

At the Edge

A Tribute to my Donor

by Thomas E. Awad

When you're at the edge, and you look down
What do you see? Darkness or uncertainty!
What is there? As I stare, does anyone care?

I see nothing, I think! Or was there something?
I looked back and saw everything. Some not so good
And some not so bad! Is that all there was?
That's so sad! I want to go back, and do more good.

"But don't look down," a voice said
"You might not return," so I looked back again.
There is so much in the past, so much I mused
So much I missed.

Quick, get away from the edge, don't look down
Look back again, back where they are
Those who are kneeling
Will they tell me? What I should know?

I can hear their voices.
The words not so clear
There are many I know and some I don't
I want to go back, and ask them why?

Why are you here? While I'm at the edge.
Will I fall? Is that why you're here?
"Don't look down," a whisper from near
"You are in danger, if you fall."

I heard voices singing,
"Look up," someone said.
I saw a person who seemed
A part of me. He looked so sad.

But why is he here? While I'm at the edge.
"Do I know you?" I asked with concern.
"You do now!" he said with a smile.

I looked past him and saw my family
And more, my friends it seems.
They are calling me, "Come on!" they said
"You're late!" I turned and saw the edge again.

Why was I there? Look at the sky, a whisper I heard
I saw love in the air over there on the edge
His sadness was gone, and a smile on his face,
He waved at me and fell off the edge, while God was there!

I cried for awhile, and turned from the edge
Filled with joy, and smiling within,
I saw my family and friends in focus again,
And noticed a glimpse of his smile in all of them.