

Dark and Drear

It's curious to contemplate existential dread,
When instead you should be dreaming with a pillow 'gainst your head.

I'm furious to iterate that daylight's drawing near,
For not a wink, have I, of sleep in room so dark and drear.

But lo! There lives a shadow in the corner of my eye.
This may be but a trick of sweetest slumber much deprived.

Yet still I turn in agony; such pessimistic fear,
Alas, to find it's no one, just this room so dark and drear.

It's troublesome to know that there is truth and there are lies,
Then stand there and bear witness to the sleepless eye's disguise.

I lay here in my silence, for there's no one that I hear.
Just my soft and subtle breathing in this room so dark and drear.

My eyes, they must deceive me, for I turn my head once more,
Toward a gentle light that's cracking through from underneath my door.

I swear to you, the house was just as dark as it is here!
Is someone lurking right outside this room so dark and drear?

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I raise myself from off the bed and slither to the floor.
Then press my face against the light from underneath that door.
My eyes of late do trick me, so I lean upon my ear:
Small footsteps growing closer towards this room so dark and drear!

In haste, I barrel sideways, and I hide beneath my bed.
As the door, it swiftly opens, I am scared I'll soon be dead.
Small legs then climb upon my bed and promptly disappear...
I swear that I won't let it claim MY room so dark and drear!

Although, I am most frightened, "You must leave!" I do command.
As I peek upon the child with their ankle in my hand.
A scream erupts and I let go. They run, as I appear.
For Mr. Boogey needs his sleep, in rooms so dark and drear.

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