

A Leap of Faith by Paul Bowler

28 LINES  
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A moment separates tranquillity  
from a world of confusion and chaos  
Tumbling – sky and grass and sky and grass,  
and wind louder than rush hour traffic

“I did it!” he screams into the roar,  
then prays the straps will hold  
“Is everything all right Milo?”  
As if in answer his companion pulls the cord

The parachute blooms like a sunflower,  
forcing them to a near halt  
and East Anglia stretches out below  
like one of Sarah’s patchwork quilts

“You can do this, Dad!”  
He smiles at his daughter’s words,  
then laughs at those of Doctor Greig  
“You want to do what? You’re eighty seven, man!”

Just two thousand feet to go,  
each twelve inches raising a pound  
for the charity that’s helped him,  
and others so much

Friends and family wait below,  
their heads turned to the sky  
He’s sure he can hear their cheers already,  
feel the hugs that will greet his return to earth

Milo calls “How are you feeling?”  
“Marvellous,” he says. “It’s so...”  
He doesn’t have the words  
but knows it’s something he can never top