

Attic

by Junella

On desolation and being forgotten, something which I have amply experienced in the past few months.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: After a small eternity, I've got back to writing. It's nice to be back. Review please? Cos I'm probably sorta rusty. Thanks :)

The dull shine of polish

The faint stirrings of dust

The faded beams

Porcelain animals

Poised in pale vigil

The dead silence

Broken by the rare footfall

Old friends, these are

Slow acquaintances made

Over glacial days and arctic nights

Of-forgotten creatures