

## TO THE ATTIC

*Guy Belleranti*

Rivulets of crimson,  
Bloody drips of gore,  
Seeping through my ceiling,  
Falling on my floor.

“What the hell,” I shout out.  
I jump up from my chair.  
Should I call the cops? No!  
Not ‘til I check up there.

To the attic I ascend,  
Baseball bat in hand.  
Squinting into inky black,  
“Who’s there?” I demand.

I reach out, snap the light switch.  
The place remains a cave.  
Up and down I flick again  
No longer feeling brave.

A chuckle sounds in the dark.  
I suck a painful breath  
As a voice says in my ear:  
“Welcome to your death.”

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