

Altitude Sickness

Lightning drips from your wilted spires
Burning until they bend again
Quenching when their breath begins

Dozing where you'd writhe

But you're so still.

“So what?”
So *why*

Each day, this sequence of your steps, like

One two
One two

Takes me in, like

One two
Two
One.

So
It hurts.

With each passing day that you sit on the precipice, that cliff that stretches towards your passion for you,
and refuse to look out, you crumble, too.

That's

Just

Gravity.

But there's something lovely about the way you tangle this and leave questions hanging for us to share

What would happen if you sat here with me?

Who would crack first?

You? Me?

Or the cliff

If we sit together

If we watch the stone peel away with our weight

Even if I go first

That force pushes us closer

I'll break your fall

"Fall" is such a nice word

With its lack of thick consonants that bounce off the palate

The way your teeth catch your tongue as it plunges

A word that refuses to do what it asks

You know this

I know this

I spent too long braiding questions, chaining falsehoods, climbing upwards, reaching.

Yes

Just

Reaching

But I couldn't help but love the way you let us dangle

Free from impact of

A full stop.

And the end of this sentiment lacks a curve.

Lies a truth.

Lies the ground.

At the end of this statement

You'll break.

I'll fall.

The least I can do is catch myself.