



## On the Edge

The edge entices,  
draws me...

Below, waves crash  
over the rocks.  
Their majesty summons me.

In the presence of Old Harry  
my craven self struggles  
with a braver soul who would risk

this precarious high-wire path  
to reach the very pinnacle ...  
the seagulls shriek their challenge ...

I pause to savour  
the exquisite trepidation  
knowing I am in control.

Stepping back from danger  
I retrace my steps to firmer ground  
still wondering

how it would have felt  
to take to the skies and fly ...

*Hilary Porter*

*"Old Harry" is a rock formation off the coast of Dorset. This poem has been reproduced by permission of the author.*

Poems for... Self at Sea

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