

Creeps

Wednesday, 26 November 2008

Only just made it to the house
with the last rays of a blood red sun mist crept up the hill-
a cold white hand our field a milky lake
buoying bails of hay but the fog stopped at the gates
rose up to meet the night with the Carpathians not far
I covered behind the window waited for shadows to slither onto our porch
despite the wild garlic I could hear the creeps whisper
"You really don't know anything."