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**C&S**

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## **Stairs**

We lived upstairs once,  
and ate down below.  
So we put in a staircase:  
two girders with  
wooden treads stained  
with yacht varnish.  
We slept upstairs,  
had studies up there,  
but children and kitchen,  
procreation, nutrition,  
were down below and  
the steps bridged.  
The children are gone now,  
and truth be told,  
the stairs seemed steeper,  
each year harder.  
So we migrated the study,  
the bedroom's below now.  
The stairs are still there,  
but take you nowhere.  
Home's where we are,  
and we live in life's limits.

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