

Long since the birth of my anguish,  
Who's conception will not be told,  
A somber creature visits me in the fog of the shadows.  
Even in darkness, its arachnid like figure can vividly be seen.  
The body reflects an animated black widow that was drowned in a pool of abstraction.  
Its size similar to that of a small child.  
The end of each leg contains the hands of a human with the exception of its rigid black skin.  
And the contrast of its face adds a flavor of mental drainage.  
White, with two eyes as big as baseballs that are encased in complete darkness.  
The nose is omitted, but its viscous smile makes up the missing proportion.  
So wide, the dimples nearly reach the crescent of its eyes.  
A smile that resonates the Cheshire Cat from Alice in Wonderland.  
However, its physique cannot compare to the horrid voice that speaks to me.  
Soft, yet threatening.  
It is quite deep but contains a rather high pitch voice that overlaps its speeches.  
Like clockwork, this creature slips into my room when I attempt to slumber.  
"Why close your eyes? You seek a dream of tomorrow, yes? A place where your mistakes shall not tail your every  
move. Tis not possible."  
As it speaks, the creature begins to ascend its way up my bed.  
Fingers tapping in waves on my blanket.  
"Please, I need to rest. Haven't you cursed me long enough?"  
Its pale face now a breath away from mine.  
"No, no, no my dear. Curse I do not. What you see is what dwells within."  
I feel its fingers swimming in my hair.  
"Shall I tell thee a story?"  
Its grin captures any attempt to scream.  
"This tale is a favorite of mine, I believe you know it as regret."  
As my companion sings the song of my past, I struggle to conceive a thought of hope.  
Time passes.  
The sun shall rise soon.  
I begin to take comfort in knowing the strain of my restless mind may outmatch its storytelling.  
"Oh sweet child, the breath of twilight will not hinder me."

One of its fingers wipes a single tear slipping down my face.

"Tis not time that poisons my existence. Tis not in light that I shall cease. You desire escape, yes, but escape you shall never grasp."

I quiver at the thought of this being haunting me in all days to come.

"Why...why are you doing this to me?"

The creature manically laughs in a high pitch tone.

"My dear, I am not a foreign creature nor demon that slithers in your heart. I am what you make of me. If sleep you crave, acceptance of my existence must be met. If not, I shall grow in size and consume all that you could be."

The creature creeps off my bed and travels to the corner of my room.

"Take heed of my words, child. Learn yourself the tools needed for growth. I shall see thee later again."

At last, the image of my companion fades away.

The light of the sun breaks through the cracks of the curtains.

A small spider is inching across my ceiling and captures my attention.

Thoughts then travel through.

Can I accept this creature and the stories told,

Or will I forever be a meal for its consumption?

The lesson my companion provided may be true.

Perhaps,

It is up to me whether I shall sleep and grow.