

FEAR

I am not afraid I tell myself
A dozen times or more,
I am not afraid, I say
As I creep towards the door.

Outside the room I stand there
Trying to calm my brain,
Then I grab my son's old cricket bat
And enter the room again.

There is nothing here that I can see
And I mutter a heartfelt curse,
A spider on your bed is bad
But finding it gone is worse.