

NIGHTWALK

Flashlights shining over an ancient roadbed
the moon staring behind a veil of oaks
clouds drifting by passively
the stones silently trampled
peripheral terrors trying to break
the circle of light restraining
a wind slow with wetness
accompanying a jacketed boy
in the darkness walking
every sound nurturing
every noise startling
every sway of the light a new world
waiting to be explored
uncovered of its blackness
the boy
ancient explorer
brave and bold and full of nightwalk thoughts

12-17-78