



Sunshine

It was a low sun.

A sun that struck like a blow to the back of the eyes as rays skimmed the top of the hillside horizon. To the farthest corner of the barn the light searched, stealing in through the carelessly left open door. Like a burglar, like a detective, moving inexorably, examining every corner before the horizon rose to cover the sun and return blackness.

Marjorie, passing the door, looked in to see why it was open. The final finger of sunlight directed her to the far corner.

She stopped.

The newly disturbed earth was unmistakably a grave.

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