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Steps

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Steps

by Hunter Raab

Little steps from A to B
five minutes at the most,
at least I hope.
Oh, but I forgot the weight
The pace
The value of things
Expectations
Consequences & details.

Air echoes like a mirror,
in air there's fog
& in fog I get lost.
In stillness kept
In silence at ease
and in the cold
Quiet.
The air bites & its fangs stab;
the beauty in its teeth captivate and I
stare, gratefully frozen.

Bigger steps from B to C
an hour or so, at least
I hope
I've learned,
But I forgot the weight
The speed
The sound
The distractions & the air around me

Birds quietly fly, trees sit still, grass quivers,
the air asserts its dominance
& people drive by.
The sunshine bakes me like a raisin
and I'm fine with shrinking.

The steps from C to D are bigger,
at least I think.
I do not know, in truth, for I have yet to start.