

Pronounced steps descending the staircase  
Muffled across the carpeted floor.  
The ever-growing distant voice of lecture surpassed,  
A silence. A motion camera,  
A soft constant voice internal.

A door, with its chrome-plated commercial handle  
Under the force of my hands

A Release! Into a lively place.  
A bright wind-blown sunlight  
Nudges my body.  
A larger view,  
Room for infinite possibilities.  
Sounds erupt irregularly;  
A pattering engine, distant,  
voices, and fellow footsteps.  
All backed by the sounds of earth  
Shooting straight for my ear,  
Out into this natural world  
I stride on the naked snow-bordered concrete.  
Aloud my mind smiles  
At the freedom, the possibilities, and the controlled chaos  
With a certain joyed existence.

*Zachary Wheeler*