

Freaky Thoughts: Barbara Caldicott

Heart beating fast, fingers itchy,
Sticky with red spots dripping
Soon to congeal.
Wandering in the viscid silence
Of the shadows of my memory,
Phantom thoughts skudded through my mind
Why....what have I done....

Considering unknown consequences
Eclipsing mental images and
Discombulating my composure.
Freaky. Creeping into my conscious
A ghastly, ghosting shape
Gargantuan hulk behind me
When...why me...oh why...

Waiting, tense, loosing control as
Elephantine shadow looms
Darkly invading logic, masking the now
No past, no future. only now,
I will not be consumed by fear.
I will not...no,not...will not
Give in to my guilt.