

Cold Nightmare

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This is my recurring nightmare

1. Cold Nightmare

In the silence of my recurring nightmare,
I watch her run
Laughing,
With open arms.
As quickly as she starts
She stops in silence
And falls.
I run to catch her
Only to fail,
And see a shadow,
Where she once stood.
The shadow
Round and glassy,
A deep belly laugh,
And an echoing Oh yea!!!
Kool-aid man,
Laughing at my pain,
Condensating on my face,
Changing from fruit punch
To lime.
Why have you forsaken me you fruity beverage?
What do you want from me?
He doesnt speak.
He just kicks me in the face.