

## **The Dark Ones**

On the other side of the road  
the dark ones stand.  
Something leaks in our blood  
like the ooze from a wound.

In the town on pension day  
mute shadows glide.  
The white talk dies away,  
the faces turn aside.  
A shudder like breath caught  
runs through the town.  
Are *they* still here? We thought...  
Let us alone.

The night ghosts of a land  
only by day possessed  
come haunting into the mind  
like a shadow cast.

Day has another side.  
Night has its time to live,  
a depth that rhymes our pride  
with its alternative.

Go back. Leave us alone  
the pale eyes say  
from faces of pale stone.  
They veer, drift away.

Those dark gutters of grief  
their eyes, are gone.  
With a babble of shamed relief  
the bargaining goes on.