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Rusty Two

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TRUEST TRUST

Beth Turner Ayers

The greener grass
 Called from the other side.
Of course we wanted to go there,
 To let our youth wander in another world,
 See sights unseen, gather souvenirs.
 The other side, not easily accessible,
 Guarded by the silent sentinel
 Seems a daunting task, but possible.
 Entry requires cooperation,
 Access requires the truest trust.
 I volunteer to be the first
 To venture onto new soil.
 I place my hands with care and
 Push down hard, avoiding rusty barbs,
 Guardians to the field of wonders.
 And I trust her, like best friends do,
 To push upward on the top wire,
 Knowing that she fully understands
 That my life is in her hands.
 One prick and I must endure
 The torturous tetanus shot,
 Praying that it works to

Prevent that campfire story clincher,
 The dreaded lock jaw and
 Wasting away in agony.
 With wire opening wider,
 I lift one leg across the
 Teeth lined jaws of the shark,
 And I do not breathe as I
 Lean through to touch new earth,
 To straddle then pass through
 The mouth of the beast.
 We are separated for a moment,
 Friends, divided by danger,
 But she trusts me, like best friends do.
 So we reach our goal,
 Ready to explore,
 Knowing that we must pass, again,
 Through the jaw of the beast
 To be home in time for supper.



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