

Cold Feet

*They have all gone across
They are all turning to see
They are all shouting 'come on'
They are all waiting for me.*

I look through the gaps in the footway
And my heart shrivels with fear,
For far below the river is flowing
So quick and so cold and so clear.

And all there is between it
And me falling down there is this:
A few wooden planks — not very thick —
And between each, a little abyss.

The holes get right under my sandals.
I can see straight through to the rocks,
And if I don't look, I can feel it,
Just there, through my shoes and my socks.

Suppose my feet and my legs withered up
And slipped through the slats like a rug?
Suppose I suddenly went very thin
Like the baby that slid down the plug?

I know that it cannot happen
But suppose that it did, what then?
Would they be able to find me
And take me back home again?

*They have all gone across
They are all waiting to see
They are all shouting 'come on'—
But they'll have to carry me.*

BRIAN LEE