

attic letters

through my attic window
the strummed notes resonate
echoing upon cobble streets
below clamoring feet

quietly leaves flutter
falling in colour
touching black soil
quite softly

the flame wavers above
this uncrossable distance
becoming harder to bear
within each instance

the letters are cool
without a page
within my cage
above it all

there is no need to fear
the passing of another year
to write your name
across the attic window

is freedom

—*Timothy Giles*