

The Kitchen

The kitchen is a jungle
Where savage beasts live
In the shadows of the cupboard
And the dark of the fridge.

Spaghetti winds and curls and snakes
Across the jungle floor,
The hungry kettles screeches
The mighty oven roars.

The potatoes are watching you
With half-closed earthy eyes,
Onions bare their vicious fangs
And scream their high-pitched cries.

You're a hunter in this jungle,
And you're following the track,
Of the rarest of its creatures,
The fearsome fresh cream cake.

The Bathroom

The bathroom's a cold cave
Of sparkling, shivery ice
And shiny stalactites
That drip drip drip drip.

And misty walls where
You see the ghost of your face,
And smooth crystal floors
That slip slip slip slip

Beneath your feet
And you fall
Down the cavernous hole
Where water rushes

To the bottom of the world,
And all that remains
Is the echo of your voice –
Help help help help

Room at the Top of the Stairs

There's a room in our house
That will give you the scares.
It's behind the door
At the top of the stairs.

Three steps up
And they creak: "Beware!"
As you climb to the door
At the top of the stairs.

Stand and listen.
Something's shuffling in there,
Behind the door
At the top of the stairs.

Turn the handle,
Go in if you dare
To the dark of the room.
At the top of the stairs.

There are dusty boxes
And broken tatty chairs
In the room
At the top of the stairs.

A cobwebby window
Like an eye that stares
And blinks, in the room
At the top of the stairs.

Scuttling legs
All covered with hairs
Tap and scratch in the room
At the top of the stairs.

What's that shadow that shifts?
It's the shape of your fears
In the gloom
Of the room at the top of the stairs.

But it's only a room after all
So who cares
If the door won't open
At the top of the stairs?

And you cry:“Let me out!”
And you yell and you shout,
And you beat on the door
And you stamp on the floor,
But nobody hears
And you're stuck there for years -
Best keep out
Of the room at the top of the stairs.

Copyright David Calcutt 2010