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Swinging

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Swinging

by Kathy Kerchner

With him I rose
Starting slowly till my legs
Gained confidence,
Pulled farther from
Hard earth,
Rose, head back
Seeing only sky,
Sun lighting my face,
Wind lifting my hair.

When he cut the rope,
I laughed with him
But my throat locked
In pain.
The whirling fall
Tore my numbed limbs,
Emptied me
On concrete.

He kissed the bruises
With cold lips,
Soothed my body with
Casual hands.
Through tears
I watched him leave
And smiled,
He ran so awkwardly.

Scottsdale, Arizona