

Sixty Stories

"The Place At The Top Of The Stairs"

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My closet's full;
Mostly of old clothes.
Some are too big.
Some are too small.
All are embarrassing.
Books I didn't read
Have stiff spines
And fill my boxes.

I wait at the top of the stairs.
My pants stained with dirt
From years and years
Of collecting and discarding objects.
I'm okay, but my stomach hurts.

There's a lot to know
Since the last I moved.
The new bathroom has
Beige speckled tiles
Like the ones in our
Old farm house. Jen,
I'll go first
If you go at all.

I wait at the top of the stairs
Standing in the scent that lingers there
Of you making sure that I'm okay.
And I am okay so, thanks for that.

I'm okay, but my stomach hurts. [x4]
Hurts. Yeah, yeah.

I wait at the top
Of the staircase, Jen.
My bags are packed.
What are you crying for?
"Remember when
We slid down these stairs
In sleeping bags.
We weren't broken then.

I guess
All of us
Should just take the
Things in this house
That are dear to us;
And what is left is for the birds."

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