

## 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.