

Dancing Shadows  
Lulu's Second  
Charity  
Anthology

Editor  
Larry Sells

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Played out

Over the sink she bends  
gazing into the mirror  
looking at the glaze in her eyes  
years gone by  
and her mascara is running  
fire burned out  
drowned out  
played out  
nothing

she runs the tap  
splashes cool water on her face  
trickling down  
tears  
extinguishing the flame  
she forgets  
why she's here  
washing away memory  
trying not to cry  
but always will

he said he loved her  
said she meant something  
said she meant nothing  
to him when he threw her on the floor  
no crying  
stop it  
let the flames burn

she shifts her gaze back to herself  
sees the little girl she left behind  
that night when she left home  
where did it go wrong?  
why did it take so long  
so come to this place  
to reevaluate  
to forbid the tears  
from trickling down

**By A.P. Fuchs**

## Cigarettes in the Dark

rock music one room over  
and he takes her into the dark  
into the bathroom, with the lights off  
an embrace, quick and sure  
both their fingers caressing a cigarette  
both their arms caressing each other  
a kiss, wet and smoky  
blackness, dark  
like the inside of their mouths  
their tongues tasting of rum  
their bodies smelling of sweat  
anxiety and fear  
of being alone with someone in the dark  
displaying affection  
like two fireflies flying together,  
the cherries of their cigarettes dancing  
dancing in the bathroom mirror  
two beads of red light zig-zagging  
as their hands feel each other  
explore each other  
as their tongues play  
eyes open  
eyes closed  
it makes no difference  
it's dark either way  
but the cherries dancing...  
it's hypnotic  
the light of their paths like lasers  
crossing  
intersecting  
merging  
then speeding apart  
cigarettes in the dark

**By A.P. Fuchs**

## **A.P. Fuchs Bio**

A.P. Fuchs writes from Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada. He is the author of *A Red Dark Night* and *A Stranger Dead*, as well as the poetry collections *The Hand I've Been Dealt* and *Haunted Melodies and Other Dark Poems*. Visit him online at [www.apfuchs.com](http://www.apfuchs.com)

## A Halloween Night

It was in October and Halloween just after dawn  
When people put on costumes to have a little fun  
They were normal people just like you and me  
Afraid to touch a human head hanging from a tree  
Blood dripped down from the head this they could see  
With fear in their hearts they decided to flee

As they ran they saw different body parts  
An arm a leg a chest and two hearts  
What they saw was impossible to understand  
They couldn't tell if the parts were from woman or man  
Then they heard a noise they all looked surprised  
When all they saw were a pair of roaming eyes

Somebody please help us they screamed out of fright  
A voice said no one can help you this Halloween night  
They ran and yelled until they fell into a giant hole  
In a while they notice the hole was shaped like a bowl  
Soon they felt as if the hole was getting hot  
Then they knew they were cooked in a giant pot

**By Charles M. Kemp**

**Charles M. Kemp Bio**

Not available through publication date.



Madam Laura

Madam Laura knew Nostradamus.  
Her hands shook when she invoked him.  
He read holographic Tarot Cards for her  
after she astro-traveled to him.

I asked Madam Laura to teach me  
knowledge beyond lucid dreaming.  
She disappeared; the gray hair  
that wrapped around her neck  
like a noose meant for me,  
her cloudy eyes that glowed  
orange and green in the candlelight  
bonfire in which I would be  
set upon the stake.

She had come back from time  
for a sacrificial victim to punish  
in her stead. Time stopped.

The mob cheered in Salem.  
The crystal ball fell, breaking  
like my seventh-year bad luck mirror  
in which I saw myself melting.

**By Corey Habbas**

Tammi, Babe

The club stays open until two.  
No one wants the lights turned off.  
No one wants the half drunk manager  
to give the last warning.

Tammi Hill's friends left.  
Tammi Hill- the lady that no one  
can call a girl anymore, has nothing  
with which to cover her blood  
leached shoulders.

The hollow-cheeked man at the end  
of the bar who keeps giving her the eye  
has a knife in his boot. Tammi Hill wears  
an orange halter-top and black pants.

The man's solid color suit makes him  
just a little more than a shadow on the  
brown stool. He admires the way  
her colors cut her body in half.

The cab driver has an easy time  
getting girls. Friends always wake up  
with their headache and chaser. They call  
Tammi- Tammi babe, Tammi babe.  
The phone screams  
and screams.

**By Corey Habbas**

## Edge of the Well

I have fallen over the shocking cold  
edge of the well from a  
frozen landscape  
since my natal  
descent.

My blade-dancer calls, rhythm beating  
as she chases me down the echo  
tunnel of momentum, and I  
discern the  
voices.

After I left the party, tumbling away,  
though not getting away, she  
thought-adjusted me  
in synch with  
madness.

Blade-dance on them, and pour them  
into the well. I became Floyd  
at twenty-three when  
she told me to  
do it.

Her blade is spinning like the  
screaming dancer she is, and  
I am falling in chaos  
between her, still  
listening.

The well swallowed a silent  
role-call, and I am  
still adding  
members.

**By Corey Habbas**

## **Corey Habbas Bio**

Born and raised along the Southern California coast, Corey spent a decade as a painter and photographer before she gave up those mediums for the pen. After a six-year career as a web-applications developer for a large telecommunications company she has turned to writing. Her articles, poetry and short fiction have been featured in "Newtopia Magazine", "Poetry Super Highway", "Azizah Magazine" and "Myriad: A Creative Arts Journal". Corey holds a Bachelor of Science Degree in Information Systems from California State University of Redlands.

Angelmae

A dark night crept upon us; so black it consumed  
the moon and  
blanketed the land-frigid land in this cold, haughty  
December year.  
Memorable it was even for me with the thunders of hell  
crashing,  
unleashing fury upon fury amongst all things living.  
Ape and animal  
cowered; subtly knowing once again that there is  
another power, un-prayed  
to; only to fear.  
I sat in the darkness thinking my thoughts. A  
daughter called out,  
"Papa, are you okay, my dear Papa?" I replied I was,  
somewhat gruff  
and  
ill disturbed. She placed a candle in front of me and  
kissed my cheek  
and left. I sat there frowning and pondering over the  
one seized from  
me-only by the powers of this storm. It must be they!  
The wind beat the rain against my window splashing  
in the blackness  
outside. "Oh, my Angelmae, my Angelmae," I thought.  
"My dear,  
are you  
still here?"  
Waiting in the darkness except for the light of a  
candle wisp, I  
vigilantly waited as I've done many a year by ten;  
ever since they stole  
her; ever since they tarred my soul. And I waited.  
Yes, that is what  
I've been doing these ten years hence-waiting!  
The candle flickered once moving shadows upon my  
quiet room walls,  
twice, and then thrice more! I could hardly breathe,  
I say. The wind  
beat faster; the thunder cracked louder-my heart  
drowning them all!  
A caress of a breeze in my tightly shut study  
brought a sweet fragrance  
of perfume-  
"It is she!" I gasped aloud. Never can mistake her  
presence then,

never willing now. "You've come back, my lovely  
Angelmae," I said in  
a  
hushed strained voice as all are sleeping up the  
stairs. This I said but  
silence albeit the wind, so I sat back once again.  
My Angelmae, I remember. Yes, dear, I really do.  
You said you were  
unhappy because my thoughts towards you weren't as  
fervent; weren't as  
passionate as your thoughts towards me. And, oh, how  
I tried to match  
them. If I did I thought I would, but you said that I  
didn't, yet I felt  
as if I could. "Oh, Angelmae," I choked with emotion,  
"did you  
not see  
that I really did?"  
"Oh, but if you did love me as you said, you'll come  
back to me as you  
should." I sat back knowing she would.  
The clock struck midnight and the candle stood  
smugly, yet not as proud  
as before. The flame loomed, dancing merrily again  
casting shadows about  
my quiet room.  
We once walked on a bright Sunday in a park by a  
lonely lake. You  
stopped and gathered wild flowers and bade me look if  
I please may. You  
asked me if I thought you as pretty as the flowers in  
your arms strewn  
and I remember saying, "As pretty as all the world's  
flowers dipped in an  
ocean of your perfume."  
You blinked moist eyes to hide a small sweet tear,  
but I knew. "Oh,  
Angelmae, can you see me?" I say now. "It is me,  
alas, who cannot  
hide a  
tear in my eye over such a memory before you died!"  
Oh, Angelmae, my fair lady, I know it wasn't you who  
said goodbye.  
Your leaving wasn't true. They tried to snatch you  
away from me and in a  
way they can only do. Yes, your heart is still within  
me as always, but

still so bright and new.  
My darling came in so softly beside me and laid a  
young girl's fingers  
upon my collared neck. "Papa, it's almost two!! What  
are you doing up  
so late, my dear Papa?" I lookup at her and I tell  
her even though she  
already knew. I get up and we walk up the stairs  
together again. I  
leave my young daughter by the door to her room. She  
kisses me once  
again, my little Angelina, and before I turn towards  
my bedroom, she says  
so softly so her stepmother cannot hear, in a hushed  
sweet voice I know  
so well and in eyes where there is a tear. "Dear  
Papa, if I may  
ask...did...did you smell the perfume..."

