

Noises in the Dark

In the still and quiet midnight,
I awake with sudden start.
Aware of evil portent,
Hearing noises in the dark!

A dream -- or is there something more --
My heart is pounding still!
Shall I rise and search my house?
I must seek to find the will.

Now awake, the din continues,
I am paralyzed with fear!
My senses, saturated --
I feel their presence near.

Oh God, what are these specters
That haunt me in the night?
They fill the room with loathing
As they drink away the light.

I must get a hold upon myself,
For this is just my waking mind --
Yet the sound goes unabated,
Voices of the third kind.

A language, not of human speech
A monstrous, steady drone!
I want to bolt, but cannot move,
Oh God, I am not alone!

A light of white intensity
Shines all about my bed!
There, gathered all around me
Like monsters from the dead!

I scream, but no one will ever hear,
For I am lost to hope!
The evil, incarnated --
Has taken mind and soul.

I awake with sun upon my bed,
The windows streaming light.
The dream, if indeed it was a dream --
Has passed into the night.

But as I sip my cup of coffee,
As I rise to meet the day;
On the window sill -- a souvenir --
Of monstrous beauty lay.

I take it coldly in my fingers,
Then stare at it with fear.
A gray, metallic feather --
And the Presence, *always near!*

TMJ December 18, 2005