Guilt

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I am flinching at shadows.
They chitter and rustle in their corners.
Hidden just out of eyesight.
Deriding.
Demanding.
Questioning.
I avert my eyes from these shadows but they grow solid.
Taking shape.
Wrapping themselves around my ankles like vines.
They grasp and grow tighter.
They are draining me.
Tendrils emerge, plunging into my skin to feed...
Blood trickles down forming pools at my feet.
These pools form mirrors.
And within, I see your face.
But the reflection is alive.
Your mouth forming words, your eyes throwing questions.
Pleading.
Protesting.
Accusing.

Jill Tripp