

Subconscious Forest – A Poem by Alex Williams

The forest was dark... dark... dark...

My feet made no noise on the leaf strewn path.

The forest was waiting... waiting... waiting...

Waiting like a lion waiting for its prey...

Waiting for me to descend into its inky depths.

Patter... patter... patter...

The animals trot in the dark,

Watching my slim form creep through the gloom.

Watching... watching... watching...

Everything, everyone watching.

Waiting for me to leave the safety of the path.

Waiting... creeping... watching.

I could hear them... hear them whisper...

Hissing through the dark veil of night.

I could see their eyes glow,

Like coals fresh from a fire.

Waiting... waiting... waiting.

Running... running... running...

Running as fast as I could,

Away from the nightmares in the dark.

Running... crying... tripping

Fearing what lay in the shadows...

Fearing the nightmares behind me.