

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.