

Eight Feet Tall

Sneaking down these dim lit halls,
He was coming, eight feet tall.
I creep around so silently,
Knowing it may end violently.

I hide inside the dining room,
Hoping it's all over soon,
But he bangs on the door relentlessly,
And I am breathing heavily.

Then it stops, not a single sound,
I open the door and look around.

I walk back through these dim lit halls,
Chased by no man eight feet tall.
I thought I was finally safe and sound,
Until the roof came crashing down.

By Eve Penkert