

JOHN BLIGHT

THE STAIRWAY

When I looked up they were there, each pair - such a pair of stairs. My steps! stairway of steps; each stair of uniform height but spiralling into space which would disappear as I took each step, leaving me higher - but where I was when the fall came I cannot remember. I say it was there; but I am pointing up into air, or space, or some excuse for my being on Earth with two feet planted: at least a pair of feet which paired with two steps, one low, one high and I had stood left on the low with right on the high; then right, then left until I discovered no landing, but on Earth: the sky just as uninhabitable as the ocean except for moments of voyage which passed quickly. Back on Earth, I stood up before that mythical spiralling stairway - my ambition. It had fallen. I had fallen. I picked myself up, sore, sorry for looking up.