

Attic

By Robin B Lipinski

Cobwebs always gather,
Tween the rafters and the floor.
Dank, dark, places,
Home for spinning spiders.

Place of tired dreams,
Luggage, records, and forgotten toys,
She sat in her old attire.

In a rocking chair silent,
Movement only dust,
Hands clasped to her scrapbook,
Scenes of a vision past.

No one knows her fate,
Alone with no family,
No words,
Just dry tears.

Only on a full moon,
On a holiday called Halloween,
Children wander by and scream,
Seeing a woman dead for one-hundred years,
One who was never paid with love of a man,
Only borrowed.

The End