Stephen Robertson

Landing light

Under the door the glow is peeking, feeling its way across the floor.
From the lamp on the landing it's spilling, seeping under the door,

sending delicate tendrils far, invading the inky darkness, keeping at bay the frights night has in store.

Whether I'm lying awake or sleeping or floating half in half out, I'm sure it'll last forever, the light that's leaking under the door.

This poem is reprinted from Slanting Lines, the website of the poems of Stephen Robertson, at https://www.slacktide.site/slanting_lines/