

Unlocked

by Lynn M. Knapp

A blanket of darkness
falls, and soon,
the unlocked door
beckons
stealth-footed beasts
of twilight and dawn,
tawny beasts who
pace the garden,
stir the morning mist,
splaying dewy blades,
tufted tails swinging,
amber eyes wide.

They watch, wait,
edging ever closer,
one curious nose
nudges the door
just a crack, paw
poised on the sill.
The door sways,
nodding assent.

I rise, wave
a magical hand.
The beasts pause,
obey the closing door,
descend the steps
on padded paw.

I slide into sleep,
assured
they will come again
with the morning mist,
stealth-footed beasts
of daybreak, tawny beasts
from the garden of sleep,
evanescent, lethal, mine.