

NIGHTMARES CALLING ME

By : **Philip Roberts**

A new horror poem about nightmares and nightmare worlds.

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NIGHTMARES CALLING ME

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Nightmares are calling me

Calling me to their home,

Nightmares are warning me

That soon my time will come.

Nightmares forever calling

Calling, calling, roiling,

Nightmares undo my plans

Despite my endless toiling.

Nightmares come roiling in

Like some great, lethal Tsunami,

Nightmares descend on me

Like a phantom, ghostly army.

Nightmares leave me no hope

Of better days appearing,

Night dreams are warning me

Of all the fiends Iâ m fearing.

NIGHTMARES CALLING ME

Demons, fiends, and aliens
Assault me in my nightmares,
Daring me to step outside
But they know I will never dare.

Screaming is the voice I hear
Coming from the nightmare plane,
Whimpering like a whipped puppy
Is the gibbering of the insane.

Nightmares seem to call me home
But to a home I have never seen,
Nightmares will lead me on
To worlds where Iâve never been.

Nightmares try to guide my life
Into directions best not trodden,
Leading me and guiding me
Until my mind is foully sodden:

Sodden with flights of fear
Of places best not to know,
For in my heart a throbbing starts
Drum-beating as terror grows.

All alone I face my fears

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Of nightmare worlds and creatures,
Of long forgotten elder beasts
With doom-haunted, blasted features.

Lands where nothing decent lives
And nothing edible will grow,
Where fools and fiends alike reside
But no-one wary ever goes.

For Astaroth may haunt these lands
And Gaunts and verdillacs swoop over,
No buildings stand for you to hide
No towering trees to give you cover.

So in this land of living dead
The good can only pray to die,
And in their praying hope the Lord
Will hear their heart-sick cry.

THE END

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