

Attic Playhouse

By Carolyn Wilker

Under the roof is a playhouse
with its familiar odour of heat and yesterday

leather skates lean against each other
like fallen dominoes
March through December

outgrown Sunday shoes wait for the next pair of feet
castoff clothes crammed in a crumbling cardboard box
yellowed notebooks - lined with ancient scribbles

crank the gramophone
inside its heat blistered black box

it warbles a tune
in symphony with buzzing flies
hypnotized by the light of one window
and too dazed to find another exit