

Nyctophobia

The dark, too, I am afraid of, it seems,
as well as earthquakes and spiders and strangers and heights—
'Close your eyes, or they'll be in your dreams.'

They say doubt calls for doubt, and fear breeds
fear—the more it is the more it multiplies;
the dark, too, I am now afraid of, it seems.

As a child, I'd wonder at the rustle of trees
at night. 'Mummy, can't sleep! Mummy I've tried!'—
'Close your eyes and soon there'll be dreams.'

'No monster's idle enough to lurk beneath
your bed, hoping for a little bite!
Yet it is the dark I'm afraid of, it seems.
'Close your eyes, or it'll enter your dreams.'