

Fear of Excitement

In the middle of the ocean, strapped in like a seat belt,
and like lion's prey, waiting with fear.

I take a breath as the boat goes offshore.
Starts moving fast as a cheetah.
As I see the island get farther and farther away I take another breath.

"If you don't unlock the clip you will sink into the water," The instructor told.
Giving instructions on what to do if the parasail starts falling, making me more afraid than ever before.
What's next, he tells us it's happened a few times?
Or will he say don't worry there's only a two percent chance it will happen?
I tried to ignore him, he made it sound worse than it is.
Then he tells us I have to go first. Great.

I gave a look that a mouse gives to a cat who is ready to pounce.
Getting on, I sat down as my mom snapped a photo of me.
Once I lifted off I started laughing, it wasn't that bad but, the fact it was 600 feet up made me frightened still.

The view was spectacular, seeing the island from far away, and looking down seeing all the other people waiting their turn, they looked like ants.

I never thought of going again but, after it was over I wanted to.

In the middle of the ocean, strapped in like a seat belt,
and like a lion with it's prey, waiting with excitement.