

Sunday The 16th

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By : Withdale

Poems don't need summary



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Sunday The 16th

It was a night to remember

on the 16th of November.

Rain would pour down soon

it was midnight and almost full moon.

I was camping near the lake, drinking whiskey and reading William Blake.

Sarah had fallen asleep. I was alone there and felt kind of weak.

Deep from the forest a strange sound came to my ears.

something's knocking on some tree or someone's giving me the fears.

I could not read, I had to see

what was that sound distracting me.

Sarah's fine, she was watching dreams

hoped she didn't wake in screams.

I followed the sound in the pouring rain

it was too risky, I can't complain.

The knocking was getting louder as I was closing in

God, I think I'm crazy. I must have been paying for a sin.

And there I reached that knock on wood

but what I saw could not be true.

A head was hanging from a rope and blood was spilling from its throat.

The wind was blowing it to a tree and its eyes were somehow staring me.

Chills and thrills got me at once, I knew I didn't stand a chance.

I looked up closely to the head and then I realised who's the dead.

This scene wasn't just a horrible crime,

this head was mine.

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I ran and ran in the dead of night.

I thought of Sarah, filled with fright.

Was it a dream? Was it a nightmare?

It wasn't at all, it was all there.

I reached the camping, shocked and wet
the worst scenario passed through my head.

Sarah was there but it wasn't enough
cause the blood all over her cut me in half.

Why did this terror find me that night?
when all my life seemed perfectly alright

Why must I see the woman I loved slayed like a pig?

Is there someone up above?

I turned around quick crying like mad
and the last thing I saw was a knife in a hand.

My head rolled down splashing in the mud.

The killer stood above me, seemed kind of sad.

On a night like this it was when I died
a creepy horror story to tell late at night.

Now every 16th of November I come back from the dead
to find the maniac who took my head.

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