

Echoes on Cat on a Hot Tin Roof: "Maggie's Reflection"

By J. Michel

She stands at the threshold, the night thick with heat—

moonlight spills on old floorboards,

each step creaks with unsaid words.

Her hands, always searching,

smooth the wrinkles in a silk dress,

her smile—a shield forged of longing.

Brick's shadow stretches across the room,

his silence—a wall she cannot scale.

She listens for hope in the hush,

for laughter to pierce the tension.

The roof above is burning,

her heart perched on its edge,

clinging to the promise

that tomorrow might cool the tin,

if only she can survive tonight.