

Hidden Fear

I search for you,
but like a thief, you elude me.
I wonder when you'll appear
and start killing.

Sometimes I feel you lurking,
slithering down my spine,
clouding my mind.
But when I try to face you,
you vanish like a ghost.

What are you?
Why hide where I can't reach?
I want to know you, breathe you in.
But maybe ignorance is bliss.

I know you exist -
buried deep in my soul,
a shadow I won't lose.
But for now,
you are a question I can't solve:
What do I fear?