

The Steps

The steps smelt of wee
and disinfectant
we had large chips
50p
two strawberries
a pound
and a tin of squirty cream

The steps flowed with strangers
smelling chips
catching our smiles
mirroring
what they saw
except
it wasn't what it seemed

The steps were our oasis
a haven
away from our broken
families
where we talked of
escapes
only possible as a team

The steps were demolished
decades back
you're a stranger
disconnected
I wonder if you
escaped
or ran out of steam?