



MIDNIGHT STAIRS

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

To the landing.

I count each step in the middle of the night
going down to the bathroom.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

To the floor. Blurry eyes check out obstacles.
It takes control, discipline.

Yet heading out to dinner one night in the city with family,
trying to listen to a fast paced conversation ahead.

I trip, lose my balance, fly through the air like a gull
one hand and arm catching the landing, flat on the sidewalk.

Everyone says, "stay down, be still" I insist on standing up.
I must. "Go on, slow down" I ask.

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