

## Tremors

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Deep dark nights wash over.....and bury me  
in the ever-deepening end of day  
that grows & enshrouds my evening tide.

Bones are crushed.....and pulverized  
by demons pressing forward  
preying upon the living  
offering sweet treats as tribute.

Shadowy figures follow .....then lead,  
and dissolve into misty air  
when examined directly  
a vaporous fog that drifts slowly away.

Shivers rise.....up the spine  
as evening creeps down upon us  
filling the night with sounds  
more ominous than any shrieking  
diurnal terror can instill.