

# **Before the Dawn**

*by R J Tomlin*

He was hanging from a cliff face on a cold and stormy night,  
As the wind and rain attacked him, with just one arm he held on,  
His fingers curled around the rim, his nails were cracked and broken,  
Like tombstones, they stuck in the rock from which he hung upon,

Lightning scarred the sky – a painted streak across the dark,  
He heard its deathly clap before the thunder's throaty grumble,  
The cliff face that he clung to, it shuddered and it shook,  
As a rock beside him then tore off, and to the depths it tumbled,

His palm seethed with agony – his arm, it throbbed and burned,  
He clutched the dirt for his dear life, holding on with all his grip,  
He screamed and roared aloud, his voice warning off the night,  
But no matter how much he fought the pain, he soon started to slip,

But just before it was all over, and he was taken to the depths,  
Just as he was surely certain he wouldn't live to reach the morn,  
Sunlight seeped from the horizon, and with sudden strength he climbed back up,  
Reminding him the night is always darkest just before the dawn.