

## Forever in the Past

My nightmares are the offspring  
of an innocent mistake  
that grew until it now controls  
each moment I'm awake.

The darkness was a refuge  
where my secrets couldn't spy,  
But now they've found a way  
to haunt the dark and make me cry.

Shadows from the past have  
filled my room and stained the wall,  
More hide in the closet,  
others tip-toe through the halls.

They jump out from the corners  
where they multiply my fears,  
And peek from under couches,  
tables, curtains, beds, and chairs.

Sometimes I wish they'd catch me  
with their claws so dragon fast;  
Their haunts would end and I could live  
forever in the past.