

The Haunting

I remember my worst nightmare
That a ghost ate my parents. I stumbled
To their bedroom and awoke them in a hurry,
Trying to protect them from the ghost that was so close to come.
My mom turned over in her sleep, mumbling words
that stuck to me like the sweat-stained shirt.

“How can you be afraid of what you do not know?”

I remember the worst food I tasted.
The moment I tried the horrible concoction
Made in a game of truth or dare, I reflected
On some bad decisions I had made,
And agreeing to try a mixture of every
Condiment in my fridge was by far the worst one.
Some things are better left off as terrible ideas.

You asked me how I wasn't afraid,
How I wasn't afraid that I had a possibility of going to hell
But how can you be afraid of what you do not know?