

A Stair Set in Stone

Sisyphus is memorialised, imprinted upon the walls
It's a modern retelling, with a seismic ending
The stone we push, without the right to lift
A crushing weight, invisible to the crowd

From the edge of the crypt
Where your grandmother's ghost sits
All these years have brought the same wish
For each light to shine just as bright

Walking alone at night
Let's you feel like a man
She knows to fear the darkness
The shadowed, reaching hands

Fighting for the upper arm
A place in the promised land
For the rights handed to a man
To take up space on this ground

Take me, by a shaken hand
Put me on an equal stand
The ancient ways due to disband
I'm not from a foreign sand

Still one of her to five of you
In power I can hold too
Desperate to pull in your earning
For the same amount of working