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## Falling

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## **Falling**

By: Mara Bahmer

I rolled my daisy-print bike over  
until it bumped against my dad's back,  
bent over pruning the pink roses.

*I'm ready*, I said. He pulled off his leather  
gardening gloves and his calloused  
hands unscrewed my training wheels.

*You have to trust me*. I nodded: as long  
as I could feel his strong hand holding  
the bike seat, trust was easy.

He began to push me, and all of a sudden  
the driveway was a runway.  
I was not ready for liftoff.

*Wait!* I screamed, but his hand was gone.  
Riding sans-training wheels felt exactly  
like falling. It was the precipice

of a rollercoaster: the impending drop  
and the overwhelming sense of regret.  
I did not want to be on this ride anymore.

I thrust my toes into the ground,  
sending my plane nose-diving into  
the concrete. Red soared to the surface

of my knee. I screamed at my dad  
for failing to catch me, tears dripping  
down my ashen face.

*Mara*, he sighed, pinching the bridge  
of his nose, *you fell off because  
you were afraid of falling*.