Ode to escapes

By Kav R

Fire escapes in Brighton & Hove found

spaces, clinging at height

neither in nor out

in plain sight

Unyielding iron, jutting bars, yet some freedom

glimpses of the sea, moody skies, mossy slate not for

use, yet mentioned slyly presence hidden in rental

rate

joyfully unfurled for seasonal warmth

lie forlorn in winter

π π π π π π π π π π π π π π π π π π π π π π π π π π π