

WE'LL MEET ON THE LANDING: DURING THE CONVERSATION

TONI SCORSESE

Coming in hotfooted was a mistake.
I bungled toward the top, tripped on the nosing.

I must catch my hand on the rail, decelerate my ascent to your tread.
But the visibility is restricted on this closed stair. Where do you stand?

Still is not ideal. Frozen is unacceptable; for my passage or yours.
Should we continue to advance, where do we alight?

Re-postured, I can mount the riser.
But as I climb, do I trespass your ground?

A resting dock would suit us both, for stability, carriage.
Steadied, I will establish your position more precisely.

As I halt, I remember where to meet you.
I can't recall how, but you *a/ways* appeared there.

When I reach that place we don't trumble, graceless, we can pivot together.
From the landing, we'll determine the next steps.

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[We Know Who We Are]