

Fear Factor

by Sara Holbrook

I know you.

You.

Courage,

how you ask for what is mine. How you swell in my chest, speak up,

straighten my spine,

and whisper in my ear,

Okay, you say.

Okay.

It's going to be okay.

More than

the shoe, the step,

the doorknob turn.

More than a precipice.

A fall.

A burn.

I fear you will abandon me, evaporate

and not return.

But every time,

when faced with

choice or change

it is your voice that

cuts through clouds of gray.

Okay, you say.

Okay.

It's going to be okay.