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Night on the Road

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Night on the Road

It's been too long since
I last saw the Darkness
and did not shudder or
weep in despair

The Lady peered around
the Mountain—her full round face
illuminating the eternal plain
and I remembered—

—the timid and eerie islands
of light that swim in the Distance
and beckon—but not so much
as the Queen and Her mask of gold and white

—the haunted skeletal trees that
reach, desperate, up to the twilight, as
the Primal mind sends signals,
Tip-toeing from spine to eyeball

—Deer dancing in corners, behind
shotgunned and isolated park signs
—Memories, in abandoned attics
rattling chains and bent highway reflectors

—Old houses and mountain silhouettes,
glassy lakes, pools of moon-on-Earth,
music for My eyes—loneliness, beauty
and snow.

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