

*The Attic*

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.