**By Daniel Giannini**

## **Daniel Giannini Bio**

Daniel Giannini

Chicago

Former Marine

Edgar Allan Poe favorite writer

Hobby=winemaking



## "They Come At Night"

The last of the day is fading. The empty of darkness is coming. The souls of the undead are now living, because they come at night and nothing can stop them. From the shadows that they bring, to the death that they cause. The dead has come from down below, six feet down in that big black hole. They come to feast upon the flesh that all of us hold close. We wait as they cry, holding back tears and hope not to die. We wish for help and never receive. We all hope that something up above will send what we need.

**By Devon Guerra**

**Devon Guerra Bio**

Not available through publication date.

111 Sacrifice of light

Fear

One who speaks with open eyes  
On the darkness starts to spy  
And the whispers of a child  
Makes the shadows start to smile

Flicker flame of a candle  
As the comfort begins to dwindle  
Ice thorns chasing you through the corridors of mind chills  
prickle

Oh the bells begin to chime  
12:00 starts to unwind

Distant time, distant place  
Unsatisfactory sort of taste  
This is all but too kind  
Mother night's long 12:55 kiss goodnight  
Waiting for the final blow whoosh  
Whoa

Ever slow it starts to creep  
under the bed  
away from safeties sheets

Here lies a soul  
tucked under cover woes  
before the dreams and the sweet welcomed daylight

Seemingly endless fright  
alone in bed  
one solo mislead  
repent and die as I sire fire  
running racing through your head

silence settles in  
chills over skin  
one begins to grin  
under the covers  
ominous night

Foreboding the atmosphere

questions quite peculiar forbearing  
Is this the end of your life?  
Sacrifice of light

**By Erik Sanchez**

112 Swallowed

My soul screams  
Resonant  
Slowly it fills the room  
Consumes my sanity in its lurid ambiance  
Voices of the who malevolent  
accent wicked sharp as a dull razors edge  
Speaks to me in monotone with the slash and breaking of each  
bone  
High pitch squeals, all octaves of the scale

Running down a narrow hallway constricted in the wilderness of  
the night  
In total darkness delivering me  
Arms outstretched reaching for  
the nothingness

The moonlight sonata plays as my shadows dance on the graves  
I look through thought to hear sound  
This here-crumbling town falls like Chicken Little's sky with  
each sun down  
The lot is hot

In a antechamber of fire  
Bejeweled goblet shattered  
dropped to the floor  
Adorned of life no more.  
Last breath whispered returning once more

He who walks in the blackness  
In the valley of thorns, festering on the path of broken glass  
The ghost in the darkness  
consuming the sanctity of souls  
One who sleeps in the shadows of death;  
skulking.  
Secretly watching in the obscure swarthy. With glowing eyes  
the serpent's child.  
Basilisks tongues Basking in the glory of life after it has been  
stolen through fear  
Hissing in the ears of the sleeper  
Slithering in to the dreams tuning into to revolving nightmares

**By Erik Sanchez**



that can do no harm calming charm burning inside where even the  
flames slowly die from the lack of the lackluster lights  
diminish  
Will stop your heart  
with a cold compress  
Harm lay hidden

Frozen with fear  
Numb from toe to ear

in beauty-unbound malice  
touch paralyzing tingle

The silent beauty in a crimson kiss  
The style in the slit of vanity  
The charisma of Marquis de Sade torturing torment

Ode to the misconstrued

**By Erik Sanchez**

## 12 THEY

When they come  
I am so frightened and I just want to run

When they come  
Tingles up and down the spine my hair stands up on end and  
shivers deliver terror

When they come  
I just want to close my eyes  
Don't want to look back; can't fall now I just want to run

When they come  
All I hear is the chant that un-innocent infantile requiem

When they come  
Chalkboard shrieks echoes down the halls sinisterly singing

**2** Screaming

**3**

Oh my god...

When they come  
All my fear is crystal clear and my heart cold is translucent  
The desperate desolate sky is hollow on fire  
And the chant of the choir becomes my lonely salvation

When they come  
All I hear is echoes of nothings eulogy  
My fate is sealed with in the still eating heart in me

When they come  
The room it chills and all my short breaths I can see as if they  
to are trying to escape me

When they come the bells chime one bye one bye one until I'm  
done  
When they come.

**By Erik Sanchez**



**Erik Sanchez Bio**

Bio not available through publication date

## Wolverine Woman

Don't you go down in the park  
When you know it's getting dark.  
Ten are dead, or maybe more;  
Bodies torn and blood galore.

It's not safe to be out late.  
Death is what will be your fate.  
If you see a lady fair,  
You best get away from there.

She's a wolverine woman—  
Don't you go near.  
She's a wolverine woman—  
Keep yourself clear.  
She's a wolverine woman—  
Hear how she howls.  
She's a wolverine woman—  
Out on the prowl.

She's a beast without a heart.  
She will rip your throat apart.  
She will tear your stomach out.  
You will have no time to shout.

She is not quite visible.  
She will not be merciful.  
She will growl and bite and scratch.  
She's the girl no one can catch.

She's a wolverine woman—  
You are her prey.  
She's a wolverine woman—  
Please run away.  
She's a wolverine woman—  
Stalking the nights.  
She's a wolverine woman—  
Barks 'fore she bites.

We all know the town is hexed.  
We're not sure who will be next.  
All of us who live 'round here  
Have to spend our nights in fear.

When you see the sun is gone,  
Lock your doors until the dawn.

She will walk the streets tonight.  
Better keep your doors shut tight.

**By Garrett Peck**

## Scenic Route to Hell

I drove out South in my old car.  
I pulled into a redneck bar.  
I should have known, with my long hair,  
I ought to stay away from there.

I walked on in; the talking stopped.  
The bubbas had their evening topped.  
If I had only thought to leave,  
I wouldn't have my fate to grieve.

One looked at me, began to frown.  
I wasn't welcome in his town.  
He pushed away his chair and stood.  
He said I looked like Robin Hood.

getting closer...

And the redneck was

And closer...

And closer...

Now even though I'd just walked in,  
He threw his fist into my chin.  
I toppled back and hit the floor,  
Then scrambled to crawl out the door,

Jumped in my car and drove away.  
There really was no need to stay.  
When I had driven just a mile,  
I thought that I could chance a smile.

But then I heard a piercing sound.  
I turned my head to look around.  
A blue light flashed; I winced inside.  
The sheriff motioned to the side.

driving faster...

And the sheriff was

And faster...

And faster...

Now in my car there were some pills  
I sell to pay my motel bills.  
Deciding that I could not stop,  
I wondered how to shake that cop.

My foot stamped down; the engine roared.  
I had that Buick's pedal floored.  
I thought that I could get away,  
But this was not to be my day.

At 90 per, I nearly flew,  
But then my frigging engine blew.  
The sheriff, he was coming fast.  
I knew my flight could never last.

drawing nearer...

And the sheriff was

And nearer...

And nearer...

The sheriff, he came walking up.  
He held a steaming coffee cup.  
He asked me, "What you doin', son?"  
A hand was resting on his gun.

I told him I was in a fight  
And drove so fast to calm my fright.  
He scowled and said, "That ain't no need  
For you to drive at excess speed!"

"I'm sorry, sir," I said to him.  
That only made his face turn grim.  
He told me that he knew my type,  
Then hit me with a metal pipe.

growing blacker...

And the darkness was

And blacker...

And blacker...

I woke up in a prison cell.  
I banged the bars; began to yell.  
The sheriff came and looked at me,  
Said, "What of service may I be?"

I asked him, "Why'm I in this cell?"  
He told me this was Macon Hell.  
I asked him when I'd get my trial.  
He answered me, "Not for a while."

I shook the bars; began to shout.

I screamed at him to let me out.  
He turned and walked back through the door,  
Then flames erupted from the floor.

higher...

And the fire was burning

And higher..

And higher..

**By Garrett Peck**

Satan Sought

The man called the Devil  
Lives at a low level  
(Or so we have been told  
By the stories of old.)  
But it's easy to tell  
He does not live in Hell.  
He's much closer than that.  
Just look under your hat.

**By Garrett Peck**

Cat Killer

I must kill this cat.  
I stepped in its scat.

I tried to shoot it  
And it should have died soon.  
Then I could boot it  
All the way to the moon.

It lifted its head.  
So it wasn't gone yet!  
But I'd see it dead  
Without any regret.

I must kill this cat.  
It squealed like a rat.

