

## CHILDREN OF THE DUSK

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They had gone to fetch water for the evening  
Leaving the sleeping dogs under the huge elm tree.  
Clouds gathered and darkness blanketed the Earth.  
Voices of happy children rent the air  
While their Mother overcome by fatigue and pain  
Of the previous day's assault.

The man had his last draught at the Poison Apple  
And staggered his way home.  
His daily worship of Baccus made the road seem like eternity.  
He rammed the front door in  
Lightning struck and thunder resonated.  
Fear penetrated every atom in the peaceful house  
As he violently grabbed the sleeping woman by her long black hair.  
She was left with Hobson's choice but gravitate towards Mother Earth.  
The man juggled his animal antics  
Kicking and punching his helpless wife.  
Her screaming and pleading fell on deaf ears.

A few curious neighbours ventured on the outskirts  
But remained at safe proximity.  
The abuse continued longer than all the previous episodes.  
The poor wife implored her husband for an ounce of humanity  
But he became wild with ecstasy.  
Now an animal shorn off all mercy  
As he delivered the fatal blow.

The woman lay there on the cold cement floor  
Staring lifelessly, relentlessly.

A single candle dispels the darkness  
The children return...  
The dogs bark as though waking from a nightmare.  
They sense an ominous presence of death.  
The lamp reflects the man's countenance.  
The children silenced forever.  
Their life-line gone into the silent world.  
A kaleidoscope of memories remain their legacy.

The police siren wails in the distance....