is where

I have made my home.
This is where
the intensity of living
beats most clearly.
Living in the
borderlands requires
all we have and
all we are.
Where else
should I be?