

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.