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The Cord Extends

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The Cord Extends

At the gallows, his head dips with the sun, aching as the coarse rope stings his unshaven neck. He breathes deeply the dust and dares the crowd to search for fear; they won't find it in his eyes. He isn't apologizing because he doesn't regret what he's good at. The noose tightens in warning; he glances at the excess resting coiled at his feet, as the cord extends before him: a thin horizon he must cross with stars in his eyes. His hands unbound now, he stretches them to either side, a T with makeshift wings, and inching along the tightrope, he avoids the silent crowd's gaze as beads of sweat drip to the floor where the safety net would be. With eyes watching from every direction, there's no hiding his fear now, and he knows the burning finality of his mistake. A sound: the moment's distraction. He falls three feet and stops.

Jess Haberman, '06