

First Prize – Grades 5 & 6

Zip Line

I stand on the cliff and see very far:
trees plush green,
white houses,
people running.

I'm nervous, palms sweaty,
afraid to jump off.
I touch my harness reassuringly.

What if it breaks?
I jump off the zip line anyway.

“Breathe, breathe,” I mutter as I glide along the line.
I close my eyes and smell the air, cold like frozen peas.
I hear the air rush by me like a fast car,
and I wonder when my ride will end.
I'm slowing down...

When I open my eyes,
I'm still on the zip line, but safe.
I feel awestruck.
Why was I so nervous
in the first place?
I shake my head

And get in line.

by Dae, Edgecomb, ME