

1965

Attic

Ray Pavelsky
St. John Fisher College

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Recommended Citation

Pavelsky, Ray (1965) "Attic," *The Angle*: Vol. 1965: Iss. 2, Article 3.
Available at: <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1965/iss2/3>

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Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: Volume 10, Number 2, Spring 1965.

ing there and watching the bus pull out, I knew if I loved her I would feel differently right then.

I did feel different. I was alone on the waiting platform now; it made the hollowness inside me more real. I looked around. The pavement was cold and dark. I didn't especially want to go anyplace. I just felt very empty.

The thing that bothered me the most was the joke of it all; it was as if something was both there and not there. The next thing I knew I was walking through the terminal station. As I walked out onto Main Street I looked to the right. Down aways Elizabeth's bus was just pulling away from the traffic light at the corner. The street lights shone through the windows of the bus; passengers in their seats were outlined by the dark green haziness, distinguishing them from the darkness of the sky and the shadowy store fronts. I put my hands in my coat pockets, and didn't notice the cold as I walked to my car.

Attic

Up the stairs to the cool Attic,
the dark Attic.

To sit alone, leaned against the stair-wall.

Attic is the high and solemn intellect
of house: its memory is there.
and a fear that things unused
will somehow come alive for want of use,
driven by the pain
of their solitude:
the dolls,
the clothes,
all the great trunks.

And now the multitudinous fingers of
cool hand of rain are
strumming,
strumming,
with an unconscious impatience
on the fitted beams, the rhymed and shingled roof.
and the sound, like a thousand tiny elves
twinkling down attic stairs around me;
silent.
leaving only their small rush of air,
and time.

RAY PAVELSKY