

THE NIGHT WALKER

The wind growled,
a hollowed snarl around
half-shuttered door.

If I looked out,
Into the night's impenetrable blackness ...

But I would not look.
Nor move.
Save only to add more turf to a fire
Which glowed
a shadowy dance
on bare-cheeked faces
ringing around her flame.

The Night Walker would come.
We knew.
A thunderous thumping
On door, roof and wall.

And we would welcome Her,
Through edge-thin lips.
Offer tea
Cakes,
An honored seat.
And She,
In turn,
Her geis unspoken,
Her duty unbroken,
Would speak of times begone
Of times to come
And the fates of those within.

In the mist of ancient days, this same scene transpired.
And we, its current heirs,
Who were we,
To unlink the chain,
Which wrote our history
In the drag-marks
Of its iron
Through the mud of human-kind.