

The Unwelcome

By Ryan Kelly

From a dreamless sleep
I awoke to a sound
Overcome with fear
I lay still, staying down

“How’d he find me?”
I wonder inside
“Maybe it’s not him”
But know in my mind

I ran from the bed
To hide from his doom
Down the hall I sprint
Into the next room

With folded hands I sit
Quiet as can be
A sick feeling creeps in
I think he’s behind me

I broke through the door
Ran as fast as I could
I know this thing well
And fear him, I should

I opened the door
To the study down the way
“I’ll be safe in here”
I lie as I say

I hide behind a desk
Being “normal” and silent
Staring at the door
Praying this won’t get violent

The minutes tick by
As I focus on the door
No sounds can be heard
Uneased through my core

The silence, as bad
As the impending danger
“Make a move, you coward!”
I exclaim in anger

As the words escape my lips
A finger taps my shoulder
A chill down my spine
The air turns colder

Not strong enough to win
I don’t dare try to fight
Once again, I take my chances
Running through the night

Through the kitchen I move
As I grab for a knife
“Could there be more than one?”
I run for my life

Back up to my room
I feel for the light
I’ll make my last stand
This will end tonight

With tired eyes
I hold back a tear
No way to escape him
He’s the man in the mirror