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Attic Shade

Lo Lei

It is locked in the attic reinforced by three layers of oak In the image of man but of barbaric darkness Muscles taut and heavy with pounding footsteps, Thumps short and brief causing dust to fall from above. Whenever I visited the locks, I could feel it, lingering above When I walked away, it would begin clawing at the hatch Pull after failed pull, it slammed the floor and jumped furiously wall to wall Banging the walls with both fists. It roared as if threatening to kill,

A sharp note in its climax that grilled my ears

When I feed it from the window I hear it garbling its grub

Always hobbling away from the light, away from the wind

I doubted it ever wanted to be free since it shied from the window.

It dawned upon me one day when I opened the door

As the banging shook the entire house, that it wanted me.

Yet I kept it, civilly, for all my father's will and my father's father

(And his father, too) Of whom they communally addressed "Friend in the Attic"

It has to be as old as sin

That or ageless, within its cursed den.

Never satisfied, always howling inviting nightmares to my eyelids When I shrink away to my room in the corner to shake its quaking madness.