

## **On Edge**

Swallowed like an oyster, the sun sank.

I looked over my shoulder.

At the edge of the field, a murder of crows took flight.

Shadows stretched their fingers toward the road I travelled.

Ahead, I glimpsed the twinkling lights of the village,

And trotted forward, desperation my companion.

Would I make it before the afterglow disappeared?

“Don’t let the night catch me here.”

Nancy Court

Inspiration: *Dark at the Edge of the Woods* by Sheryl Budnik