

The Thing on the Stair

by Wesley Baines

Autumn brings It
Rustles in amongst the leaves
They still themselves before It
Still, the rustle
On the stone
Up the stair
You felt Its presence
On the air
Caressed your brow
As you climbed
Drawing forth
The poisoned thought
It formed it raw
You formed it first
And gently
Took your hand
And dragged you
On the stone
Down the stair
Autumn brings It
On the air

