

Neighbours

My ten selves, keeping dialogue. Symphonic attributes,
break beats and all. Cast thy spell. I'm here.

The oven had been set to 225C, the potatoes already cooked up for a bit.
Not overly cooked, but still having been boiled for some time they were put inside.
Minutes are to be waited - so we wait. Classical training, purely painted.
The neighbor swept by, a crowbar in his hand. 'You've stolen my planks!'.

He was alone. 'I was out in the woods with my friend', he said, and pointed at nothing and no one.
I wasn't there, but I'm not sure he was either.
He looked angrily at my friend instead, pointed his crowbar at him and swung. Only to make a point, he
didn't hit. 'If you want
to, you can have any planks you want from our supply', my friend said.
'NO! I just want MY planks', the old man snapped, going down several half notes with his already low
pitched voice. Without further notice, he rushed off to the hut and started
wrecking it, ripping and tearing planks as he saw fit. 'Help yourself to the planks', I thought and let him.
'They're only planks'.

The potatoes had been inside for a while, are they ready perhaps? Peeping, I opened the oven door; hot air
greeted me, as I dove my nose into it and took a deep whiff, my eyes scurrying across the plate, searching.
Indeed, ready they are. The feeling of the room suddenly changed - utter terror had struck. Why? A figurine
was standing in the window, a snow man with electric candles behind him. Eerie alien music seemed to fill
the room, and colours never before seen was cast by the candlestick. A mix between purple, silver, gold,
orange, brown, dark red, black, mercury, indigo and others. The feeling is indescribable.

In ultra-rapid, the snow man starts floating towards me. With every minute that passes he becomes bigger
and bigger. The room is getting darker around me, the music louder, and the colours grow in size and starts
caressing the walls, slithering like snakes. The walls seems to be bending inwards as he floats towards me,
sweat running wild on my back.
Sounds like the sounds of damnation, of death inside dreams, cold and descending on the room.
The master is calling the name, the snow man floats on and about.

I'm paralyzed.

A surge, all my powers drained. Inherently incapable of surviving, a tale yet untold.
Meek and weak, as the room fades. The last thing I see is the snow man right before me, as tall as the wall.

The potatoes are out - perfectly cooked. Not mushy, but not too hard. With planks in his hands the lonesome
neighbour left, said he was going home. Would he be able to?

A hole in the wall tells the tale. The snow man is only standing in the window, and the light and sounds are normal. My arms ache like when they've exceeded their own muscles capabilities.

A chair beneath the hole, partly broken.

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