

# Digging In The Darkness

*by* JM Prescott

Everything is scarier in the dark.

I dig with no light to guide the aim of my shovel but the stars peeking through the trees which are fuller now than when you went away. It was cold then, like you are now, and I must free you from your cage of root and mud.

I dig myself deeper into the darkness and way past where you should be sleeping; until I collapse, exhausted and realize this is no one's grave but mine.

I lay in the mud and truth at the bottom of an empty hole beneath the stars and lying stone. You don't rest here.

