Marginalia

Paul Swenson

Does the margin ail you? Scary edge of things, where fools barely cling to normal, fail to hug the middle. Do they bug you—out there on the ledge beyond the pale? Ugly, should they all at once fall off—or worse, coerce you to rehearse a crawl toward the brink yourself. Anxious, on your shelf of false security, do you think of all the borders you have crossed, from found to lost, from large to small, from boss to marginal, so you no longer were in charge? As the mangy herd roared by, you ate their dust. Was it death-lust spurred you back into the chase to claim your place in the stampede? Bleed a little, if you must, but from your vantage in the middle, observe the riders on the edge who turn the herd.