

## Alan Walowitz

### The Dark

Though I've been calling the county plenty,  
the street light's been out for days  
while I've struggled in this moonless winter dark  
for the path to the door, crunching in the now faint footsteps  
I'd previously made, and more than once fumbled my keys  
and hoped I'd catch them, the way a trapeze artist  
might feel for the hands of his mate in the neon circus dark.  
But when they fall, as they will, I pray they'll dent the layer of ice  
that's limned the lawn for weeks now, and might be dug out easy,  
and God forbid, not have to hear them skid down the hill we live atop  
and back into the street, which is the direction I've already come  
so many times, and it's dark down there and oh so cold.  
*Don't buy a house on a hill.* the inspector'd said.  
*You won't be young forever.*  
Dark magic, that he could tell the future,  
and how like me that I was bound,  
as if by spell, not to pay him any mind.

Alan Walowitz's poems can be found on the web and off. He's a Contributing Editor at *Verse-Virtual*, an Online Community Journal of Poetry, and teaches at Manhattanville College and St. John's University. His chapbook, *Exactly Like Love*, was published by Osedax Press in 2016 and is now in its second printing. Go to [alanwalowitz.com](http://alanwalowitz.com) for more information and links to other poems.