

Lost in the Dark by Idris Wishiwala

Darker and darker, the long night grows,
How long will this night be, nobody knows,
I see something shining, my heart froze,
Could this be the evil that hell shows?

I shudder and shrink in my tiny space,
Thinking of the smile on his merciless face,
His maniacal movement so full of grace,
Against time, will I really win this race?

He calls me out with his voice so shrill,
My racing heart rebelling, it doesn't stay still,
With every beat, intensifying my peril,
Were his hands itching, to my blood, spill?

Louder and louder his footsteps I hear,
With his every step the beast comes near,
The darkness grows just like my fear,
On the walls soon, shall my blood smear?

As I sat shivering, my mind did wander,
My fear led me to think of my home yonder,
His mirthless laughter like claps of thunder,
Would this horrible beast now tear me asunder?

I thought of my mother, my head now spinning,
Her teasing me so, and then she says she's kidding,
Only the monster I had, he smelled of midding,

Would he let me go to her if I did his bidding?

If I see something with my eyes I'd be proud,
I look for an escape, but by darkness I'm shrouded,
This monster I can hear, his voice oh so loud,
I wonder, will I escape this troublesome cloud?

I must do something to myself this I say,
To escape this labyrinth, there must be a way,
If the monster finds me, yes, me he will slay,
For the sin of my past, is this how I pay?

My eyes are now begging for a ray of light,
It could just be a glimmer and ever so slight,
With its mighty power, this beast I can fight,
I hide and wonder, would my chances be bright?

If there is a chance, that escape I should find,
I move to the front, and then I search behind,
If I am so, then the monster too must be blind,
Is this really a thought or am I losing my mind?

It starts to get hotter, my palms moist with sweat,
An indication of my fear, intensity of the threat,
The beast moved fast, with him did my death,
Would this be my end, was it my last breath?

It happened in a flash and it happened so fast,
The Devil stood in front of me, his figure so vast,
He held up a mirror smiling, it showed my past,

My life had been so sinful, it was all over at last.

I feel so peaceful now, with my eyes firmly shut,
The pain is so pleasurable, of every deep cut,
The Devil enjoyed it too, the pleasure of glut,
I thought it was all over, it was anything but.

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