

Fear



I wake up in my cold bed staring at the ceiling above me. Yes, nothing has changed since the first time we met. The same drip of sadness comes from the above, like a cry for help from the building itself. I look outside my window to see laughter and joy and sunshine. All those happy kids, not a care in the world. Not one single child had fear close to their hearts. That's why I'm locked against these bars. I unleash the worst nightmares when I am in sight. I breathe down their necks, without them noticing I'm there. I am feared by all across the land. I tear down your pride and leave you scarred. My victims need me, yet fear me.

As the clock strikes midnight, in the dead of night my mission starts when your day ends. The girl in the window stares out into the vast black sky, scared for her future. Her light is the only one that is still shining bright. Her mind is ticking as quick as she can, so fast in fact her senses of time are nowhere to be found. But there is only so fast one's brain can work. Tears slowly drop down on her face and land on her assignment. By the time she realizes her slumber is due, her whole page is wet. Scared.

Meanwhile, on the beach in California, she hides away from the sun, laying on the deck chairs. Her sunglasses hide the insecurities in her eyes, what she thinks about her body, how it might drown if she enters the water. Her friends persuade her to come in, but she refuses. She lies, she says she will come later, but that later never arrives. She hides behind those sunglasses, her true self too scared to admit what she really thinks of the vast blue. Afraid

The boy sits behind his desk and stares out into space as he hears his teacher's speech turn into mush. His ears are fully capable of listening to this new language, he understands yet chooses not to listen. His mind is focused on the conversation outside, his friends playing soccer outside and chatting about the party next week, yet he has learning to be done. "Hey, are you excited about that party next week?" one asked. His friend replied, "Yeh, of course I am. Do you think Jake will come?" He breathes and listens closely. His name was mentioned. He looks for an answer but it is not spoken of again. His heart drops as he hears the fun he was not part of. He doesn't understand the language they speak, one where ignoring is acceptable. He silently weeps. Anxious

The last girl however lies on her deathbed, barely moving, as still as a statue. She smiles at the people around her, though everyone is weeping. Crying. Emotions filled the air. The beeping is at a constant rate. Beep. She takes a deep breath. Beep. Her daughter squeezes her hand. Beep. Her granddaughter, confused, looks around the room. "Sweetheart," the grandma paused and smiled, "Everything is okay." She smiles a watery smile to her family. Beep. Beep. The vital sign monitor slows down, so slow that there is no noise anymore. All is silent. Her daughter can't handle it anymore and breaks down. Her tears flood the room. Her mother had a fear, the fear of being alone. Yet the wise one understood that she needed me, as much she wanted to push me away, I am important.

I return to my cave, where the drip still falls, an emotional wreck of what I call home. I lay flat on my back, relieved at completing my jobs for the day. The bars outside of me are quiet, not a sound to be heard. I finished lurking in the corners of your mind, haunting the corners of your soul. Tomorrow I will continue the way that life has always been, chilling your spin and placing my cold hand against your heart. I will distort reality and magnify your insecurities. I am important. I am fear.