

Night terror:

I begin to close my weary eyes
Under my covers, inside my house.
Suddenly I hear a noise!
It's as quiet as a mouse.

I hide under the covers-then peek out
Attempting to see.
I can't help but wonder
Is something out for me?

I'm being silly, there's nothing here!
After all, I live alone.
I don't have any pets *or* pests
who occupy my home.

And so with that, I bury my fears
Beneath a layer of sod.
I close my eyes and try to sleep,
Drifting away to the land of Nod.

Suddenly I'm jerked awake!
By a raspy crackling breath.
I feel its presence in my room...
It reeks a scent of death.

I scramble for a candle,
Then I ponder and I pause.
If this *Creature* wants to kill me,
Do I want to see its maw?

At once my thoughts are squelched
Replaced by primal fear
For now I hear the rasping breath
Directly in my ear.

I nearly jump out of my bed!
I scream like never before.
If I could have overcome my fright,
I'd be running out the door.

I'm praying to whatever's out there;
Please, spare me from this goon!
And almost like someone was listening,
Out pops the moon.

My room is soon washed over
With a silver glowing light.
It chases out the darkness,
And reveals this monster of the night.

Eyes wide open, mouth agape,
I goggle at this horrid *thing!*
It's vaguely humanoid though not enough
To be convincing.

It scuttles on all fours,
Into the corner where it crouches.
Spindly claws of hands cup its mouth
Red eyes staring as it watches.

As I take this creature's features in,
I understand its fetid smell.
For rotting flesh hangs off its bones,
A nightmarish sight from hell.

I shift my gaze to its face-
Covered with skin so thin.
I can see protruding bones
And pulsing veins within.

Its sunken eyes are yellow,
void of humanity.
But for a fleeting moment,
They seem to plea with me.

The shock of the moon emerging
Seems to be fading quickly.
It crawls towards me again
Slowly, as if it's sickly.

I'm frozen in fear, unable to move.
Forced to watch as it crawls.
Bending in all the wrong ways,
Moving to bring about my downfall.

Finally, my body,
Regains its control.
I fear it is too late though,
It grabs my leg, beginning to pull.

I try to pry the monster's
Icy fingers off of my ankle
Its slowly tightening grip
Has turned my leg periwinkle.

Despite its sickly look,
And thin arms of such great length,
I cannot pry them off me!
It has otherworldly strength.

Soon I am mere inches
From its rotting ghastly face.
I know it means to hurt me,
So I begin to brace.

I fear it wants to eat me,
But that's not possible-
To swallow a whole person,
One would need a snakelike jaw.

But then, to my surprise-
and terror I must say,
The creature's jaw unhinges,
Skin ripping out of the way.

My stomach is in twists and knots
My nerves are rendered null.
I'm pale with the realization that,
It's going to swallow me whole.

It brings me closer to the mouth-
If you can even call it one,
So close I see many rows of teeth
I fight and try to run.

I look into its yellow eyes
Begging for my life
For a moment they flash with guilt
But quickly turn sharper than a knife

It forces me past its lips,
Onto its swollen tongue
It's slippery and slimy
Like a slide-but not as fun.

In saliva I've been greased,
And I become this creature's feast.
I feel like I'm not dying but rather,
Becoming the beast.

I do not understand,
My body is being mashed.
But at the same time,
I seem to initiate the smash.

My pain begins to fade,
And I continue to chew.
Something feels quite wrong,
And I don't know what to do.

I glance down at my limbs,
And am met with a surprise.
They're long and thin and bony,
Rather than facing their demise.

Have I become the creature?
Surely this cannot be.
But when I look into the mirror
It's staring back at me.

I feel a strange sensation.
An overwhelming itch.
It consumes all other thoughts,
Erasing my humanness.

I feel my conscience melt away
Compared to this, all thoughts are crud.
It's all that I can think about...
I have the taste for blood.

