

Alien

By Robin B Lipinski

Odors permeate the barrier of foul.
Skin cold and clammy, covered with hair.
Look at their grin, dripping with water.

Where did they come from?
Where will they go?
Why don't I know the answer?

Wait! There is movement; I have engaged its stare.
Is that a smile?
What does that mean?

Is it scratching?
What is it doing with its teeth?
So many questions, I can't be the only one that sees'.

Stretching out its appendages, spreading them wide.
Is it yawning or talking, what does it say?
Reality is real, as is the mirror, thank goodness for morning.
It is only me staring, and what I see makes me scared.

The End