

The Call  
By Tia April Lewis

Cold was the night,  
But the fire burning and the glaring embers,  
Reminded us of the different colours,  
That were shown as we sang of happiness.

As we sipped our piping hot cocoa,  
The fire turned to ashes and once again the cold crept in,  
Then something gave us a shiver,  
The type of ones that run down your spine,  
Suddenly we heard a call,  
A screeching eerie call.  
A rattle on the window-pane,  
A scream from a child in the distance,  
Something swift and tall swept in and out,  
And that was all,  
Nothing was left in the snow,  
Not even a shape of a toe.

The door flung open and the metal chain snapped,  
Never to be shut again,  
Someone whispered as we all shivered,  
“we cannot stay here,  
For someone has made us in fear”,  
And wept a tear,  
Someone or something? Who could it be?

Who has made us leave our home!

But we must go,  
Though yet we still don't know,  
Who called or what marks we shall leave on the snow.

