

Oubliette

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daylight shrinks
clouds forming behind
billowing forth
blotting out the sun
that deep dark place
where panic lurks and grows
where fear is fed bits of your soul
until
hiding in a corner
the tears of your fears
create rivulets on your cheeks

the panic takes hold
like the judgement day
frescos of old churches
small horned devils
with claws and teeth,
forked tails and lashing tongues
all of which are there to claw at
and torment you for eternity

they wake you at night
and hide you in darkness by day
every time you try to rise up
they thrust you back into the PIT
7 Levels deep
in the oubliette of your mind