The attic didn’t know silence.
It was a busy place.
We spent our summer nights there,
in front of the big TV,
silver light dancing on our faces.
But one night, when everyone was over,
we turned off the lights and TV.
We played light as a feather,
stiff as a board. You were
light as a feather, stiff as a board.
We chanted and lifted you
with our two small fingers until
someone whispers, “She’s looking ill.”
Repeat it until, “she is dead.”
Then, “Light as a feather,
stiff as a board.” Over and over
we chant, while our fingers feel
nothing but the rising air.
The attic that didn’t know silence
is suddenly frozen; all are frozen
as you rise. The air stops.
Something is happening a few
floors below in the kitchen;
someone is cooking,

another is talking,

cans are crushing.

People are outside, walking

up and down the dark, abandoned

street. But inside the attic,

there is not even a rustle,

as we lift and lift your weightless limbs.