

## Climb

I climb the stairs to the top  
my hand on the banister head  
find myself at the bottom again.

Step two spreads left and right  
up like warm air in a wave  
a music that flies me to a hill.

I climb it to the top, look up  
see it looming before me still, its green  
familiar and odd, a great blanket

raised by a sudden gale to engulf;  
only my fingertips are free. They grip  
its edges, pull it around,

my shoulders double-jointed, till it is  
my wrap, lush and sappy, an armour  
for rolling everywhere, for remembering

childhood's unembarrassed joy.  
I tumble on to the next climb.  
And on. And on.