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Back to Daylight
by Maura Gage Cavell

Darkness falls early like an emptiness in winter.
Rain runs icy as it hits freezing air.

Rose bushes have drooped and dropped at courtyard's edge.
Dogs keep howling at all hours.

Night deepens; the moon's caught in a swirl of fog,
The air's damp and slippery;
cold silence enwraps us.

Shadows from car headlights shift across the walls.
Somewhere out there she is making her own way.

These fields of hers are untrodden; she will make her own new horizons,

find light and brightness again.
Somehow she will climb all the way back to daylight.