

The Suitcase

Light filters through from the trapdoor.
It pierces the dark like a blade across the skin.
Gradually the case arises from the murk.
Like a ghost reaching for your soul.
The locks glint in places rust has failed to encase.
The handle grins its malevolence.
Calling. Calling. You reach out tentatively.
Its faux leather casing, dry and dusty.
A mummified memory left to rot in this hell.
The hinges creak as if contents strain to escape.
Weight shifting, releasing the chains of restraint.
Oily slick oozes from a hole worn with time.
A muffled sound within. Calling. Calling.

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