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Upon the Brick Wall Behind the Stairs

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I've seen this place one time
Before the children ran rampant,
Like the splendid acts of circus shows.
An impeccable surface,
Some thought it was the curves of a woman-
an-
So firm and round,
Pronouncing strength at the
Dead end of town.
Perhaps endangered of the torment it en-
dured,
To settle here for ages
But in your age-
You've distinguished delicate decadence.
You sing songs of old melodies
Pertaining to chivalry and disobedience,
Ideas that have long lost its cadence.
What is it your hiding?
Behind the chains of the sealed door.
The lost prisoners of the ones before.
Behind the brick wall-
Upon the stairs
At which I thoroughly stare.

UPON THE BRICK WALL
BEHIND THE STAIRS
MARGARET ADAMS