

## The Room

Inside the walls  
    Of letting go  
Pests live,  
And with tiny hands scratch

Inside the roof  
    Of letting go  
Black wings flutter ceaselessly  
And beaks nagging caw

Inside the floor  
    Of letting go  
Dwells a thousand footsteps  
Dragging in reverse,  
Each a splintered phantom  
Tethered to heavy linger  
Of Unforgiven

And here, inside this little room  
Surrounded -  
All is still  
Except for a warm singing  
Of the door  
And the laughter  
Beyond,

Who for me  
Patiently  
    Awaits