

Agent of Light

If falling is the fear, we must most love
the rock that straddles ledge and air—
the one that dares a quaver of earth

or a loosened boulder from above
to knock it free, though what is liberty
if not the mastery of rest

on such a precarious foundation?
Notice the rock doesn't represent
ascension, because that

would be *doubly* scary,
to think of granite
as merely a bubble in wind.

And also strange: a dream
in which we kneel before a pool
where the rapids stop;

the water's clear and cold
and floating a human skull. A monarch
fans delicate wings on the cracked crown.