

## The Logic of the Stairwell



The Logic of the Stairwell  
*and Other Images*

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## Afterwords

### I

Sip the day. Entering a long room long lost images slip by before me. We rode on at a loss and promise keeping a pace in step for a bed was at every mile. Should you pull me gently into your loving corner set adrift those careless enough to be walled in. I am the dawn and the dusk pity that when caressing my deadly lungs. Watch for the famous patients who hide an array of tortured calotypes in their flower baskets. Those poor curbsmen jostle with ample hearts but with skewers drawn they will offer patents on every hole dug. With unhelpful fidelity each coroner present a selection of gelatine pictograms which follow in logical sequence. Fourteen foot tapeworms may be a blind but what wonderful decorations they make. It's tiring here with grumbling eyes heavy stomach and a pen and ink that has better ideas. Look at those down there in a dead heap and when too tired drizzle on the light. It feels good keeping faith in these greying days when the tired mind returns to some vague memory of home.

## II

Palatine's gentle undulations carry me far. Stare at the door until it unlocks. Fellow humans write a note to plait formed spirits speeding by on wearily mounted trains. Trumpets horn the carnage arrives news papers begrudgingly wave as tired souls turn a page. Feed me on unsurity for all I need lies there in. Pulling at sores bleeds. All roads appeared at once as the beckoning minstrels were sent to count our marks. What fools we are the trumpets sound and when the final trains roll on we should put aside each word as one. But empty headed we all fall down. The sun leaks blood on teaselled down. Pull us from our body bags power lines scratches through seamless dreams. Finally almost all we need is almost all there is it seems.

### III

Draw a line in the water press the figures dots will do for  
eyes the backs are turned any way as we hovered behind  
the mountain watching the lone man salute the mist  
alone should one day he discover us and one of his or her  
meritorious glorious dead read the lengthened silver that  
passes for shadow behind us for we too suffer the fate of hate  
of those living in windless marks as grain not quite ground  
sand blocked by green palter was named.

## IV

Active. Empty.