

The Bright Room

ANTHONY WATTS

She comes to the bright room as to a feast
of light. For as long as she's allowed
she'll bask in its shadowless glow. The room
is immense – bigger than the world. It contains
all there is to know. But most importantly
her friends are there. All of them. They chat
for hours. She doesn't want them to go. But one
by one they log off. See ya.
See ya.

Under the duvet
she holds herself small
and tight as a pip. Hiding
from the darkness in the darkness, she tries
to delete the night and its noises

the beat of her own heart

her father's footstep on the landing.