

Ten Stairs

First step, placing my foot
I remember the time when I used to look out of the window
Wondering will there be a Prince Charming or a Knight.
Toe first on second step, rewinds to the sleepless nights.
Left leg on third step, creaks, I shake
Same as my heart used to shake with the fear of being alone.
Fourth step, the first heartbreak
Fear of not being worthy enough cripples.
Heel on the fifth, the turn of rift
From emotional attachment, running away from commitment.
Tip-toeing to sixth and seventh,
Heightens my sensitivity, I pull away.
I see a hand in the darkness of my self-doubt
Assuring me to trust, urging my strides.
Evaluating, carefully step on eighth
Light beams, my heart tugs.
Impassioned, I rush to the ninth step.
Looking up, he stands at the end who completes me
Not afraid to burn or to drown.
Standing at the tenth and last step,
Let go of railing and my own guard,
I let myself free, in the arms of my safety.
I thread my fingers behind his neck
Binding our souls, feel the tingles, sparks and butterflies
Everything I read was now real, irreplaceable.
In love together, long gone was the terror.

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