

*...august 31, 2007...*

*what were you thinking – what were you thinking  
you crazy young fool – you crazy young fool –  
you could hang from a balcony seven floors up?  
swinging yourself back to safety again?*

*from an opposite window – across the street  
i watched you stretch on a balcony rail –  
i watched as you carefully let yourself down –  
i watched as you hung there – kicking your legs –*

*i froze as you tried to struggle back in –  
i froze as your fingers loosened their grip –  
i heard when you suddenly screamed out for help  
and watched as you fell – slowly and fast –*

*down past the trees and into the bush –  
to vanish as if there was nothing else left –  
9-1-1 on the phone and i rushed down the stairs  
racing the street into the trees –*

*i found you face-down – alive – still alive –  
sweaty and cold – i heard that you breathed –  
grey t-shirt and blue jeans – ragged and deep –  
you struggled to gasp and I knew that you lived –*

*my hand on your shoulder i said help was coming –  
stud earring – blood nose – i talked till you moved –  
you didn't hear me – you tried to get up –  
paramedics – then ambulance – they took control –*

*i later walked home scarcely knowing or believing  
what i had seen – or what could be real –  
who are you? i don't know and may never will  
but i do wish you well – you crazy young fool.*

