

MISGIVINGS OF A WITCHING HOUR'S ESCAPE

She heard a noise above her head, where the attic hatch was,
And slipping out of bed, she tiptoed to the door
For that is what every curious child does.

The house was asleep, no soul awake, and she knew this because,
Nobody believed her, whenever she swore
She heard a noise above her head, where the attic hatch was.

“Monsters aren’t real, they live inside your head,” sighed her father alas,
But even when she was called a liar, she’d still go explore,
For that is what every curious child does.

But as she twisted the door knob, she reached an impasse:
Did the thing behind the door know, know it before,
She heard a noise above her head, where the attic hatch was?

Had he spied her at night, observed her through the glass,
Relied on her nosiness and the warnings she’d ignore
For that is what every curious child does?

Something slammed against the wall and she closed her eyes shut
Waking up the next morning, debating whether or not,
She heard a noise above her head, where the attic hatch was
For that is what every curious child does.