

FINGERS OF DESPAIR
Robbie L. Rogers

Despite my respite,
They come in the night.
Those icy fingers,
Despairingly soft,
So's I scarcely know,
Stealing my conscious bare.
Telling me things I already know,
Things I suffer so.

Be gone I say! Yet, they stay.
Flaunting their misery with frozen darts,
Targeting my heart, deeper than I care to go.
How did they find me -- in my dreams so vague?
Once was I lost, but now I'm found, by them.
Where could I go and yet I'll still be lost,
From within with those icy fingers of despair?