

The Intruder

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writing this i feel a chill.
i say it's the night air. i say it's the fan.
i avoid the door.
i'm grateful the dog sleeps and senses nothing.
i leave all the cottage lights on. . .

a creaking late at night
i cautiously went to the door, looked out
at the darkened porch. he stood there,
bushy-bearded, hollow-eyed, shoulder-length hair spilling
across reddened cheeks and nose, staring at me.
i started to scream. . .
then recognized my reflection. i tried to laugh
and went back to bed.

sirens fill the night, Carol shouts
in her sleep, the broom crashes
to the floor, and ants trek
across the ceiling.

i came here a refugee
from cities, but outside is something
i brought with me. when i touch Carol
she shivers and reaches for cover.