

The Tightrope

A man walks the tightrope, stretched thin through the years,
Balanced by stoicism, wobbled by fears.
To the world, he's the anchor, the shield, the stone,
But behind closed doors, he battles alone.

The weight of the armor, the sword by his side,
Tells a story of strength, but also of pride.
For while the world applauds what he endures,
It seldom accepts when he is unsure.

The ache for connection, the need to be seen,
To show the cracks in the man-machine.
But who dares to stumble? Who dares to fall?
Who dares to tear down their own fortress wall?

Yet, in the foxhole, stripped bare by the fight,
Mortality burns through illusion's light.
No masks, no shields, no pretense to play,
Just two souls laid bare, no roles to betray.

Why must it take the fire, the loss, the pain,
To uncover what binds us, raw and plain?
For when one man breaks, the rest feel the call,
A soft permission to let their own walls fall.

A man walks the tightrope, it's true, day by day,
But the bravest among us step off the display.
They show their true selves, and in doing so,
Find strength in the bonds where vulnerability grows.

