

Smoother

Darkness crawls
along the ceiling.

Silent it moves

It can see me
It can see me

Slithers down
the glass.

It can hear me
It can hear me.

Shuffles through
the carpet.

It knows I'm there
It knows I'm there

Twirls around my legs
I'm in despair

Blood fills with darkness
I'm in despair

Sad and black
now my world
as it continues
to twirl.

Seep into my eyes

I cry

I cry

Face grows old

Hair grows grey.

What do I do?

Pray

pray

pray.

Chair opens it's arms

Bigger it grows

Sinking I am

from head to toes.

Can anyone see?

Does anyone know?

By Nikki O'Donovan.