

## Rocamadour

*Cassandra Fleming*

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We stand on cliffs that kiss the sky  
and peer over the edge to a village  
in miniature, lilting streets  
of cobblestone, blueberry  
bushes, a family of  
stray cats curled  
on a dark roof.

A little boy, cheeks painted with  
play, tilts precariously towards  
the edge beside me until  
his mother stills his  
laughter with her  
two hands.

In a breath, she swings him over the edge,  
holding him only by the collar of  
his raincoat. His spine curls  
against the cold. His feet  
kick, swimming  
in the air.

My mother's hand finds my shoulder  
before I can scream, her fingers  
caught in the hollow of  
my collarbone as we  
watch her pull  
the boy back.

Our shock fades into the mountain air.  
He promises to behave. Below us:  
lilting streets, blueberry bushes  
a family of stray cats,  
and a single yellow  
rain boot.