I needed it dead,  
So I took this advice:  
I squashed its head  
In my worktable's vice.

It gave quite a yowl  
And it tried to get loose.  
It started to howl  
As I squeezed out its juice.

I must kill this cat.  
I crushed its head flat.

It pried its head out  
And it jumped to the floor  
It gave quite a shout.  
I could take it no more!

I needed its life,  
So grabbed hold of its neck,  
I slashed with my knife  
Till it looked quite a wreck.

I must kill this cat.  
It screeched like a bat.

It gave me a scratch  
And I had to let go.  
It will meet its match  
With my flamethrower, though!



It went up in flames  
And I laughed as it shrieked  
I loved these new games  
And my pleasure was piqued!

I must kill this cat.  
I sizzled its fat.

It's body, once burned,  
I would throw in the bay.  
That cat never learned  
To stay out of my way.

The fire burned out,  
But much to my disgust,  
I could have no doubt  
That this plan was a bust.

I must kill this cat.  
It hissed and it spat.

I thought it might drown,  
But it kept on fighting.  
It wouldn't go down.  
It just kept on biting.

It seems nothing works  
No matter what I try  
It's body gives jerks,  
But it just will not die.

I can't kill this cat.  
Can you believe that?

**By Garrett Peck**

Child Killer (A Study)

I kill children; make people cry.  
I kill children with a loving sigh.  
I kill children; don't ask me why.  
I kill children just to watch them die!

**By Garrett Peck**

**Garrett Peck Bio**

**Garrett Peck** is a two-time finalist for the Bram Stoker Award in nonfiction, for his anthology *Personal Demons* (co-edited with Brian A. Hopkins) and his stint as editor/publisher of *Hellnotes Newsletter*. He still reviews books for *Hellnotes*, as well as *Cemetery Dance* and *Flesh and Blood*. He also co-edited the anthologies *Tooth and Claw, Volumes 1 & 2* (with J. F. Gonzalez, from Lone Wolf Publications) and *Small Bites* being published by COSCOM with Keith Gouveia). His short fiction appears in numerous anthologies. His website can be found at [www.authorsden.com/Garrettpeck](http://www.authorsden.com/Garrettpeck).

IT'S HERE (MY WORSE NIGHTMARE)

Frozen, trapped upon my bed  
Invincible forces hold me here  
Can't move to even turn my head  
I need to move, I need to run away  
My body is paralyzed in fear  
IT'S HERE

Evil is the thing I feel  
Worse than anything that's real  
I can't scream, no one will hear  
Trapped alone with no one near  
I see the door, but can't reach there  
IT'S HERE

Close my eyes to get away  
Please God to you I pray  
Help me, wake from this nightmare  
Frozen, trapped upon my bed  
Something's here, Something I dread  
IT'S HERE

Unseen spirit that frightens me  
holds me, drags me to my knees  
I need to wake from this dream  
I know you're there, I know your here  
Waiting to get to me  
IT'S HERE

Frozen, paralyzed with fear  
Morning comes and all is clear  
My rooms the same, it always is  
Until the night comes again  
And I fall asleep and you come in  
And whisper softly in my ear  
I'M HERE

**By Ileana Acosta-Regalado**

VACCINATIONS (MY FIRST REAL TASTE OF HORROR)

Her smiles are sweet  
Her gentle touch so lightly on my arm  
I Laugh as she tickles me quickly  
I saw it then  
The light flickered off the sharp needle  
As it penetrated my skin  
The pain so quick and sudden  
I knew it was just a ploy  
to get me to feel comfortable  
Like they do to all little girls and boys  
But I'll never forget the horror  
The day that I thought I would die  
And to think my own Mother brought me here  
to let me feel this pain that made me cry

**By Ileana Acosta-Regalado**

BASEMENT STAIRS (THE FIRST PLACE I WAS AFRAID OF)

Did you ever wonder what is there  
lurking under the basement stairs  
When the lights go out and the door is closed  
When night time falls and you are all alone

It's when all the creatures of the night  
gather to plan your fright  
and slowly sneak up to your bed  
to scare you with the things you dread

Like little red devils with pointed pitchforks  
and clowns with evil smiles and smirks  
and monsters with teeth so big they can eat you whole  
and Demons that just want your soul

Waiting in shadows, hiding from light  
Waiting for when the time is right  
to come and scare the \_\_\_\_\_ out of you  
When they have nothing better to do

It doesn't matter to them if you are scared  
It doesn't matter to them they don't care  
They live off your screams and grow from your cries  
and laugh with the fear they see in your eyes

Oh what a fine life these creatures share  
living within our nightmares  
sleeping away the light of the day  
not caring at all about what we have to say

And no one big sees them just me and you  
Mommy and Daddy don't believe us. What can we do?  
Hide under the covers, leave the night light on  
and close my eyes so the creatures don't come.

**By Ileana Acosta-Regalado**

## A NEW YEAR (WHAT I DREADED ABOUT NEW TEACHERS)

They said she wasn't really mean  
They said she was very good  
They said it wasn't easy if you got her  
and that you could do worse

They said I had to listen  
They said pay attention dear  
Look for the little details  
Make sure everything is clear

She looked like every other  
She wore her hair up in a bun  
She walked to the front of the classroom  
And said "Children lets have some fun"

She snapped her fingers and the lights went out  
the room began to spin  
I was terrified beyond reason when  
I saw her evil grin.

Well what did you expect my dear?  
What did you expect to learn here?  
Now look alive and get ready  
The lesson about to begin

I shook my head this can't be real  
I didn't come here for this  
I knew everybody said so  
But I never believed she was a real witch.

**By Ileana Acosta-Regalado**

## THE CRUISE (MY WORSE FEAR)

Looking out over the clouds  
safe with no form we soar  
higher  
we enter them  
How easy it was to arrive here  
How not so easy it will be to return

We slipped in  
No one saw us  
No one noticing  
No one caring  
We are the many  
Heading aimlessly, going nowhere

We were tired  
We were bored  
We were forgotten  
and alone  
And that meant  
We could be disposed

I watched the clouds behind us  
Closing, I saw them tighten up and become solid  
As glass shimmers when light sets upon it  
As ice when it forms when the cold caresses it  
into a frozen state of ecstasy  
I felt frozen

Frozen with the anticipation of something exhilarating  
frozen with wanting to arrive and too scared to leave  
We were all chosen  
each of us for some similar reason  
maybe some similar thought  
by whom we don't know

Where we are headed  
we don't know  
Could we have said no  
"No" I don't think so  
It was never an option  
It was never in the plan

Yes, this was planned by someone  
someone, unseen, someone menacing  
someone who's mind was warped  
driven to madness



someone who was corrupt  
and so corrupted others so he would not be alone

Looking around me I see all the people  
An old man is in the chair in front of me  
behind me is a young woman  
to the left of me is a child  
and on my right is a man  
about my own age.

The old man is staring blankly ahead,  
he has nothing to live for  
he already looks dead  
The young woman looks tired  
frightened of what she doesn't know  
None of them know what lies ahead

The child about seven or eight  
looks like if he should be playing  
basketball or something  
but instead like us  
like all of us  
he is headed for disaster

We climb higher  
I know even though the pilot hasn't said  
You know "We'll be cruising at blah, blah, blah feet."  
Cruising, yes that's the word  
Cruising as if we are on some vacation,  
some pleasurable outing in the middle of a blue ocean

Where we have come to relax  
from work or family  
but this is not a vacation  
It is not a "Cruise"  
Its a death trap  
bound for oblivion

Am I the only one who noticed  
Am I the only one that saw  
They all seem so relaxed now  
It's been about an hour since we boarded  
since we sat  
and sealed our fate

I remembered not wanting to be late  
I could not miss this flight

It was the last you know  
The last to leave  
there was nothing behind us  
and premonition told me there was nothing ahead of us

You know the kind of dreams  
You wish you never had,  
but can't erase from your memory  
the dreams that reoccur even when you are awake  
This is a dream  
One I had a million times over and over again

Why did I come  
I could have stayed behind  
Why didn't I, what drove me here  
Damn it  
Why didn't I  
Should I tell them

Should I let them know  
What is about to happen  
Should I let them suffer  
as I suffer  
Should I ruin  
Their "Cruise"

No it wasn't meant to be that way  
not for them anyway  
just for me  
who has been given the sight  
"the sight" yes that's a good name for it  
"the sight"

The gift of foresight  
that drives me crazy  
The gift of foresight  
that makes me different  
makes me mad  
Yes, I am mad

Mad when not listened too  
Mad when not heard  
Madder when everyone laughs  
and angry in the end  
When all I can say is "I told you"

I choose to come along

You know why  
To end it  
I know the time  
I know the hour  
I know the last second

I know the looks  
I have heard the screams  
The fear, the prayers  
I know the shock of the water  
When it slowly pulls us under  
and we drift down into the abyss

Yes the abyss where all of us  
aboard this plane will die  
Oh I am sorry I should warn them you say  
no I can't do that, not today  
for this nice "Cruise" will end just that way

From now on I will be the same  
even if only for this day  
it will feel good  
to know  
I am finally  
not different anymore.

