

The Worst?

Cape Town, January 2023

Try to trap fleeting thoughts which terrify as they run free,
I yearn to catch a glimpse of birds known to hide high in the trees,
Maybe I'll try to race a cheetah, see who's really the fastest on all the land,
My traps might fail, I might go blind, trip and fall, but surely, I'll get up to stand!

The worst really ain't so bad, when you take a step back and look at the whole,
Sure, it might be somewhat unpleasant, might provoke a slight heebie-jeebie in your soul,
But it won't kill you, unless perhaps you lose in your bout with the cheetah,
Even then that is uncertain, the cheetah might want you for a cuddle and not for your meat-ah!

Meat, AH! What a life when there is meat, why worry at all when there is meat?
Tricky, if I could marry meat perhaps I would, but then would meat still be a treat?

I could go on and on about different meats,
But meat is the best and I would therefore achieve no great feat,
As well as, meat is not what gives me pause, I do not worry about meat, though perhaps I
should,
I worry endlessly about how the words will change from brain to lips, and how they could,
Ruin everything, before anything has even begun,
I take a sordid bite from my meat and look for the nearest exit to run.

But ruin is such a broad spectrum, and I guess somewhere on it we have a cheetah murder,
But there's also spending seven days in a lookout, without a single sighting when you're a full-
time birder,
Then there's also not knowing the correct terminology for someone who does bird watching,

Or simply the constant fear that because of fear you might be unsuitable for matching,
When really you're still quite stuck on whether there was first laying the egg or hatching,

But what's really the worst that can happen?

Nothing if you don't even try,

It's funny how something doesn't become easier the more you know it, I swallow hard and
sigh,

For just one foot forward can be the start of a great race,

But a frozen foot refusing to move, will do nothing but hinder your pace,

And a hindered pace isn't the best for races or really anything at all,

A hindered pace is part of the ingredients used to cook up a great fall,

So move, be brave, stop thinking and thinking about what could go wrong,

Embrace the danger that isn't dangerous at all and get those feet moving for the road is quite
long,

And really, what's the worst that can happen?