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opening extract from

Scary Poems to make you Shiver

written by

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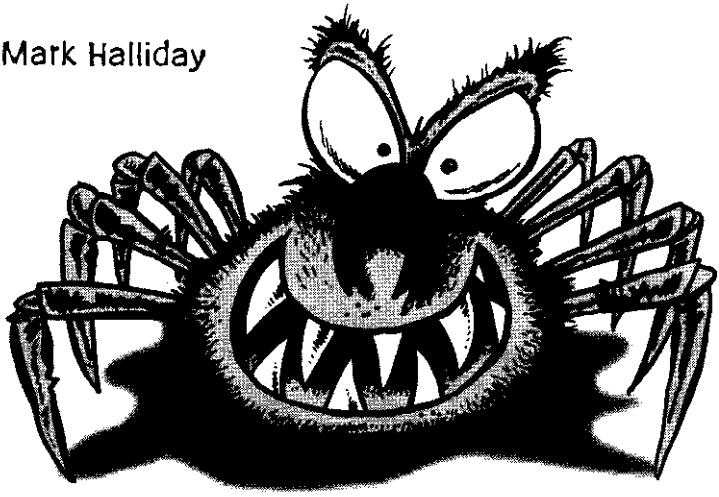
please print off and read at your leisure.

The Cupboard Under the Sink

In the dark, dripping depths
of the cupboard under the sink,
school spiders stalk.
Their eyes glint and stare.
Cricked, thick legs stick
through cracks in the door.
They don't spin webs. No.
Flies are too small and
wings flicker and tickle
in the back of their throats.
They want children,
to wrap in their strong bristled limbs,
to pull onto the piles of painting palettes,
to feed on in the darkness.
Yes, the spiders are hungry
and they want children.
They want children.

THEY WANT YOU!

Mark Halliday



Don't Panic

That beating at my bedroom pane:
It's only wind and driving rain.
Relax.

That monstrous shadow leaning in,
Wearing an evil twisted grin:
It's just the ivy plant, that's all,
Bobbing and tossing on the wall.
Don't panic.

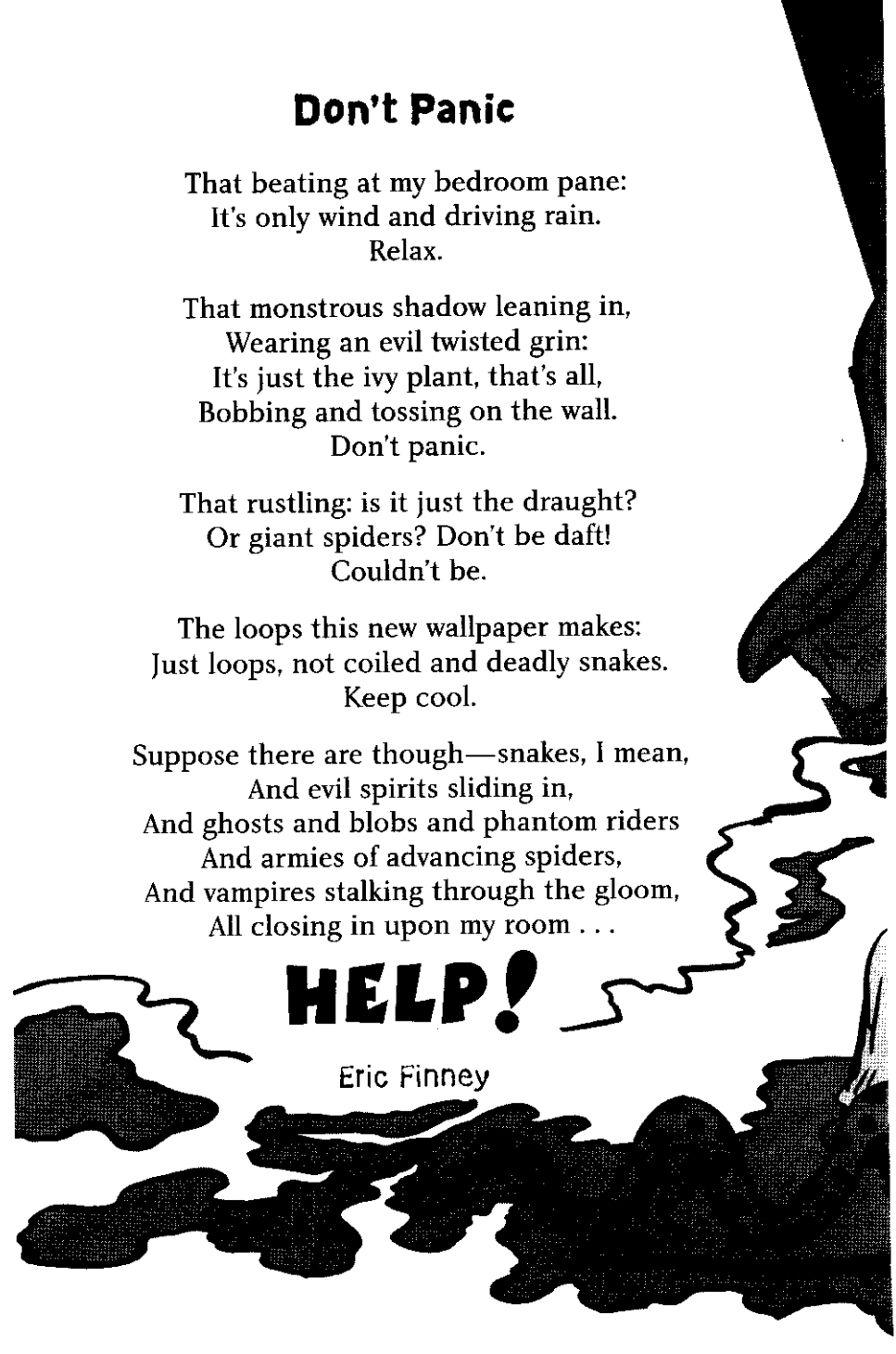
That rustling: is it just the draught?
Or giant spiders? Don't be daft!
Couldn't be.

