

The Call

By Vandhana Gurumoorthy

From a cold and windy night of snow,
Where the dreams above the fire will go,
We saw no sun but falling rain,
A voice coming from the window pane,
A rattle noise was heard here,
Feeling a breath of sudden air.

Tonight there was a mysterious call,
A shadow rising above the snow,
Tonight we had to face our fear,
That was all, our mission was clear.

The door would not close again,
Soon the adventure would begin,
The slow fire burning out,
Holding each other through and without,
But we must go,
Though yet we do not know
Who called, or what marks we shall leave
Upon the snow.