**By Ileana Acosta-Regalado**

## **Ileana Acosta-Regalado Bio**

Ileana Acosta Regalado was born in Puerto Rico. She grew up in South Eastern Pennsylvania and now resides in Kennett Square, Pennsylvania with her husband Oscar and thier three children, Rebecca, Oscar (Okie) and Laura. She has always written portry, but only in the last five years has she given any serious thought to actually sharing it in book form. Her first poetry collection is available at <http://www.lulu.com/IleanaARegalado>

## Deadly Rising

Is it true the dead can rise  
I'd want to see it with my own eyes  
Because if not I'll think it lies  
But if fact what a great surprise

To walk the earth as the undead  
Many would feel a lot of dread  
Not for me I've always said  
I'd welcome all with arms widespread

Now I'll wait to see the past  
Come to life let's hope it's fast  
When all the chants and spells are cast  
Let's hope my turn will come at last

Until then I sit and wait  
Watching at the garden gate  
Not feeling love nor feeling hate  
The time will pass and seal my fate

**By Jen Decker**

## Only to Fright

He climbed in the window at night  
Only to scare only to fright  
But the knife found a place just right  
The blood was an ugly hateful sight

She lay on the floor eyes open wide  
The look on her face was surprise  
He had been bigger in size  
That's why all his victims dies

Hear your heart go beat beat beat  
Hope that you and he don't meet  
If you do it won't be sweet  
So make sure you beat beat feet

**By Jen Decker**

Spawn

I heard the sound  
I looked around  
But all I found  
Was vacant ground

The hole was deep  
Big enough for a jeep  
I could not sleep  
Thinking of the dirt in a heap

When finally came the dawn  
Sleepily I began to yawn  
I looked but only saw the lawn  
What was planted would it spawn

**By Jen Decker**

## **Jen Decker Bio**

Jen is the wife of author Will Decker. She is a talented poet in her own right with the amazing ability to compose poems spontaneously that fit the need and capture the spirit of the moment. She has written enough poetry to publish several volumes but declines my urgings, despite the ease of Lulu self publishing.



Goddamn TV

Sitting around with nothing to do  
Want some noise so I flick on the tube  
What is this, what do I see?  
It rips, shreds and cuts  
Oh, what luck for us  
Big as a bus  
50 horsepower plus  
It can eat a whole tree  
Oh, what luck for me

Wonderful things under the sun  
Spending money is so much fun  
What would I do with this  
TV promotion piece of shit?  
I bought it anyway  
It'll be here in seven days  
It rips, shreds, and cuts  
Now I can check my list, once and twice  
Now things will change around this house

In goes the TV remote  
Damn thing is rotting my brain  
Had to take apart the washing machine  
Down with the microwave!  
Lace drapes have to go  
Who cares who sees me, I'm not insane  
And the telephone  
Don't need it, no one is home  
Damn my nosy neighbor wondering about the noise  
Had to beat him a bit  
But got him in my toy

Getting a gun permit is a pain in the ass  
I use this and don't have to ask  
Not as neat, a little noisy  
Still easier than a baseball bat  
God, I'm tired from chasing the dog and cat  
I order a pizza  
Pondering the question  
Should the delivery boy see the wonder of my toy?

It isn't fair, it couldn't last

Finally they came to my door  
Asking about the awful stink  
Wouldn't believe it was the sewer  
So now I have my own little room  
Where I can giggle and bounce  
Wait on my drugs in a little plastic cup  
Then I piss in the corner  
And drive my bed like a truck

Goddamn the TV  
It did this to me  
Rotted my brain and drove me insane

**By Jeremiah Donaldson**

## Halloween Beating

Batter, shatter, pitter, splatter  
Lost in space little sprat  
Batter, shatter, pitter, splatter  
Look at my teeth stupid brat  
Batter, shatter, pitter, splatter  
Spit in your face, kick your ribs  
Slap you back from your dreams  
To my world, no one to here your screams!

Batter, shatter, pitter, splatter  
From your taped lips a little peep  
Batter, shatter, pitter, splatter  
A big fat scream trying to escape  
Batter, shatter, pitter, splatter  
Slap you around  
Knocked to the floor  
By the club that I wield!

Batter, shatter, pitter, splatter  
Bumbling around where you shouldn't be  
Batter, shatter, pitter, splatter  
Seeing things you shouldn't see  
Batter, shatter, pitter, splatter  
Poke out your eyes  
Toothpicks work good for that  
Then scoop them out and feed my cat!

Batter, shatter, pitter, splatter  
That is it for the warm-up  
Batter, shatter, pitter, splatter  
Time for you to get really messed up  
Batter, shatter, pitter, splatter  
Smash and crunch  
Splinter every bone  
Get interrupted by the phone!

Batter, shatter, pitter, splatter  
Guess now what I'll do to you?  
Batter, shatter, pitter, splatter  
Got to cut you down to fit in the shed  
Batter, shatter, pitter, splatter  
Hack and cut  
Shred and tear

Pickle you till next year!

Batter, shatter, pitter, splatter  
This is the last thing you'll ever hear  
Batter, shatter, pitter, splatter  
Sound of a nail entering your ear  
Batter, shatter, pitter, splatter  
Should have read the sign and stayed away  
This time of the year is time to reap  
So don't screw with me around Halloween!  
Batter, shatter, pitter, splatter

**By Jeremiah Donaldson**

## Midnight Run

The old man said...

"I see you there, don't turn away.  
I am your friend, no matter what you think.  
Ignore the eye, ignore the leg,  
ignore the stink, ignore the pus.  
Time has not been very kind to me,  
don't stare too long or I may FREAK!"

"Ha, ha, ha, it is not so bad.  
I didn't mean to scare you boy,  
you are a handsome lad.  
I'd like to tell you a tale  
that will make you shiver and run,  
cry and moan as I LAUGH at my fun!"

"So push the cat out of the way,  
you better not hurt his three extra legs!  
Sit your butt down,  
prop up your feet.  
Midnight Run, remember it as.  
Once you have heard, you will never fear  
anything else that you ever hear!"

"Not long ago, nor far from here,  
there lived an old man with his dog.  
No one like him,  
not enough to spit upon.  
He lived a sparse life,  
you could never believe.  
Once a month he would walk into town  
to cash the check that he found.  
In the mailbox, he thought for his dog,  
but a crazy check as you should guess.  
Once a month you could see him around,  
stumbling down the street,  
raving at the town and waving his cane.  
For years this came to pass,  
then one month his visit came and passed.  
No one looked for him, no one cared,

they just said good riddance "He's out of here!"  
A week later pets begin to disappear."

"It was the old man,"  
the boy said with a grin.

"That much is true,  
but there is more tale to spin"

"The days went by and passed into weeks.  
Every couple days a pet would go amiss.  
No one thought about the man and his dog.  
No reason to suspect him.  
No reason to think,  
That he sneaked into town  
at the top of every night for something to eat.  
The government thought that he was dead,  
no more checks would they send.  
They would never learn of this mistake,  
but in the meantime he had to feed.  
Old and slow, he couldn't run,  
so had to lure them to their fate.  
He killed his dog with a shovel,  
so to use him as bait.  
The skin he saved to make a cloak,  
found it too small, so tied it around his throat.  
In bib overalls and dog skin scarf,  
he began going out every midnight to hunt."

The boy started to rise.  
"Christ, old man, you should get a life."

The old man's laughter filled the room.  
"I do! I have you!  
Sit back down, the tale is almost done."

"Night after night the shovel swung true,  
the man ate good, let me tell you,  
as the pets of the town disappeared.  
Then one night there was a snag,  
all the pets were behind fences or inside.  
The old man adjusted to the shift,  
begin braining farm animals left and right.  
Then on one fateful night,  
when the fog hung low,  
hiding all from sight.  
To his ears came a sound as he pattered about.

An innocent young voice,  
singing in the night.  
He readied the shovel and stood still,  
waiting for his target to grow near.  
Then she did,  
and he swung true.  
Everyone was riled and upset.  
No one suspected.  
No one guessed.  
So the old man continued unchecked."

The boy sighed and twisted.  
"Can I get paid for the yard?  
I just want to go."

The old man smiled and shook his head,  
black yellow teeth showed behind his lips.  
"Just a minute more and you'll be out the door."

