By: Philip Roberts

A new horror poem about nightmares and nighmare worlds.

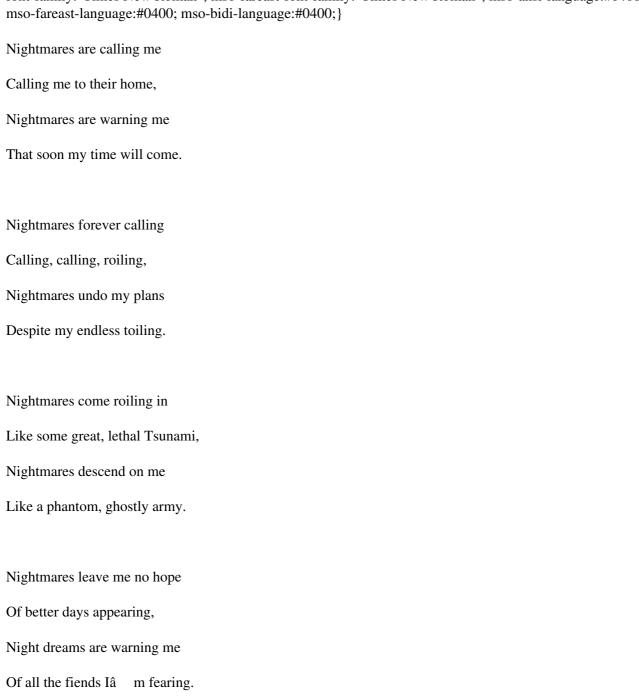


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## NIGHTMARES CALLING ME

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Demons, fiends, and aliens

All alone I face my fears

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

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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