Ropes

HAMISH M BROWN

Coloured ropes, deflecting witness eyes,
coloured ropes, securing the insecure,
dragging zigzags up red rock.
Even with so many crabs
you could feel the quivering
through the speckled strands.
The rope should have acted
like a lightning conductor,
jolting my second
but it was a warm day and she snoozed
on a safe stance.
I yanked out three runners
and my partner had burnt hands.
The yellow rope wasn't noticed.
I wish I could untie it
and climb free
of me.