

Staircase

The cave, or mine, whatever it was was dark,
dank, as frightening as could be expected,
home to that shadowy something-or-other the very
thought of which brings the gooseflesh on.

The basement the child and I had been forced from.
The child's mother was no help, more afraid
than we were, unable to provide while we
sat at the head of the stairs, even a flashlight.

Then a light came on at the bottom of the stairs.
Inching my way down, I saw it came
from two old-fashioned Aladdin lamps,

One I brought back up to clean the chimney
so when I went back I could do what had to be done.