

# **Macabre Chills**

Ever see the dark shadows standing by your closet door-  
cracked

Ever feel the glistening stare burn your skin  
while you lay

Ever hear the silent breathing coinciding with your own

I have, it's dark and it's stark

Macabre chills on my skin- have left a mark

My nerves have turned my senses hark

You might ask,  
How does one sleep in such trepidation

I don't,  
My brain succumbs to resignation  
It just ceases to intermesh with my flesh

I'll admit, I consider medication

Every night- just as I dread it,  
I also look forward to awakening the next day