

## *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.