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Nightmare(s)

Jittery glimpse ushers in the usual:
teen-age courtship, holding hands,
the whole bit. I can't make out
my steady, but I know why I'm here,
tossed a snack for false comfort.
Naïve yes precludes dark maybe.

I have to get away from him, get away
from him, get away from him, I crawl
into the crevice, it gets smaller,
it gets smaller, I can't go any
further, I am trapped, he is after me,
he is after me, I have to get away from him –

I can never really see him,
but I know who he is.
Giving hints in a black flash,
he stands frozen, pure granite.
He will wait for me like that for years.
Then I'll finally relax, a moment after
I've seen his face for the first time.

The bed collapses, the door opens up,
and I'm falling, caroming down the chute
to the bottom of the ocean, where
I'll be trapped with no air, pressure
pounding, each time deeper, each time
darker, waking up I cling to the side,
try to sleep on the edge of the mattress.

Now I rest in the sick calm, monotonous
relief returning. I convince myself
none of it was real, not even
the phantom fumes that linger.
Soon I will awaken to prepare
for a cubicle workday. I will long
to go back to terror with feeling.