

Stairs To The Attic

The Antlers

I decided on that evening that I was through with sitting still
I stood up and started moving with a childlike fascination
For those doors that don't have locks
And the stairways that were blocked
So I dug through the obstruction
Put my fist around the railing
And each step was far apart
And far away from steps before it
And the air was getting thinner
'Til I couldn't breathe at all
And if I happened to look behind me
There were miles and miles of stairs
Enough so I couldn't see the doorway
But I knew that it was there
And on the last step I was dizzy
'Cause there were stairs in all directions
But I found another door
And through the door there was the attic
Without old clothes
Without a ceiling
Everything had opened wide
Into the jaws of something bigger
And suddenly I saw that I was
Upstairs and outside and freezing on the roof
Finally it had found me
The answer, the feeling, and the truth:

That I'm small
I'm smaller than the smallest fireball.