

The Person in my Nightmares

You know that dream? That horrible, terrifying, night-sweat causing kind of dream? Maybe you don't because it's not just a dream. It's a nightmare. Some people dream of their best friend flying on unicorns, others dream of falling then flying with their true love, some don't dream at all. I do too, on the good days. On those good days my dreams are filled with random events and people I can't begin to explain or even understand because they are dreams, and to be honest I wouldn't want to. But this isn't those kinds of dreams. This is a nightmare. A nightmare you can't get away from because he is chasing you, and he won't stop until he catches you and watches you crumble. He is the person I despise, the person I hate, the person I wish would leave and never come back, the person I wish would die, but that's impossible because he really isn't alive. He is death, and he haunts me in my most vulnerable state when I'm in the solstice of my bed. He is my very own villain in every sense of the word, and torment could be his middle name.

Death visits me the most when I'm asleep. He is all consuming, does whatever he pleases, and releases an endless wave of destruction in his wake. He breathes his cool breath over my skin causing me to shiver and the hair to raise on the back of my neck, but at the same time he makes my blood boil and a hot-sweat break out all over my body. He has the most wicked sense of humor. He laughs at the cries of anguish I release when I'm in the throes of one of his jokes. His wickedly deep laugh booms off the walls in my mind when I hear him snickering at the state of devastation he leaves me in after each one of his unwanted visits.

His favorite pastime is to see me cower in the depths of my fear, so he reappears constantly in my dream, that one dream, which is truly a nightmare. He creeps up like a panther

stalking its prey and sweeps in on me like an eagle snatching its dinner between its talons from the surface of water. In the blink of an eye he materializes and takes away those I care about the most. When his black, shadowy figure suddenly stalks into the middle of a two way street stepping in front of my mother's speeding white SUV, he restrains me in, bounded in confinement compelling me to watch the treacherous events unfold. He prohibits me from looking away as her car flips and rolls from the shear force of colliding with his body. He forces me to watch it as if it is a sort of punishment to an unknowing offence. Just as quickly as he presents himself does he disappear leaving me with deafening sound of glass crunching under his boots. He does not loom around the disastrous scene he caused. It almost seems as if he is being considerate not to linger following his assault, but that's not the case. It would be pointless and tiresome for him to remain, for he knows the full effects of the catastrophic ruin he leaves behind, but it doesn't stop him from grinning like a cheshire cat as he walks away leaving me with his signature smirk and a brief glance.

Through his perilous stare you can tell his eyes are the most striking thing about him. They hold no mercy in the black pools mischief, but they also give no prenotation of his next victim. I constantly wonder who he will take from me next. He looks at me with his coldest glare, making my knees quiver and hands shake. That one peek I steal into those eyes makes my skin crawl leaving me paralyzed in their depths. He's a terribly quiet person, no real reason to speak, for he speaks through his eyes. His actions speak louder than words ever could. He listens carefully though. He hears everything: the whispers, the cries, the pleas for mercy. It seems as if he can even hear my thoughts sensing and smelling the fear on me as if it were stale, cheap

perfume. Sometimes he cares; sometimes he makes the nightmare a little less awful and saves them. Sometimes, most of the time, he doesn't.

Death is not my friend. He isn't the type of guy I call up to check in on. He isn't the one I want to see when I look over my shoulder. There are never any brief smiles or cordial greetings exchanged. He is the person I cross to the other side of the street just to get away from because I know the fire he is about to set ablaze. I curse his existence each time he deems it necessary to take another I care for. He is the person I despise. He is the person I hate. He is the creature I fear the most. He is the beast I can't get away from because you can't out run someone that isn't truly there. His name is Death, and he is the person of my nightmares.