

In the Centre of a Staircase

To look for love I stood in the centre of a staircase
To see how it ascends and descends in even and spiralling steps
Like a rising arpeggio, each note will harmonize and soar
Then fall back out like the tides, and above the waning of the moon
All subsiding contentedly back into night
True love inhales and exhales simultaneously, flushing the body with breath
The cheeks with sweet blush, the throat with a wild and gentle laughter
Which infinitely rises and falls on the wind.