

The Chill of Calm

Remember the night of the summer solstice
When our mutual friend was taken?
That shroud of winter which so
Gladly took him.

I can now feel him as a ghost
In the shadow of the night.
A cold washes
Over me.

I chill at the prospect
Of him coming for me.
Running may work,
So I must try it.

On the road, I go
With him close.
Looking back, I can feel
The chill of calm.

A shelter looms,
An inn, refuge.
The cold is at bay here
But for how long, I cannot say.

A warm meal,
A hot shower.
In peace, I sleep deeply,
Gladly accepting my temporary reprieve.

But alas, I must go through the chill of calm.
I can hear it knocking on my window...

Cam Clogston 5 th EIA 1/27/10
--