

# 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.*