

Waiting

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I set straddling sandbags of the K-9 fighting hole,
Watching the twilight slip away to golden dusk,
as Blackie scans the tall grass around us,

Almost time to move out,
Quarter my post, and
Find a dark place to hunker down;
Watch, Listen, and
Be ready for the dangers of night.

Another minute,
The golden light of dusk drag a starry host in its
wake, erasing the last Amber glow ...
I wait for the moonless night to descend.