OUT ON A LIMB

Tom Bender * <tbender@nehalemtel.net> February 1992

I was told it was dangerous to go out on a limb.

I thought so, too - until I ventured there, long ago.

Out on a limb is a different world. The beauty of leaves, the wind, the place where life is created out of sunlight.

Out on a limb is where the air we breathe is cast off from leaves.

Out on a limb is where our waste air is transformed into the food which sustains all life.

Out on a limb are the songs of birds, the dances of butterflies, the games of squirrels.

To a bird, out on a limb is a place of rest, of safety.

To a monkey, out on a limb is a highway, a trapeze, a playground.

There is a freedom out on a limb – for ground-dwellers fear it.

Our vision reaches farther from out on a limb, and we see our world from a new point of view.

Going out on a limb is learning – that small risks are often necessary for most worthwhile ends.