

The Sense

The sense
of standing at the top
so long as
the horizon
(as far as the eye
can see)
complies
as it does here
so soon after

that sense
of leaning to the fore
at the lip
of the cliff's edge
(before any fall
beyond
history)
as you can here
held back by wind.

The sense
of having come to this point
of your own
volition
(while riding the back
of it all)

The Will
as is its want
achieves itself.

The sense
of turning away now
but assured
into scrubgrass
(the plodded thuds
of descent
cushioned)
as each step here
is made a launch out

Paul Ings