

Diane Cole

The Border

Nik Wallenda walks a wire across Niagara Falls

Into a theater of wind and mist
a cable dips, disappears.

A man moves steadily,
each step shortening
the improbable crossing.
He dissolves into thunder.

The camera loses, then finds his face
soaked, focused on the distance relenting
as one border yields, one grows taut.

In elk-skin suede, hand-sewn,
his feet search
curl and grab the wire.

He talks to the camera,
tells us his arms are numb
as he weighs the long pole
in small sighs, side to side.

And we can feel it,
the waters waiting below
the ease of letting go
furthermore, the urge to.

But he inches forward; for us
who falter he moves,
each second of inertia

a pinpoint of balance
from which we too
at each moment of hesitation
can step again.

A Pushcart Prize nominee, **Diana Cole**'s poems have appeared in numerous journals including *Blueline*, *Avocet*, *Off the Coast*, *The Christian Century*, *The Cider Press Review*, *Slipstream*, *Poetry East*, *Spillway* and *Tar River Review*. Since moving to Rhode Island in 2011, she has joined the Ocean State Poets whose mission is to encourage the reading, writing and sharing of poetry and to create opportunities for others to find their own voices.