

NIGHT WALKING

On an Austrian Alp

Little hut you are too bare, too simple,
Not what we imagined that night.
Thinking we could do better,
Down hill, easy at first,
a path towards a town.
Below, a silver ribbon in the last light
A river or a road ?

In darkness, stones and streams
Slip around our feet,
Rocks and roots slide and curl.
Panic clouds our ears.
Water rushes past where it should not be.

We turn and move uphill again.

Little hut, now we lean against you,
Lift your latch
Inhale your dampness,
Lie on your matrazenlager.
You are here for this,
When night catches up with travellers.

Linda Smith