

## **The Banister**

I run my hand over the banister

It's smooth from use

It's dark from stains

It's plastic it's static

It's moving with me

I hold tight to the banister

The shopping is heavy

The people crush in together

I step to the left to stand

I step to the right to run

The banister drags ahead

Falling into the oblivion below

Looping back to hold someone else

The banister feels different through the sleeve of my sweater

The suitcase is heavy

The building is empty

I step to the left anyway

The banister feels different bolted to the wall

It's static, not with sparks

I don't use it

I don't have anything to carry