

There is a pitter-patter of a child's footsteps against the floor above, which,

Funnily,

Is, for me, the ceiling.

I lay in my bed – it is early, still – and the rising rays of sunlight slip between the distant  
skyscrapers

and pass through my window, drowning my everything in an orange  
which is bold but not offensive.

The brisk breeze

that seeps inside through the space in the window, in between the sill and the air-  
conditioner

hits me in the middle, colliding with a thick and comforting heat from the radiator,

which makes the blanket burn to the touch

and feels, for me, like home.

The child shuffles quickly across the room/floor/ceiling

And the footsteps end abruptly at the opposite end of the room,

Just above my closet.

There are larger, tougher footsteps now

And as I lay awake

in the place that I am

I understand

That a father sometimes pulls himself from a bed-devoid-of-rest to play with his  
daughter

And to her, he is the entire world.

And suddenly you are consumed by the thought that sometimes

A floor has another side,

A different angle

In which it is the ceiling.

And you remember

That your actions reverberate across worlds-

And a child's pitter-patter footsteps

Along my ceiling

Cause me to sigh,

glance again out the window at an orange world-

And get out of bed.