

PARANOIA

What was that? I just heard something.
I jump out of bed, scared. Something's wrong.
I'm heading to the kitchen,
and I see all these portraits in the corridor,
all those dead eyes staring at you,
like they are part of the background,
but they are hunting, like a shark,
in the shadows, waiting for the perfect moment,
and then.... You're done, they got you.
I get to the kitchen as fast as I can,
looking at the floor, breathing faster and faster,
I grab a knife to protect myself.
Suddenly, I hear another noise,
I think it's coming from the entrance hall.
My heart is beating rapidly and strongly,
my forehead sweating,
and time stops, I feel like I'm trapped,
slowly falling into the claws of death.
I hear nothing but myself breathing,
I hide under a chair hoping to be unnoticed, isolated, safe.
A dark figure enters the kitchen.
It has seen me, it's getting closer,

so I get out of my hiding place and start walking backwards,
yelling at this blurry human shaped shadow,
and I fall to the floor, but I keep going backwards, I hit the wall,
there's nowhere to run now.

I hold the knife in my trembling hands while I scream:

“Pl... please, get out of my house, please!!

I have nothing, please, I beg you!

Ge...get out... get out.. get out....”

I just shout, cry... I break down.

For a moment, all hope is lost, I freeze,

but then, I start seeing a bit clearer,

That silhouette starts clearing up,

and I see the desperate look of my brother,

with his arms up, tears running down his face.

My breathing goes back to the background,

and I hear how his voice breaks:

“it’s okay, it’s okay... it’s me kiddo...”, and I say,

“I’m sorry, I’m so so sorry...”

I hug him “shhh you’re safe, it okay... shhhh shhh...”

I calm down, in the warmth of his chest against mine,
in the affection bond that acts as a reassurance of my safety,
and I fall asleep in his arms.

I wake up.

I'm lying in my bed facing the ceiling,
looking at what feels like solid ground,
like a betrayal to the laws of gravity.

A ceiling that wants to swallow me,
an iced mirror that reflects me perfectly,
in which fiercely runs blood beneath,
and heartless demons whisper to let go,
and for the fraction of an endless second,
I actually believe I'm falling to the ceiling,
into the thin layer that protects me,
protects me from the darkness,
protects me from the thirsty river,
protects me from death.

Like dust can turn into a weapon,
like evil will get me eventually,
when I accidentally close my eyes,
because I'm just too tired, from waiting,
vigilant for a hazard,
so my red eyes stay open,
never close, never sleep, always alert.