

Prophecy

by Fran Duffield

Imagine, just for a moment,
that you had never heard
that sly insidious murmur,
that leaden prophecy
of your inevitable fall
from grace

that you had stepped out
clear-eyed
onto the tightrope,
gaze fixed on the other side,
your innocence bearing you
aloft,
breath and bone
finely aligned
with the invisible

imagine the only sound
had been birdsong
from the forest deep below,
and in your mind
only echoes of a smile;
how your feet
would have danced
lightly over the chasm

please imagine, just for a moment,
that it would have been so