

Staircase

by [D. S. Martin](#) in the [April 22, 2020](#) issue

Piercing night ascending
descending sky to ground our light footfalls
in fluid motion pass through air make
no sound No spiral or criss-cross flights
but one uninterrupted series of stairs
ten thousand climbing angels in glowing white
ten thousand more trodding down
down from heaven's height
from the foot of God's own throne
right down to a stone a shaken scoundrel's
using for his pillow Why would we wonder
to what purpose this display
when we know wisdom whispers *obey?*