

Monstrous Shapes

Those monstrous shapes haunting me,
my consciousness flooding with the
size of them, their power, and visceral hate.
Those monstrous shapes taunting me,
blocking my path with sharp spiky limbs.
Surrounding me with shades of black.

Bleaker here, more sinister there,
but all black. Cold and intense
in the breathless air of the night.
I must break free but the shapes
rush in with a vortex of swirling water.
Spinning, sinking, drowning, I call out.

Faintly I hear a reply, just whispers
at first, but growing ever stronger.
It's your voice, your voice that I hear.
And as it grows stronger so do I.
The darkness starts to craze and then
cracks wide open with the dawn.

The water is draining away, rain turning
into tentative, but tender, rays of light.
I can see clearly as you emerge
from the trees and gently take my hand.
Your smile is the sunrise as you guide me
to the small clearing in this forest.

The undergrowth isn't monstrous now.
Knotty and thorny, but not monstrous.
Let's get out of this place together you say,
clasping my hand tighter in support.
A small bird chirps, almost in unison,
and then starts to lead the way.