"With the death of the girl,  
he had signed his fate.  
But not one day later,  
nor one week.  
Six kids later and five weeks,  
his luck came to an end.  
He was seen one night,  
hacking a corpse limb from limb.  
The lady who held witness fainted from shock,  
it was her daughter she was going to pickup.  
When she came to he was gone.  
Quick as she could she called the cops,  
directed them to the bloody spot.  
From the description everyone knew  
who to blame and who to hang.  
The posse they went.  
The posse they left.  
The rickety old shack was empty.  
Just some boiled bones laughed at their efforts.  
Everywhere they searched,  
not a trace was found."

The old man stopped and smiled.  
"Do you know why he wasn't found?"

The boy shifted nervously in his seat.  
"How should I know?"

The old man's smile widened.  
"Because he came to live with his brother."

The boy laughed and stood up.  
"You're a shitty storyteller, old man.  
Now can I have my pay and be on my way?"

The old man chuckled.  
A figure stepped out of the shadows behind the boy.

"All in good time."  
The old man said as the shovel descended.  
"Bout damn time, brother,  
we almost lost that one."

**By Jeremiah Donaldson**



## **Jeremiah Donaldson Bio**

I'll keep this short and sweet so not to bore anyone. I was born in Kentucky and grew up on a farm till I was nine. I traveled a lot on my school vacations with my dad on his job. Graduated in '95 and moved to Florida. Bounced back and forth for a few years doing whatever until I found my current girlfriend in Florida and sort of settled down about 3 years ago. We have a eleven month old daughter between us and she has a 7 year old son, and we have a rabbit named Thumper. I've been writing since I was about 15, it's just a hobby of mine that I've held onto throughout the years. So read on, hope you enjoy these as much as I enjoyed writing them.

Website: <http://www.geocities.com/ephiroll>

Lulu store: <http://www.lulu.com/ephiroll>

Hell House.

She runs, staggering in the dark,  
rushing, as her heart thuds against her chest,  
seeking some escape from the rising fear,  
shredding her reason, as waves of panic swell.

She'd come to inspect the old house across the park,  
not knowing its history, assuming most innocent at best,  
and now alone, she sought only to escape from here,  
for it was alive, and darkly, starkly fell.

The rooms seemed to move about,  
no door led out, but always in,  
and the closing dark fed greater fear as she fled,  
to where the house was leading her.

In a narrow hall, the floor gave way and she did shout,  
and she fell part way through the floor, tearing her shin,  
only to be caught on jagged wooden spears,  
tearing her body now, as it imprisoned her in fear.

Slowly she slid further below the floor,  
and each wooden edge dug into her, bleeding her,  
and she screamed for aid that no one heard she knew,  
now so alone, and caught in evil's trap.

The hall walls closed in on her, increasing the bitter gore,  
in an embrace obscene and vile, raking her with wooden spurs,  
screaming into darkness now, and fearing what the house might  
do,  
as round her the savage wooden jaws did wrap.

As she hung there in mindless pain,  
she heard a sound and then again, and knew the sound of rats  
feet,  
and in that moment she lost it all, crying out in total fear,  
as closer yet the crawling sound advanced on her.

Then in mid-scream strain,  
a rat emerged from the dimming light so fleet,  
and into her mouth it crawled, its claws feeling oh so queer,  
as down her throat it crawled, its fur a choking burr.

In a frenzy did she struggle, seeking her release,  
as the house took its time with her, and made her last all  
night,

bleeding her, and shredding her, and choking her on fur,  
and only at the break of dawn, did she escape in death at last.

In the light of another bright day of small town peace,  
the old house looked quaint, though worn slight,  
but not enough to raise a single stir,  
nor hint of dark moods in its past.

**By John Schroeder**

## **Johnn Schroeder Bio**

My name is Johnn Schroeder, and I am a mechanical designer and draftsman, I was an R&D electronics technician, doing wiring, prototype building and evaluation, circuit board development, circuit testing and evaluations, and control panel layout and production. I have an Associates Degree in electronics. I have built special machines for medical production in clean room environments, and worked in design teams on medical implants, and I am a factory certified YAG laser maintenance tech and operator. Prior to this aspect of my career, I was a machinery repairman in the Navy. (My hobby is designing and building 3-wheel V-8 powered motorcycle trikes.)

You hated that room,  
the sun porch looking onto the ranch.  
It gave you the creeps.

A wolf spider had made it her home.  
You said she'd inspect you from her web,  
wait for you to lose your footing,  
then she'd bite into your neck with her poison fangs,  
bury you.

Nothing I did could ease your fear.  
Exterminators came and went,  
she would reappear.

You became paranoid, wanted to move.  
Visions of coma-sleep never left,  
white webs woven around you,  
the spider (whom I now call Charlotte)  
coming slow like death to kill her prey.

Then the accident.  
A drunk driver crashed through our lives,  
put you in that dreaded coma,  
curved your hair gray like the spider's web.

Maybe she tried to warn you all along  
a premonition of a trap closing round.

We wait for you.  
Charlotte weaves silver threaded webs  
in the corner of windows, glistening in the sun.  
Her shining strings a sign -

Welcome Home.

**By Kathy Kubik**

## Another Halloween

Your tombstone marks the ground,  
placed like the candy that littered  
your birthday cakes -

The kind you had when you were a kid  
sharing a birthday with the dead,  
devil's food covered with white butter cream frosting,  
orange candy-corn accents.  
Gray sugar tombstones were everywhere,  
taunting *RIP* and *Here He Lies*.

Strange, we never thought you'd leave so soon.  
We would have altered the celebration,  
considered alternatives.

Now your terrain is fertile green,  
candy-corn replaced by trimmed blades of grass.  
But they persist  
my tears the fertilizer.

**By Kathy Kubik**

## **say cheese**

I crouch behind the Superior coffee truck  
feet posed in the dirty alley.  
I stumble, hand calluses pavement.

My other hand catches my camera  
the blind eye through which I see

and you come into vision.

I focus my lens,  
pixels of your face clear.  
I can even see inside pores  
larger than life.

Chestnut hair frames your stone face,  
stubble just enough to be stylish  
mud brown eyes

I've brought you from shadows to fame  
who needs privacy  
and you were so trusting, the first photo shoots  
had a crease of a real smile  
teeth diamond mines  
open the vein  
you thought it would never change.

Pick me up out of the gutter, dust me off.  
Add to my portfolio.

I've carried you  
put your head under water  
in the oven, slit your neck  
I'll be there until the bitter end  
clicking away.

You are born through my lens  
placenta the blood splattered on the pavement  
now you are whole.

**By Kathy Kubik**

Shades Of Pink  
A rhyming sestina

The wedding was a hit,  
bouquet shades of peach and pink  
Our hands entwined, a perfect fit.  
Many toasts later, your eyes blink  
and twitch, I saw spit  
drooling from your lip, pause, then sink.

That night you pinned me to the sink  
in the Ritz. We loved so hard my head hit  
the wall; I licked my lips with spit.  
My cheeks turned pink  
when the neighbors returned my knock in a blink,  
embarrassed, I turned threw a laughing fit.

Two years later, nothing seems to fit  
You come home late, make my heart sink.  
I ask "Is there someone else", you blink.  
Rage in your eyes, fury in your hand that hits.  
Fist strikes skin, makes it pink,  
to seal the deal you spit

on my body, curled in the corner. The spit  
soothes the bruises, I see now where I fit.  
I get used to shades of pink,  
only witnessed by the bathroom sink..  
I anticipate every hit,  
learn to duck during moments you blink.

Those eyes are hidden when you blink,  
safe until the Jack Daniels you drink full of spit,  
and backwash. Once it hits,  
you shake and start a fit  
unleash your rage. My sink  
is stained with bloody shades of pink.

I am tired of pink;  
await your next blink  
the hammer behind me against the sink  
You come in, fists tight, I spit  
in your face, you throw a fit -  
then I start to hit.

I hit over and over, shades of pink



your arms shake in a fit, and your eyes blink.  
I bite off your ear, spit it in the sink.

**By Kathy Kubik**

## **Kathy Kubik Bio**

Kathy Kubik is an award winning poet who earns her living as a proposal writer at a leading waste services corporation. In her free time she teaches poetry to Chicago Public schoolchildren. She has been writing since she could pick up a crayon, starting with plays etched in pencil featuring The Muppets. She has now graduated to ink, and recently received her Bachelor of Arts degree in English from DePaul University in Chicago. When she's not writing about trash, Kathy is a poetry editor at Verse Libre Quarterly magazine. Her work has appeared in Voices Magazine, T-zero Xpandazine, SaucyVox(Dot)com, ERWA, CleanSheets and the upcoming Citizen32 and Women of the Web anthology (Sun Rising Press).

Visit her website at <http://www.kathykubik.com> for more samples of her writing. Her first chapbook of poems, Songs in Red, is available directly through Lulu Press at <http://www.lulu.com/content/56558/>

## What Lies Within

No one knows what I am thinking  
Or how low my thoughts are sinking.  
I wish my one priority  
Was killing the majority.

