

The visitors

by Erika Byrne-Ludwig

I am a small cottage up on the hill. Every morning, I open my windows and my front door. First enters dawn which turns the walls blue, followed by the sun laying straws of wheat on my table. Inside my cottage the day lights up the dark corners while the lamps go quietly out. I am silent but breathing and aspiring to movements and voices, as all objects do. My chairs are unoccupied, except for one — the person who lives here. She's taking her breakfast. Outside perfumes slowly drift in and drown her morning gown, hover over my chestnut dresser. I am being invaded by flowers. All these visitors pour me a drink of magic liquor and I can hear a faint sound of happiness.

