

Bats in the attic

by [Stephen B. Chapman](#) in the [August 29, 2018](#) issue

*for Kate*

Before I saw them,  
Nights were silent.  
Ceiling and roof closed in on me.

But after I'd seen one,  
Really seven,  
Then I heard them all the time.

Their noisomeness might have frightened me,  
Yet it didn't.  
Night's quiet had been the solitude of the grave.

But now death can hold no terrors  
When over my head so sociably sounds  
The whispering rustle of wings.