

The Tightrope Walker's Demonstration: Coming Out

by Beate Sigriddaughter

"I declare that it's all a matter of trust," she mumbled, rubbing her knees, looking up at the slackened rope, then the concerned young man by the tree who had so skillfully unwound it.

"Oh, abracadabra," she muttered, losing her first limp toward the tree, and tying all the knots again. She swung herself into the proper branch, and in grand manner threw into the audience a fragment of torn lace that had been trailing from the outer layer of her skirts.

"It's all a matter of trust," she declared and danced her way into the well-strung line. And as she did her saltos in the center, the confused young man cried out: "Lady, I was only worried. If you had to fall, I wanted you to do so early, when the risks were relatively mild. Not later on. Not now."

"Thank you, young man," she called down with a bow, then, taking her good time, she danced along into the open arms of the opposite tree.