

STAIRS

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Stairs always fascinate me,
And I shall tell you why:
In old Quebec I saw a lad
Sit gazing at the sky,
On old stairs,
Crazy stairs,
Or, so to me they seemed;
But every step was golden
To the little lad who dreamed.

Above the city's clamour,
From out the crowded way,
I caught the drift of roses,
So strangely sweet that day,
Near old stairs,
Crazy stairs,
And I was dreaming, too!
Of far-off fragrant gardens
Where trellis-roses grew.