

Going Up.

I am a lift.

I'm not the type you might get with your Dad to the shops.
Nor am I the type that Tom Cruise wears in his shoes to make him look taller.
I'm the type of lift that sits in a long dark shaft in the middle of a big department store.

Sometimes I go up.

I take kids to the toys on the fourth floor where they can love a stuffed bear or prep an action man for battle.

I take mums up to baby clothes on the third floor where they can buy bibs and bonnets and baby-grows.

I take grannies up to the restaurant on the roof where they can kick off their shoes and have a cup of tea and a crumpet or take advantage of an OAP special.

But I get to go up towards the sunlight and the sky.

Sometimes I go down.

Complaints are in the basement, dark and dreary.

I could be transporting some foul-faced harridan who's bought a bra three sizes too big.

I could be host to the stupid girl who's returning her new Mickey Mouse Watch because she doesn't realise that it needs winding up.

Or it could be the old Major who's trying to return a jacket he's already worn for a formal.

Why do I have to go down? Why can't I go sideways or some oblique angle, say seventy two degrees?

That would be nice.

So that's my life, all ups and downs.

While I do stop moving, it's only a temporary measure, I'm soon rising or descending again.

They say if a shark stops moving it dies.

If that's true, it probably dies of boredom. I know my life would be pretty dull if I just stayed in one place.

Ups and downs are just different sides of the same coin.

Oh. Someone's pressed a button, I wonder what's going to happen now?

Going (Toss coin, Heads Up, Tails Down)

Dave Kirby