When you cut me off with your car  
Or dare insult me in a bar.  
The voices crying from within  
Insist I must rip off your skin.

Then I wonder what my angel would think  
If they locked me up in the clink.  
So I stop myself just in time  
And don't commit the heinous crime

So you should thank your lucky star  
I stop before I go too far.  
But when my angel is gone from me  
The raging demon will be set free.

**By Keith Gouveia**

## Mother's Love

Strange noises echo in the night  
Gooseflesh forms because of my fright.  
I pull the sheets up to my chin  
Fear increases seeing that grin.

Mother says not to fear the dark  
But her words never hit their mark.  
"There is no Boogeyman," she lies  
Silence is broken by my cries.

She comes running into my room  
And briefly displaces my doom.  
He creeps back into the shadow  
While emotions rampantly follow.

I'm held in her loving embrace  
While wiping the tears from my face.  
For another night I've survived  
Fleeing that eternal divide.

When she finally leaves my side  
I feel a return of my pride.  
And one day I will face my fear  
Thanks to mother I hold so dear.

**By Keith Gouveia**

## A Long Night

Halloween is a frightful time of year  
When ghouls and goblins deliver fear.  
They make their appearance when the sun sets  
So you better heed their idle threats.

The carnage they create is so severe  
They will kill everyone you hold dear.  
Human blood will flow freely through the street  
As they search houses for tender meat.

These vile creatures are a deadly brood  
That will put you in the foulest mood.  
Children provide the most favorite treat  
For these ghouls and goblins you will meet.

Arm yourself with whatever you can find  
But be careful not to lose your mind.  
In the basement or closet you must hide  
And hang on for the hellacious ride.

Though you have lost your family and friend  
The night has yet to come to an end.  
Hold your emotions, not yet time to mourn  
Save those feelings till the rising dawn.

**By Keith Gouveia**

## **Keith Gouveia Bio**

**Keith Gouveia** is an author for today's reader. His love for Horror jumps at you from the first page and holds you tight until the satisfying pay off. He is the author of several novels and you can find him in such publications as: *THWN: Presents New Voices in Horror*, *The Parasitorium: Terrors Within*, *Be Mine*, *Hauntings*, *Carnival of Horror*, and will be featured in the upcoming *Strange News*, *8 Days*, *Strange Changes*, and is the co-editor of *Small Bites* along with Garrett Peck, an anthology of short-short stories to benefit Charles Grant.

Werewolf

The fiery  
The castration of soul into the embodiment of studded strength  
and  
ceremonial chaos  
To the power of the perverted desolating creations of muscular  
domination  
Into the copious cut-throat claws into the subhuman populated  
destruction  
Of the prey who is pious and precarious to the needs of the  
werewolf  
Who envelops engulfing the prey-meats into his judicious jaws of  
tectonic  
teeth  
Ripping the raw inside regenerating the raucous inhuman  
supernatural wolf  
carnivorously  
Obeying the natural satisfaction of the needs of few to needs of  
many  
claiming  
His is the vast victor of his domain, and consoling the truth of  
who is,  
Predator, powerful as the rage consumes the man destruction is  
eminent

The passion for death, the story of the white wolf

The white wolf walks along the path of deceit  
The white wolf howls into the moon  
The search for prey goes into endless  
Road to the fawn but finds nothing  
A fruit lies on the road but he wants meat  
A fresh meat, a red meat, blood meat  
The white wolf looks and smells but finds  
Nothing; the search goes on into the dark forest  
A simple forest, simple trees, with the snow falling  
Gently in the cool November day, wallowing in the  
Winds of rain and sleet caressing the ground finding the white  
wolfs'  
Paws making them wet even more to a degree of soreness but  
The white wolf feels neither sore or hurt, the toughness  
Builds from youth to adult to elder wolf, the skin and mane, fur  
Rustles fine and deep to protect from the cold air, even as the  
skin  
Leathery maple patched pale skin embraces the fur's interior

The solid way of life heads him further into the tundra of land  
Further east, then north, always going north into the deep woods  
Now getting darker and darker a spring of snow pelts the white  
wolf  
As it journeys towards the wayside of the hill, moving  
rhythmically  
Further step by step constantly in motion with the falling snow  
He sniffs his nose and rustles his mane; feeling empty yet  
having fun  
Performing for the dead insects dying in his outer existence  
The land now covered in snow rolls forward to him as the uphill  
climb  
Back to the den becomes steeper as the journey is at its end  
He rides the snow with his feet wish-washing away always still  
Looking for prey and finding none, the soldier of fame of wolves  
Brings the solution of food to a distant nothing, but another  
wolf has  
Killed something, anything; it is a small rabbit, plump but  
small, the  
wolves gather  
With another fatter rabbit who is dead beyond comprehension, the  
white wolf  
Gets his share and feeds handily but always fighting against  
starvation and  
his kindred  
He rests finally with his eyes wide open for he sleeps with  
warmth of his  
sisters with noses safely  
Tucked under his fur and their paws and arms on his topside he  
breathes  
gentle breaths and goes into  
A dream state of prey Vs predator, and goes on dream of fortune  
and fame  
The white wolf finds it and goes the next day to warmer sunshine  
and a green  
grass on a spring day  
And kills his prize and wins; proclaiming he is the victor of  
this land and  
he is the champion  
The champion of death, the white wolf is the passion of death;  
victorious in  
mortality

**By Marcus Rose**



**Marcus Rose Bio**

Bio not available at publication date.

Outside the Pub Tonight

The rats a high, beautiful  
Creature of the night prepare  
Fly

Outside the pub tonight lie broken hearts  
Shallow innocent flesh hour creature strikes A  
Thousand red eyes descend from high To feast

To fight, To dance, To die  
In the beautiful gift from the angel  
Of the night sky

**By Michael Becher**

## **Michael Becher Bio**

No bio through publication.

The Devil Has Won  
(Sonnet)

This steel in my heart pronounces my end  
As all mourn the hero who won the war  
But my thwarted wish was to find a friend  
These lonely, lost eyes see much to ignore

The hours melt away on my watch, run fast  
From ace card to joker for fortune to scorn  
My time was a thread and now it is past  
I ponder the fate of my child unborn

An angel calls out in a dream this night  
I beg leave to hold my soul in my hand  
She twists it in two and holds me so tight  
My life pours away like a grain of sand

No brother, no lover, no friend, no-one  
And now I am sure the devil has won

**By Omma Velada**

To Dream, To Wake  
(Ballad)

If winter ended long ago  
And freedom tastes so sweet  
Then heaven never stooped so low  
And my life is complete

The rich are giving to the poor  
All deeds and golden things  
Transgressing every natural law  
The paupers dress like kings

There is no beauty, wealth or fame  
And nothing left to buy  
But love and kindness still remain  
Though meek, our pride won't die

The locks are idle without keys  
For no-one kills, or lies  
We sit among the dappled trees  
The prisons bare inside

I tell myself I must awake  
The world has lost control  
A dream cannot remove this ache  
Of bleakness from my soul

**By Omma Velada**

## **Omma Velada Bio**

Omma Velada grew up in Wales and read languages at Goldsmiths College (London University), followed by an MA in translation at Westminster University. Having precociously completed a (very short!) novel at age 11, she had two poems selected for *Poems on the Underground* and won a short-story competition with *Off The Wall* magazine while at school. She then edited a student magazine at university. Having worked as an air hostess, freelance translator and in research production, she currently lives in Scotland with her partner Ed and writes full-time.

Her short stories have been published, or are due for publication, in the following anthologies: *Voices From the Web: Volume Two* (UKA Press, 2004) and *Holiday Treasures* (Lulu Press, 2004), and in the following magazines: *JMWW* (Autumn 2004 issue), *Sarah* (September 2004 issue) and *The Beat* (Issue Three). She recently won runner-up status in the 2004 *UK Authors* short-story competition. She is a member of the writing group *Storyshed*, the Editor of *Gold Dust* magazine, and her first novel, *The Mackerby Scandal* (UKA Press, 2004), is now available to pre-order from Amazon.

