White and Black Night

Lesa Dill
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Clock in the hallway
A ghostly shape.
Leaves beneath the gray moon
Flutter in the breeze
Pressed as black on walls of white.
My shadow extends across the floor—
Black on the gray wooden floor.

The clock ticks my life away
In the silence
Of a narrow dark hallway.
I wait
For the coming chimes
Of morning and color and life,
But the moments float
In gray smoky, swirling webs around me.

I become entangled in the webs
I get trapped and I get nowhere
But older and grayer
In the blackness of night
And the deepening hallway.
Chimes of the violet morning
Ring ringing,
Shattering the glassy silence
Into a thousand splintering pieces.
Then,
Ticking away,
Ring, Rang
And blackness, whiteness
Grays of night return
And my shadow lingers in the hallway.

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