

Stairs

I once had a dream that I was running down a hall
Down a hall on the fourth floor
As I ran, I tried to open my wings to fly
Only a subtle wind lifted me slightly off the ground
Try as I might
I could not fly
I woke up in the morning and waked up to that floor

The next night, I had a dream I was flying.
I was flying down the stairs
Those fourth floor red stairs
That maze of spiralling, dirty, juice stained graffiti
Stairs
I woke up the next morning and walked up those stairs

Now, unlike those stairs my time here is drawing to a close
And those stairs, walked on every day will be but a
Memory
Those dirty, homely, crowded, pushy
Stairs
Now, I wake up in the morning and climb those stairs

In my dream I never fly out of those stairs
They never end
Those impossible twists and turns, ups and downs
One day soon,
I'll wake up one morning and fly out of those stairs