

## **Lifted**

There are stairs somewhere  
We know this but are unable  
To consider them of use  
It is not that we lack the ambition  
We lack the energy

In a stairwell there is intimacy  
Negotiation as we pass one another  
Here we stand like cattle  
Awaiting electronic rapture

Trance like number gazing  
Side to side motions  
While we still can

Who will be allowed on?  
Which one of us absorbed

Lifted

Deeply packed and silent  
Allowing the inertia of the moment  
To lift our hearts  
One step higher  
Than our feet will go

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