



## **Barrels and Backstops**

by Darrell Petska

Once, a looming red barn  
backstopped the sloping path  
down which we plummeted,  
human cargo in the maw  
of a spent 50-gallon oil barrel,

bodies pressed hard against steel  
as we spun head over heels over  
crag and yucca tufts, screaming  
deliciously until a resounding  
thump sent us dizzily out

to stable earth and sure footing.  
Child's play: now, the barn gone,  
our dented barrels plunge  
down the sheer cliff of events till  
time's broad backside stops us cold.