

After Dusk

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Fiction

The night is dark enough for a white cat to hide, as the moon is nowhere to be seen. The children in the sky are dancing in the darkness. The darkness silences all. No trees shake in the wind and no animals scurry across the ground. There is no clink as tools play in the keyhole and no creak as the red door haltingly opens. Nothing disturbs the peaceful slumber.

The sentries are heard lightly sawing logs, as the protected dream up an adventure. No one notices the deafening malevolence emanating from the shadow crossing the threshold. The stairs are silenced by the Sandman as the enmity ascends. The guardians are swallowed by the shadow as red wine dyes the room. With the satisfying perfume of metallic, the darkness lurks towards the next meal. The sleeping beauties turn to snow white as the crimson nectar seeps into the pale feathers.

As malice leaves, a trail of scarlet follows out the door. The first audible sound is heard as a chick shudders fearfully. The subtle chattering becomes a screech banshees would cringe at. The remaining rosy red, drowning in rusted iron, craves a fresh scent. She uses the skill of man to heat wax with the first light of the night. Illuminations reveal the sins of twilight. As feathers are tainted with despair, animosity grows. Animus infect all in sight. Malignant spirits gather to consume the green sprout and erase the witness.