

Over the Falls

Primus

They broke out in laughter again,
his lip beaded with sweat as they strapped him in,
and he stood by and waited to be called.
The talk was of times that had gone by
and the quantity and quality of women they lie.
His eyes welled with wet and his mouth had gone dry. As he stood by and waited to be called.
He stood by and waited to be called.
He stood by and waited like the others before
for his turn to go over the falls. He got up and tried it again.
For lack of persistence is surely a sin.
As he stood by and waited to be called,
he looked to the lightning with glee
and admired his vessel for its symmetry,
feeling twelve units shy of a bachelor's degree. As he stood by and waited to be called.
He stood by and waited to be called.
He stood by and waited like the others before
for his turn to go over the falls.

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