

SPOOKY POEMS!

Hair raising poetry
by
RAY DAWSON

LOST SOULS

Whispers and shadows breaking the light,
Echoes and shivers disturbing the night,
Someone behind me, a noise in the trees,
I feel so alone, and so ill at ease.

This journey is foreign, not one of my trails.
I accepted a dare, now I'm biting my nails.
There are tails of horror, stories I've heard.
I took little notice, just found it absurd.

So I took up the challenge, to walk here alone.
My spine is quite tingly; I'm chilled to the bone.
There are forces at work, I cannot explain.
The stench of the bodies, rotting remains.

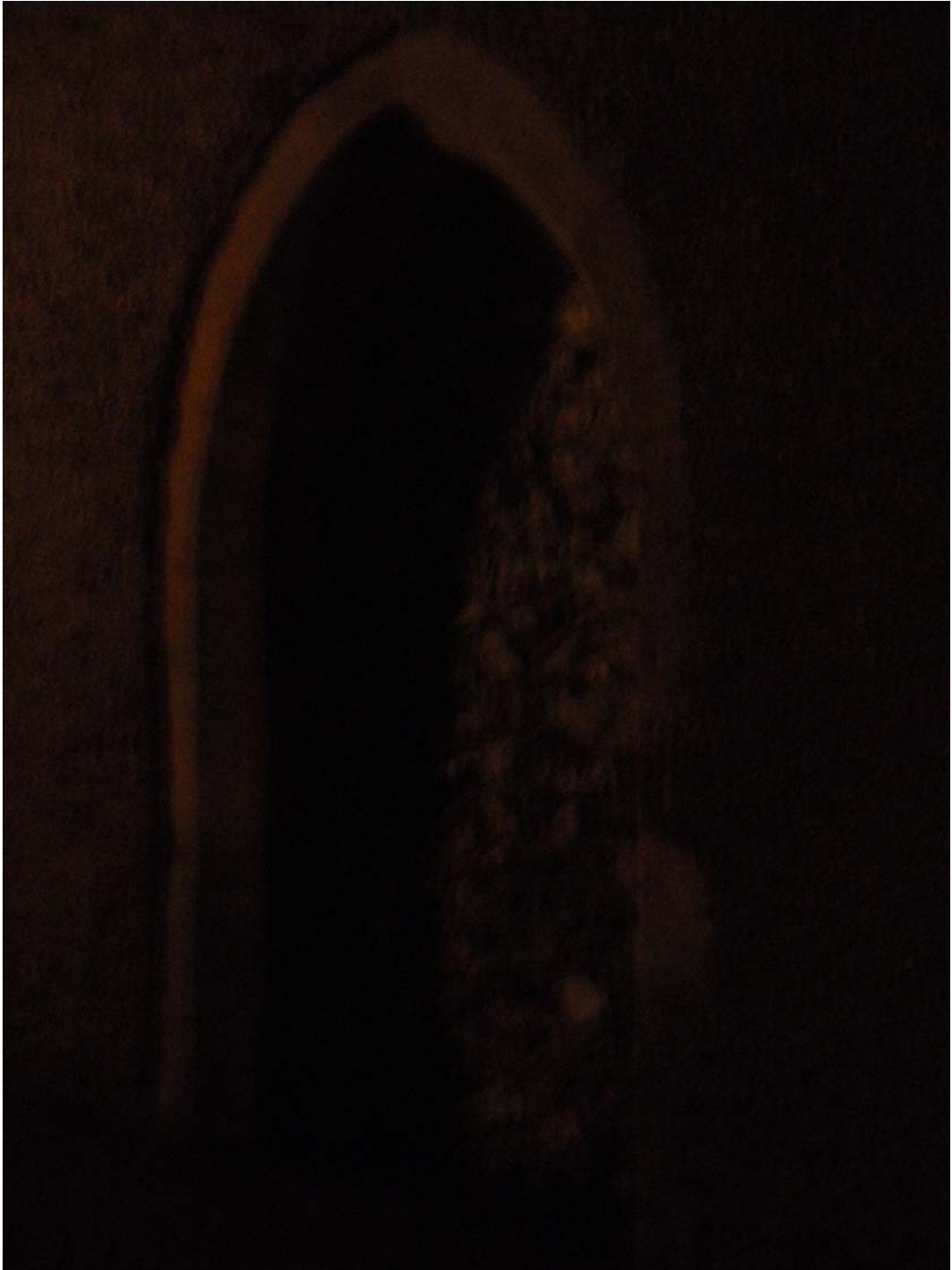
My palms are all sweaty, I'm shivering cold.
I didn't believe the things I'd been told.
My pulse is now racing, my neck feels a chill.
I'm feeling quite nauseous, I'm really quite ill.

My hair stands on end, I'm ready to dart.
I cannot ignore the beat of my heart.
A strange mist goes by me, brushing my cheek
My legs turn to jelly, I'm feeling so weak.

Extract from **Bluebeard's Chest**

For what it contained I was so unaware.
I took a step back, and then tried once again.
My fingers still sore, and so much in pain.
I stared at the plate. "Prepare for upheaval,
"Who opens this box, shall know only evil."
I stared a while longer, my hand on the clasp,
I felt short of breath, beginning to gasp.
I couldn't resist, I had to look in,
Was I prepared, for what might lie within?
With one final strike, the clasp fell to bits,
At last it was broken, from numerous hits.
I lifted the lid, so careful and slow,
The hinges creaked, as I bent my head low.
Inside was a package, heavy as lead,
Containing what's left, of an old pirates head.
I stared at his face, then into his eyes,
His beard coloured blue, not much of disguise.
His face was grey, his lips looked smooth,
His mouth was so scary, beginning to move.
I tried to step back, but the chest pulled me in,
My eyes were then fixed, on Bluebeard's grin.
I couldn't get out, though I tried and I tried,
The force was too strong; I lay there and died.
Now the chest is all mine, Bluebeard's long gone.
But the stench of the sea dog, still lingers on,
I'll lie here for years, until my release,
On the day a new stranger, disturbs my peace.

SPOOKY POETRY



By
Ray Dawson