

Shadows

The shadow reflecting street lamps
Hold deep dark secrets
Never revealing
What is seen or heard

Vapor filled apparitions
Fuck in the pale moonlight
Leaves nothing but a trail
Of destruction at every door.

Wicked figures fly and dart
Across blackened skies
Crouching squealing creatures
Crawl across flooded floors

What nocturnal madness
Slowly creeps
Into the corners and crevices
Of the fertile nighttime mind?

October 14, 2020

In honor of All Hallow's Eve

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