

The Cliffs

STEPHEN ARNEY

Walking along the
Cliffs of Moher
Death whispers
so enticing:
Come, come
let the off-shore
wind take you
closer and closer
to the edge.

Yes! the kittiwake
says as it soars
up to the cliffs
Come closer
to the edge
Fly and be free
like me
Swim through
the air, dive
down, sweep
up through the
day so fair;
the air, the air

so fair,
it's not far
come closer and
closer to the edge.

I look over
and down to
the waves below
and up the radiant
cliffs and I want

to leap
spread my wings
lift my head
to the clouds
breathe deep

Soaring
Soaring
Soaring

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But I back away
dear Death
so close I
feel your breath
on my cheek
your soft caress
your cold comfort
and No
I say No
not now
I'll wait and
meet later
another time
another place.

So I walk
away from
the Cliffs of
Moher, to
my wife and
daughter and
into the rest
of my life.