

Out of the Woods

by Paul de Denus

The snap of a twig, the pull of fabric, the trailing shadow along the silent black surface, the crunch of withered leaves, the clop of heavy boots and the man with dark eyes opening the door. These are all your fears real and imagined, swaying in a pent up depravity, waiting to unleash as the sun runs over the horizon. The wind huffs its sweet leafy breath, creates the invisible whirling dervish that chases away as it intensifies and aligns along the tree line. No, your clever costume won't protect you. To think you are safe and fit in with all that's around on this night is foolish. Safety in numbers is a myth. Tonight you won't be left alone.

