

"Late Night Madness"

By Robin B Lipinski

Scratching at the pad with tired fingers, writing down a dream,
To hear a sound of padding coming, softly, near.

It sounded as dragged claws, subtle, yet I could hear,
Dripping of water as it fell from the faucet, near.

Wind rattled in applause, the window, curtains drawn shut to their sight,
Wife muffled in breathing, oh to dream as she tonight.

Heart was racing as if to escape,
Yet here I was waiting, this darkened fate.

A rumble in the basement, demons?
I feared, yet solace came from learning, it was the hot water tank.

Turning attention towards what was coming,
as this padding was sure.

Steady in its rhythm, heart beating, it was almost time...
Adrenalin flowing,
Pressure growing,
When will it end!

It stopped.

Yes, you could say it was my dog Leo entering his bed,
Or that it all was in my mind,
Maybe the Devil or some other evil,
But this is what I'm writing to read when I finally wake up,
Or am I dead?

The End