

Untitled

Down in the mossy dark,
fingers cold, feet sodden,
shivering, you scratch time
in fencepost blocks of five,

marking the pinprick dawns
and twilights flickering
high above; a cascade
of hours pouring down,

rising to your ankles,
your shins soaked in idle
moments, and still it rains.

You call a tremulous
“Is it safe to come up?”
Days pass with no answer.

But even in the chill,
rising waters of time,
just one more tomorrow
is cause enough for hope.

