reach
the top
just MDF
with screws in
down there your
tiny smiling face
renders sublime a peak
of trust in another soul
tang of chalk dries mouth
and fingers red in face and reeking
in pit conjuring traction from ether
a toehold beyond belief precarious as
diced carrot dried chunks multicoloured
plastic vomit surrealistic wall spattered arms
on fire clawing panting ‘I’m ready to come down now’