

The Dive

He stands atop the cliff
Two hundred feet above the rocks below
He breathes deeply and holds it in
He exhales and crouches
The he springs up and out

He spreads his arms as he begins his decent
The ground hurtles toward him
His pulse races through his body
The cliff side races by faster and faster
The rocks below get closer and closer
The rush approaches its pinnacle
The rocks are thirty feet away
Twenty-two feet away
Eight feet away
The ecstasy races through his entire being
The ultimate rush

Then he opens his wings and pulls back hard
He misses the rocks by inches as he glides over the ground

As his pulse returns to normal
As his mind comes back to him
As he begins to breathe once more
He starts flying back up to the cliff to do it all again

The Wolf