

Startled

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He has been down the block
maybe even in another neighborhood
or an adjoining town.

I know he has been tracking us
keeping up with our movements
not a spy or even an enemy exactly
but my fear says he's close.
The other day when I fell
and thought I heard him whispering.

But I got up, am still walking.
Cooked spaghetti and meat sauce last night
cleaned the dishes
spoke to my beloved
kissed her before she went to bed.

Yet here I am typing before daybreak
barely half of my needed sleep.
I thought I heard his weight making the floors creak.
Is he in the house
or just my imagining?
His ambience hangs on me like stink.

The near approach of death is startling.

Written 7-14-22



[Image Credit](#)