SHE MY HER

You offer smiles gleaming with pleasure  
I want pieces of flesh inches to measure  
You offer your heart pounding with pride  
I'll have nothing less under glass on the side  
You spoke to me softly gentle and sweet  
What I want are screams bleak and complete  
You want me beside you offer bodies sweet smell  
I'll steal your dreams leaving nightmares of hell

While you are sleeping I suck at your womb  
Drawing your life into my tomb  
Filling my body I partake of the blood  
Filling my body with your crimson flood  
I watch you choke slowly shallow in breath  
When silent you are I drink of your death  
Back through the night I creep in the air  
I remember the pleasures you offered to share  
It was subjective the choices were mine  
Now your beauty is with me all of the time

**By Richard Ann Trobridge**

YOU

You follow the crowd  
Dancing in your personal space  
I want to invade you  
I want to know what your skin feels like on my face  
I want to know the taste of you  
I want you  
Any you

You are anyone standing alone  
Or standing with another anyone  
I want to punish you I want your nipples between my teeth  
I want to spread legs whipping you softly  
I want in you  
Any you

You come towards me confident  
You pass me without even noticing  
I want to touch you  
I want the smell of your fear to fill me  
I want your blood on my tongue  
I want you in me  
Any me

You are alone in the pastures of my mind  
You bleat as lonely sheep they can't find  
I want your essence to surround me  
I want your pleasure to consume me  
I want your suffocating breath  
To be the last thing you hear  
Any you any where

You are everywhere all the time  
You are my illusion  
You are my fascination  
You are the one I want  
Just you

**By Richard Ann Trobridge**



## 1. DARK DELIGHT

The crunching sound of the blown dirt shed by the earth  
Laying heavy on the tattered old winding roads  
Echoes in the night as the wheels spin in their miles...  
The bouncing metal and shuffling chains beat  
Through the open country on their way to another town...

The peeking eyes press the darkness from glassed windows  
Hidden with paint and colored bits of cloth hanging  
Covered in the same dust as the fields owned long ago...  
The bumps and strains of the old trucks groan in the night  
But the town is closer now and the midways will dark delight...

In the dawning brush of heavens glow the tents arise...  
The Ferris wheel the marry-go-round the penny games  
A sideshow of freaks border the outer edge of the lights...  
Music and dancing...barkers yelling to come and feed your eyes  
To pay your dime and be tantalized by their extraordinary  
pleasures...  
Wandering through the dusk of the day the lights flicker  
Then jump alive pulsating with glorious divinity...  
The music crawls across the open plains calling to the night...  
The flags and banners flap in the hot summer breeze  
As the smell of sweat and dirt fill the air covered with sweets...

They come out to the edge of town wandering toward the light  
Milling and watching laughing and gawking pointing and...  
Behind the tents in the dark in the unwatched abyss  
"The fee is twenty dollars and no less...then she's all yours"  
"Just for an hour no more...I'll be watching the door"...

The fan fair winds up as the barkers yell louder and louder  
As the music drones to a fevered pitch and the breeze moans...  
The children scream and laugh with pleasure riding faster and  
faster...  
In the dark trailer behind the tents the pleasures of her are  
dealt  
Again and again the door opens and closes and the night is  
young...

In the morning light the tents come tumbling down...  
The trucks are loaded and the freaks are gathered in for the  
journey...  
The field is bare and lonely filled with tire marks and  
footprints...



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.2. GODDESS OF THE NIGHT

A musty mist consumes the dark stairs  
Downward toward the endless death  
A living morbidity wrapped in silken red  
A hushed rustle of breathless lips awaken

Deep yellow eyes pierce the darkness  
Praying on the mist on the shadows  
The very essence of existence shivers  
As hollowed hounds bay with rapture

A sweet smell of death crawls forth  
Advancing the beauty of immortality  
The goddess of the night arises...she lives  
As life is...will be for all eternity...she lives

Her iridescent skins glow in the darkness  
Her blood red lips of ravenous hunger...wetted  
Deep within this soulless queen of the night  
There is no redemption...there is no reprieve

She steps into the light of shadowed candles  
Whispering for her maidens hand  
She quickly goes to her master and leads  
Their clasped fingers chill the great hall

The grand dinning table lay before the goddess  
Feathered with the finest china and blood wines  
A low murmur heightens her awareness  
Her head twist to one side as she bares her teeth

"Fresh and young for you master"  
The goddesses glare causes the maiden pain  
As she steps toward the panting virgin  
Muffled screams titillate her senses to a boil

"Fear thee not my beauty I am your savior  
I will not mistake thee for a chance meal  
I will not take without rewards a plenty"  
"She is my gift to you my queen are you pleased"

Her fangs of hatred snap as she slaps the girl  
"Be thee ever so still and bring your gift"

On the table the virgins breast are revealed  
As she sits in front of the goddess weeping

The master rakes her fingers across the skin  
Small droplets of blood cascade down  
Trickling on to her naked thigh  
She dips her fingers in the blood and licks

In deep shadows of the thought she smiles  
Throwing her head back she laughs  
The hounds howl her echo through the night  
As the young virgin squirms in terror

The maiden kneels down by her queen  
The goddess strokes her hair and cheek  
"Leave us now" I am going to enjoy her  
The maiden stands and exits the great hall

The goddess turns her gaze to the young girl  
She whispers softly "you are beautiful"  
The virgin's eyes open wide in silent horror  
As the queen opens her mouth and bares her fangs

The young girl try's to move but is held tight  
As the goddess presses her lips to the girls breast  
She sinks her fangs into the soft supple flesh  
And feeds on the virgin blood drawing deep

The young girl swoons and tilts her head back  
The queen holds her tighter and draws deeper  
Sending the young virgin into blissful ecstasy  
The goddess moans as she drinks the life force

The young girl falls limp in the arms of her queen  
As the goddess pulls back from her breast  
She licks her lips and sighs with satisfaction  
With the hunger gone she sits blissful in her awakening

The young virgin lays silent on the table  
Her breath is shallow but evident...she is alive  
The maiden returns to retrieve the girl  
The goddess motions toward the stairs...the maiden obeys

She scoops up the limp body turning toward the mist  
Down down into the musty darkness she goes  
Step after haunting step into the darkness of ever life  
She stops and lays the body on glimmering red silk

She turns to go back up the stairs then turns back again  
She folds the virgins arms across her torso and fixes her hair  
Leaving the breast exposed she caress her skin and shivers  
She spins around and runs back up the stairs into the great hall

"My goddess she is safe in your birth of silken red  
She is not live she is not dead  
Waiting for you to take her soul"  
The goddess of the night steps from the shadows and hisses

"Bring my horse to the gate and be quick you wench  
I've a ride to commence in this midnight hour  
My hunger grows restless I must seek rebirth anew"  
The queen steps into a dark passage and emerges at the gate

"Put out all the light and secure the window drawings  
When I return I'll need not see your pitiful face"  
The goddess turns the horse down the trail  
As she approaches a bend in the road the hounds join her ride

As the dawning light breaks over the horizon  
The goddess returns riding hard...trailed by the hounds  
She rides the horse in through the front door to the great hall  
She dismounts and swiftly descends the stairs of mist

In the damp eerie darkness she stands over the virgin  
"Awake my forever love...I desire your kisses...  
I desire your breast...I desire to consume your soul"  
The virgin's arms rise reaching for her queen

The goddess of the night folds herself into the grasp  
Pressing her lips to the young breast whispering  
"I will forever need you...I will forever feed from you  
The mist thickens blocking away the light as she feeds

The stairway fades... the great hall fades...the castle fades  
As does the mountain upon which it sits in the midnight hours  
Returning to the darkness before the break of the rising sun  
Waiting for its queen to arise and roam once again

**By Richard Alan Trobridge**

**Richard Alan Trobridge Bio**

No bio through publication date.

## The Flower Garden

I lay awake staring off into the nothingness,  
The darkness of the night envelopes me in its cloak.  
Silence so deep that I can hear the beat of my own heart  
I strain all my senses to hear it again.  
There it is.  
That faint scratching sound.  
Then silence surrounds me again.  
Not even the chirping of a cricket to stir the night.  
I tell myself it is just my imagination There is nothing  
stirring in the night.  
I remember back to last night, I recall it as if it is a bad  
dream.  
But to remember last night I fear I must recall the events that  
lead up to that fateful eve.  
I don't remember exactly when the thought came to me to do what  
I had done.  
I believe it all started with the letter.  
The letter that was not meant for my eyes to see.  
It was then that I found she had a new love.  
The woman that I had pledged all my love and heart to.  
She who had given meaning to my pitiful existence of a life.  
The content of the letter is of no importance.  
Needless to say it said she loved me not.  
It must have been at that moment  
That the darkness that lives deep within all men's soul  
surfaced.  
I knew then that if she was not to be mine I was never to let  
another man claim her.  
Insane you say I am?  
That may well be. But in my insanity was born the plan.  
Night after night I lay there listening to her breathe in the  
night.  
Knowing what I must do.  
Yes what I MUST do .  
For now that thought consumed my every waking second.  
Then last night it happened.  
She was sitting in her favorite chair writing in her pad.  
A letter to her lover no doubt.  
Pledging her love to him, the love that should be all mine.  
I could take it no longer, The darkness had consumed my very  
soul.  
I slithered silently up behind her.  
I say slithered for only the demon snake could do what I was  
about to.  
I pulled the cloth over her mouth and nose tightly.

