



The Wooden Staircase in the Corner

The day begins with steps in the corner.
A dark wooden spiral, one step at a time.
A time to work, a time to make good.

You become someone here -
one step at a time.
It's trust and friend

and close listening here,
and safety -
no bullying.

It's being believed in
and helped to deliver
one step at a time.

Chris at the cash desk
in Café West refuses
to panic when a long queue

of customers is waiting to pay.
One at a time, he tells himself,
That's the way to get through.

One step at a time.

Rogan Wolf

This poem describes a catering project in York which offers employment to people with learning disabilities. There is a wooden staircase between the meeting room and kitchen. Café West is run for City of York Council workers.

Poems for...bridges to Learning Disability

<https://poemsforthewall.org>

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