

Alone in the Woods

Inspired by digital artwork by James & Mackenzie McAnear

Sharp and rough
your bark scratches my skin raw.
Blood paints your face a murderer.

Spine-chilling and bloodcurdling
you feed off of my fears and pains.
Barging into my mind like an uninvited guest
and picking at the remnants of meat on the bone.
Rejoicing when another surge of stress comes along.
In my darkest hours you use my pain and sorrow
against me to batter me down.

Living with you is running in the woods at night
with no stars or moon to guide me.
I can't tell up from down,
left from right
right from wrong.

So I just let you be,
a tree with a tortured face.
Your face is seared in my mind as you mark my skin as yours.
If I only knew
All I had to do was turn on the light
then you'd be gone forever.

