

Stephen Robertson

Landing light

A roundel

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.