

Where in daytime nothing is

by A. Pseudonym

I had imagined what it must be like
out there in the middle place
where in daytime nothing is
what it must be like at night:
there, far from my bed,
maybe something moves

Move
for rocks in the dark
and calling crows alone
in the empty midnight field
will stay your legs if you stop

Stagger to the trees
for through them is your house
though in them is the wild dog who
is small enough to be kicked away
but runs in livid packs

