Lady Lampshade

Lady Lampshade appears as I open my eyes, though slow.

Who is she? I do not know.

Only a vague memory as hazy as a misty day remains.

A child... lost, hers perhaps? but the brain begins to strain.

She stares. Does she approach? No— Only stands and stares;

Her eyes not visible beneath the lampshade she wears;

But the sensation, that eerie sensation of being her full focus...

Unable to move, I feel hopeless.

From where did she come?

Her pale visage makes me numb;

I am frozen in my terror

By the glare of the lampshade wearer.

How did she appear here?

The door is locked, not a sound did I hear,
Not even a rustle of her white dress.

A nightdress?...but no; that doesn't make sense.

At last! A sound! But from where?

Was it me or someone out there?

But the question no longer matters,

One blink and I awaken; though I still feel her gaze like daggers.

Though over, the experience clings to my skin

Because the Lampshade lady has taught sleep to elude me in that thin twin.