

## On the Ledge

This moment of not knowing  
is like being on the ledge.

I climbed down the cliff face  
wanting a better view.

My mood turned to desperation  
when I realized that the ledge  
on which I stood offered  
no route down, and  
the return to the top was  
too steep to climb.

I don't remember if I cried.  
I talked to God. Shamefully,  
I made a deal.  
Something about being a better  
person and living as a Christian  
should. Perhaps I promised  
to give away my possessions  
and follow Jesus.

I faced the cliff, and I climbed  
it. The smallest cracks  
and edges of rock I clung to. I put  
my trust in a bit of something  
growing, or having grown but  
now dead, and it did not fail me.

Arriving at the top, sprawled  
on my stomach, I rested a moment  
feeling the awful weight of  
the promise I had made.

Tomorrow is my colonoscopy  
and upper GI endoscopy.

--Joseph H. Rosevear