

Tightrope

By Glenn Currier

You always call me to love
but with ease I do what I please.
You are a tightrope
for love is a choice and takes work
and I can't seem to keep my balance
for long before I teeter and fall.

You are there for me
with open outstretched arms
to catch me
to cushion my fall
and help me stand again
against my weakness
and all the world's charms.

You are the tightrope
and the safety net.

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