

Rescued and Revised v.4; 15/25 revision

by Skipperdoodle Productions

5/20/66 draft;

3/25/14 revision;

The Edge 8/15/ 18 draft; 4/14/21 revision

I screech to a halt at The Edge,

Teeter there,

*Toes* cantilevered over the abyss.

I watch the pebbles of life I'd kicked along,

Growing smaller,

Fainter, descending into bottomless smog. . . Then, my brain explodes,

And they cut out part of my skull.