Feeling her struggle beneath my grasp.  
But it was all in vain for she was no match for my strength.  
Soon she ceased to move but I kept the cloth in place to make  
sure the deed was done.  
Her pad had fallen to the floor.  
I retrieved it to read the last words to her lover.  
It was to her lover for sure.  
But it was not pledging her love to him, no not at all.  
The words that she had wrote cut through my heart like a knife.  
Her words pledged her love to me as the only man she could or  
would ever love.  
What had I done?  
I looked upon her face.  
A look of terror forever etched there.  
What was I to do?  
The body, I had to hide the body.  
Out into the night I went, To the garden. That beautiful flower  
garden that she had planted.  
Careful not to disturb the roots of her flowers I dug, Laying  
them aside.  
I dug deeper into the black soil.  
When done I went into the house and retrieved her lifeless body.  
I lay it into the black ground.  
Carefully replacing the soil then the flowers.  
When done no man could tell the ground had been disturbed.  
You see now why I lay awake this night.  
There again I hear it, That scratching sound.  
More loudly now does it ring in my ears.  
What is that? Something is there.  
I can just make it out in the blackness of the night.  
That scratching sound again,  
No, wait, it is not scratching. It is a ripping sound I can  
hear.  
It is then I see her standing there beside my bed.  
That same look of terror etched upon her face.  
Slowly ripping the pages from her pad.  
The pages that pledged her love to me.  
The servants found my lifeless body the next morning.  
My heart had given out they say.  
But a look of horror was upon my face.  
One sheet of neatly typed paper upon my chest  
With my loves final words Pledging her love to me

**By Robert Shannon**



## **Robert Shannon Bio**

No bio through publication date.

## STRANGER IN THE CEMETERY

Beneath the Night, I awake.  
There is blood on my hands.  
I lie naked before a tombstone.  
It is not mine.  
Aching, I stand and look around.  
A meadow of headstones, clouded by Night.  
I can still see.  
Jesus, encased in stone, atop a pedestal,  
stares down at me.  
I walk away.  
His eyes close.  
I see a red rose.  
Its pedals are moist.

I gaze at the sky.  
The moon watches me,  
a giant unblinking eye.  
A haze of thin clouds passes over it.  
A bird cries out from afar.  
It is angry.  
I look at the graveyard.  
It is dark.  
I try to think how I got here.  
I can't remember.  
But I'm not hungry anymore.  
My body is cold.  
The breeze whispers, beckons.  
I accidentally step on a spider.  
I can hear her scream.  
I walk on.

In the wind,  
skeletal trees dance their lurid dance,  
taunting me.  
I listen carefully.  
I can hear the dead stirring in their coffins.  
A bird sits on a branch.  
I can hear it's beating heart.  
I walk on.

I try to remember.  
There is blood on my hands.  
It is not mine.  
I stop.  
Naked, I stand before the Night.

(she whispers to me in the wind)

I think I was hungry.  
But now I am cold.  
Again, I walk.  
A cricket chirps.  
As I draw near, it stops.  
I can taste its fear.

No one can help me.  
I think I was the last.  
I feel strange.  
I see the moisture in the grass.  
I stare out at the creeping fog.  
There are churning faces there,  
grinning,  
mocking,  
staring in silence.

There is a snake crawling beneath my flesh.  
My blood is boiling and black.  
I try to remember.  
I think I know what happened.  
I was hungry.  
Now I'm here.  
And there's blood on my hands.  
And it is not my own.  
The trees are watching me.  
The air shudders.  
I wonder when I can go home.

Afraid, I tremble.  
I think I remember now.  
(I don't want to)  
It hurts.  
It won't stop.  
Because I can remember now.

I can't go home.  
I shed a tear because I know.  
Tomorrow is the last day of Eternity.  
My mind is dissolving.  
They watch me now.

There is blood on my hands because I was hungry.

**By S. Wingo**

## **S. Wingo Bio**

S. Wingo

Web page: <http://www.lulu.com/nomad>

I've been writing poetry and lyrics for about ten years now. My first book of poetry, *The Nomadic Verses* is available on Lulu.com

## THE DOOM OF LOST KADESH

A tundral wind rips snow from glacial skies  
To blanket lost Kadesh's crumbling walls.  
Beyond the city, lakes of snow and ice  
O'ertake the gates and flood the temple halls.  
In frozen slumber, dreadful Caskull lies.

Encased in ice, reflecting moonlit beams  
From ancient idols, gods of ages lost,  
The silent city yields to arctic streams,  
And seals its dead in unforgiving frost.  
Forgotten tombs, where sleeping Caskull dreams.

In frozen, slumb'ring death, the Old One hates  
In lightless depths beneath the arctic veldt.  
When drifting glaciers burst the shuttered gates  
Of lost Kadesh, the world begins to melt.  
Beneath cracked ice, restless Caskull waits.

**By Winston Crutchfield**

ALHAZRED

Evil deeds, altar bleeds,  
Servant to unholy needs.  
Venomed darts, lightless arts,  
Knowledge black the spell imparts.  
Blasted skies, empty eyes,  
Old One's temple dormant lies.  
Burning lands, desert sands,  
Arab's spell the dead commands.  
Adites march, living parch,  
Dying, yield the sacred arch.  
Temple's heart, rituals start,  
Frozen city's counterpart.  
Stars aligned, slaughtered hind,  
Arab touches Old One's mind.  
Icy cage, glacial rage,  
Bloody words upon the page.  
Spells enmesh, Arab's flesh  
Binds the book of lost Kadesh.

**By Winston Crutchfield**

## NECRONOMICON

Behold the cover, bound in skin,  
In words of blood, in ashes shook,  
Bejeweled, bespelled; be damned within  
Who reads the pages of the book.

Immortals bound in ages old  
Surround the souls the magic took;  
The words when spoken, searing cold,  
Ensorcelled spirits of the book.

Its sulfurous flames consume the soul,  
Engulf the body, pierce and hook  
The mortal essence, given whole  
To dark temptations of the book.

Forbidden secrets, knowledge rare,  
Your soul the price that grants a look,  
For only fools and demons dare  
To wrest the power from the book.

**By Winston Crutchfield**

## VERITAS QUAERITO

These broken visions drive me to the truth  
Of folklore, dreams that all men share.  
I hear a rumor speak of ancient myth,  
Of knowledge lost before the written word,  
Of buried cities, Arab magic, death.  
A cautionary tale, I am sure.  
I find the Hittite ruins of Kadesh.

A crumbling archway looms amidst the sands  
Above. A temple's altar stone  
Conceals inside the truth of mythic lands,  
A leather book enshrined in bone.  
The pages sear my eyes and freeze my hands,  
I speak a tongue no man has known.

Spirit screams, piercing dreams,  
Ancient visage madness teems.  
Glaciers thaw, natural law  
Shatters ice to Old One's maw.  
Senses numb, Caskull comes.

**By Winston Crutchfield**



## **Winston Crutchfield Bio**

Winston approaches poetry as the ultimate word puzzle. He is a hands-on techie who enjoys playing with his children and finding adventure, grand or quaint, in his own little corner of southern Indiana. Winston and a group of like-minded writers share ideas and a sci-fi setting in a universe of cosmic adventure. You can check it out at

<http://members.aol.com/mindspike/stars/index.htm>

## A voice

enters my mind telling me to kill myself.  
I look around and see the Grim Reaper  
standing before me. His crimson eyes  
shine with sinister desire.  
I look at his skeletal face  
and say, "No, I'll die a natural death."  
He approaches with his scythe.  
The voice again enters my brain  
kill yourself, so I can have your  
soul. "No, my soul is mine;  
go wash with the blood of faith  
and be gone." He vanishes  
like a whisper, and I stay alive.

**By Larry Sells**

## Hells-keep

Darkness and thoughts  
of self-destruction reign  
in this world. They twist  
like a tornado picking  
up the good things  
of life removing them  
from grasp. Stirring up bad  
feelings of guilt and hopelessness.  
Despair remains and shields  
the light I need. I  
live here with no hope  
for recovery or seeing the light.

**By Larry Sells**

## Long Night

Tranquilizers didn't help  
nor normal medication  
couldn't light my way  
through the darkness.  
At times, I seem to take  
one shuffle forward  
and slide back in the darkness.

My medication, hope, faith  
are my beacons in my dark world.  
They guide me through the tough  
and dark times. When they  
don't work, it is one  
long night in Hells-keep.

**By Larry Sells**

## Larry Sells Bio

Larry Sells edits Freaky Frights, <http://www.freakyfrights.net>. He also edited Sells Publications' anthologies; Freaky Frights and Enter the Realm, which is due out in October. His latest book is Vampire Nights. All of his books can be purchased at <http://www.geocities.com/nightwriter60.com>.

## **Jennifer Stires Bio**

Jennifer does freelance graphic design and writes.

Her store is [www.lulu.com/JStires](http://www.lulu.com/JStires).