

## I Was Small

You are walking down a normal street  
Things start to feel a little strange  
You look down  
You are closer to the ground  
and the sky seems further away than usual

(foot steps)

not so far, that you don't recognise it  
but far enough away, that it looks new

you look at your feet  
smaller, lighter, faster,  
(running sound)

you breathe in the air  
it smells different  
sweeter,  
like the air of another time

the house looms up before you  
so many colours  
the house is so *tiny*  
you could leap over it  
the house is so *vast*

that the walls are the sky  
and the roof is the universe

so you squeeze through the tiny door

and the room you walk into seems vast

and the colours are even richer, deeper and brighter  
than the colours outside

and in the room there are strange objects  
as tall as mountains  
as tiny as atoms

you look up and out of the window.

you see eyes, and faces, and bodies, and they are look in.

they don't see you

but you see them

like planets, like stars, like huge clouds

a deer runs past you

it comes up to your knees  
like a cat

it stands and watches you  
you smile and it runs away

Look  
look  
look!

You are circling around like a bird  
Peering in  
Gazing out

the painting is orange blue and brown  
the more you look  
the more the ceiling falls upwards  
and the more the floor opens up and spreads out like an endless desert  
you are in the grooves of the lines of paint  
you are one strand of hair on the brush  
you are running through the lines of orange blue and brown

you run and run to the stairs  
which loom up, and down, like continental plates, riding up and down again  
you run up the steps  
then down  
then left  
then upside down  
and the distant distant floor looks like the earth  
and you look down and the ceiling looks like sky  
and your feet tap tap tap on the staircase

until

tick tock tick tock

what time is it?

11.73  
-1.40

it's time

you look around the room seems normal now  
you recognise it  
its an art gallery  
and its seems to be full of beautiful artworks

you are just the right height now  
and the colours seems to just the right colours  
and the people seem to be just the right size

take a walk around  
take a look  
look  
look

there are people here  
who are they? cathy, gillian, khadija and toby  
they are smiling at you, and welcoming you in  
hew and rose, fiona, kay and rana too

they walk to you and they give you things  
tiny things  
objects they have made  
so small they look like snowflakes on your palm

you say thank you  
they disappear into the endless landscape  
into the boundless sea

so you decide to leave,  
you place the snowflakes in your pocket  
and you step carefully, and climb down the front of the house

for three whole days  
until you reach the ground

thank you, you say

and you walk home  
through streets that grow up to meet you  
and a sky that comes down to hold you

You look down  
Your feet are not touching to the ground  
and the sky is so close you feel like you are flying