Midnight Prowler

Twilight - black and silent.

Only this chap’s foot-falls can be discerned.

Stippled fur clings to a bulky body.

Snuffling for grubs, you edge closer to me.

Eyes glistening with intent,

You penetrate my soul.

I twitch, bones chilled,

As your jaws widen,

Showing white daggers.

Rooted to the spot, I flinch

Just before you slip back into the unknown.

Ria