

Trapdoor

a timed exercise

by Fran Duffield

It was there

all the time, underfoot,
slowly forming a small indentation
that I never noticed, beneath
the worn and faded rug
of everyday

all the times I hurried

out, or crept weary
back in,

it was waiting,

keeping its still air
like a pharaoh's tomb,
holding its breath

until that night,

when the whole house crumbled

and fell, sucked down

entire,

the old rug slipping

helpless into the void,

with all my thousand

heedless steps

impressed upon it