

# Bulb in the Rafters

By Helen Hill

Staring up from the darkened corner,  
As the quiet drowned out my hearing,  
I watched the lone bulb flicker  
As it hung from the basement rafters.

Silent, it spoke as the incandescent rays  
Could barely pierce the darkness.  
The darkness of the damp and musty cinderblocks,  
A world in which I lived...  
The darkness I felt within myself.

I heard the voices above;  
Of life and children playing.  
And I wondered, "Why not me?"

