Ladder Ode

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Ladder Ode

The ladder won't make you a star. On its back, won't take you anywhere, but gives you a place to come home from. Makes you believe you own something, hold something more.

This is true of water and birdnest abandoned as old shoelaces. We must keep the stout-legged ladder, for propped against a lean, a roof or burning house, to the child who sleeps upstairs and the widow the ladder is a hero. How else are we to stand next to the weathervane? The ladder won't go anywhere without you, but sits and waits while you hunt, tired from what you are. Lets you walk away and return as many times as you do. Yet, says nothing. Who loves you that much. Who listens when you're caught in the middle of up
and down,  
can't find your way  
home. No hand,  
no foot,  
no skirt to look up.  
Listen.  
The ladder  
hears  
drums  
upriver  
and rings.

Joy Lyle