

## **THE RAZOR'S EDGE**

Stricken by its almost crystal clarity  
To the point where must I hedge,  
Searching now to achieve some parity  
Affixed in life, upon a razor's edge.  
It came to me in a moment of thought  
While wondering ambivalently of the day,  
So sudden an exchange by which to be caught  
That nowhere could I grasp a word to say.  
My senses attuned in a conscious eddy  
As if never experienced before,  
Attentive nerves all rigid and ready  
The psyche awakened deep to its core.  
For an instant I sat so silently mute  
Between here and there, I knew not which;  
A mystical harmony left only to hoot  
Where noise, all sound, were incredibly rich.  
Body and soul suspended in myasthenia aether  
Aware.....aware.....so very aware,  
Yet for a moment, I knew not either  
Nor did it seem, could I care.  
Unlike a dream where then you sleep  
To view a world you'd rather see,  
Numbness invaded my mind to keep  
Sensations of what, I knew to be?  
A stricture in time of abysmal hues  
Where life and death has no known bounds,  
As if in a trance with midnight blues  
And nowhere felt those solid mental grounds.  
By a flash it came, by a flash it went  
Receding away from the illusive ledge,  
The moment now gone in a natural vent  
After traveling so delicate, the razor's edge.

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