

Gravity's Ballerina

My life hangs in the balance of a string.
If it snaps, so does my neck.
No net, no fear, just one step at a time
and a standing ovation at the end.
Morbid curiosity keeps their eyes up,
but the ones who look away—
who look down at my shadow
praying to their God that I will not fall—
those are the ones that keep my eyes down.
A slight slip of my heel and I have them,
they can't look away, they won't look away.
Their eyes so big I can see myself in them,
a ghostly reflection that toes the line
between Life and Death,
holding the affections
of both.