

Night comes

by [Charles Hughes](#) in the [January 13, 2021](#) issue

Unspecific guilt
(He chalked it up to old age)
Pursued him full tilt,

As storm winds bear down
On the defenseless outskirts
Of a struggling town

Miles from anywhere.
Not something he talked about.
No cause for despair:

Sins, sure, although none
Outside the ordinary,
Things most all have done.

January day,
Late afternoon, cold, windy,
Sun sinking away—

Too late now to change.
The thought hit hard. First, panic.
Then, a flood of strange

But welcome relief
(Change being risky, painful).
Then, finally, grief.