

No Rocks On This End

by Chad Smith

Take a flying leap?
Mother would never agree

So away from the campground we sneak
To show the boy where I was a boy

Summer day shirtless with swimsuits on
One hundred degrees walking through the trees

The season early with winter runoff
Water here still seventy feet deep

Hoping the bridge would seem smaller
Like most things from childhood revisited

Towering at least a mile above the river
This steel creature is larger than remembered

As a boy I feel the butterflies, the daring
Standing, too long waiting, eyes closing, dropping

Would understand if the boy wasn't jumping
My boy with a hoot and a holler hops right over!

Without hesitation he pounces with a splash
Where does he get that courage, his fearless confidence?

I peer over, inch slowly to the ledge and stand
He laughs, "Hurry up and jump old man!"

