

Pier

It's been there since I was a kid.
The wooden boards rough and unkempt
I've gotten my fair share of splinters from those boards.
We would host parties and dinners outside.
The kids daring each other to jump into the lake
when parent's weren't looking.

I found sanctuary under the pier's trellis.
At night I would follow the lights to the edge
And look out over the dark expanse, and wonder to myself
"Would they notice if their child was gone?"
"How deep does the lake go?"

I never jumped or gave into peer pressure.
I just walked onto the pier one night
and didn't stop when I got to the waters edge.

By Roberto Nickson @ Unsplash

