

## Darker Than the Night

*By Marilyn Reeves*

Oh, what is this dark specter  
Hovering o'er my head?  
Is it mere illusion –  
A distortion of my night vision  
That seems to be  
Staring down at me  
As I quaver in my bed?

Oh, for just a hint of light  
On this dark and endless night!  
Through an opening in my curtain I see  
But a sliver of moon, wearing a shroud  
Of cloud as it goes drifting by.

The moon offers no illumination  
To a possible hallucination —  
This impenetrable shadow  
Which is darker than the night.  
It is its ghoulish aspect  
That gives me such a fright!

Is it the thing that I most dread?  
Will it come still closer  
as I bury my trembling head  
Neath the paltry covers  
Of my unprotective bed?  
Will it snuff out the living light in me  
And laugh when I am dead?

I shake, I quake, I cannot seem  
To comprehend this vision,  
For it is the most awful thing  
That I have ever seen.

But why? Pray tell me, why  
Does it come every year  
to haunt me  
On the night of Halloween?