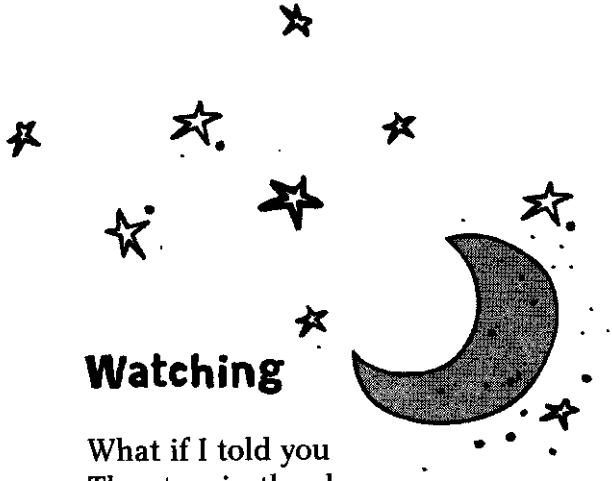
The loops this new wallpaper makes:
Just loops, not coiled and deadly snakes.
Keep cool.

Suppose there are though—snakes, I mean,
And evil spirits sliding in,
And ghosts and blobs and phantom riders
And armies of advancing spiders,
And vampires stalking through the gloom,
All closing in upon my room . . .

HELP!

Eric Finney





Watching

What if I told you
The stars in the sky
Were not really stars at all

But eyes

Winking blinking
And spying on you
Watching your every move

Try and imagine it

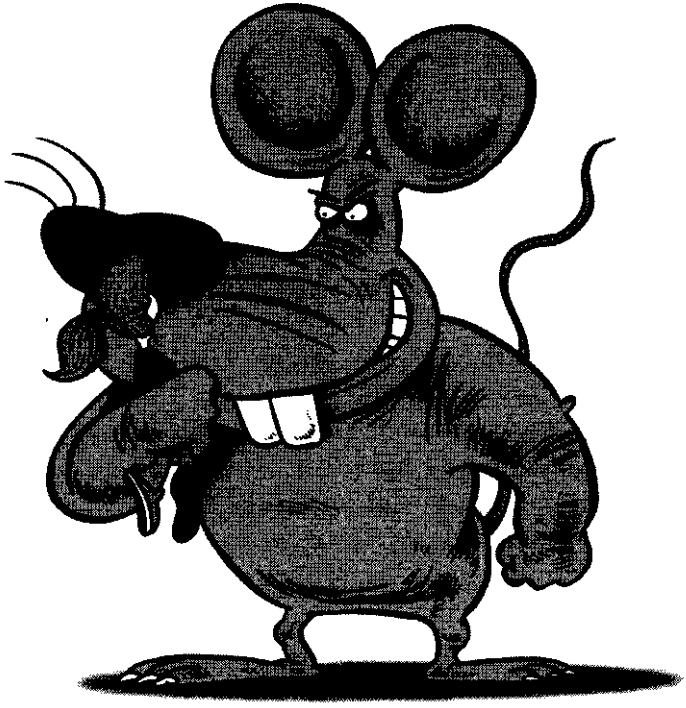
Now try to fall asleep
On a clear night
If you can.

Andrea Shavick

When the Moon Went Mad . . .

Something scrapes on my door
There's blood on the floor
A tall shadow shivers
And gives me the quivers
I pull my nose under my duvet tonight
I turn to the wall and shut my eyes tight
The moon swims up to my window and grins
When I turn back to look, it gatecrashes in
Its horrible grin has turned to a howl
Wolves in the street are out on the prowl
My door is torn open, a wind chills my spine
Seaweeds are floating, the blood looks like wine
In the greenish moonshine
The wolves dance and whine
The seaweeds spin round
As I feel myself drown
Unable to scream
And wake from this dream.

Bashabi Fraser



A Better Mousetrap

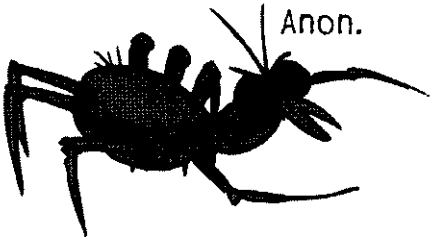
If you build a better mousetrap
And put it in your house,
Before long, Mother Nature's
Going to build a better mouse.

Anon.

Roses Are Red

Roses are red,
Spiders are black,
Don't look now
But there's one on your back!

Anon.



A Night I Had Trouble Falling Asleep

I stayed over at Eliot's house.
'I've lost my pet,' he said.
'So please wake me up in the middle of the night
If you find a big snake in your bed.'

Jeff Moss

A Fear

I waited for you all the time,
  but you never came.
I don't think you ever had such
  a firm shape before.
Or perhaps it was just that I
  only realized it that day under the bed,
waiting for you to crawl out,
  and remembering your pipe-cleaner legs
in the poem Merle Kobatake
  wrote about you
in the toe of her shoe.

I watched on the concrete pavement
  outside my flat in Waikiki.
I listened to the story of how
  you once crouched
on a man's back, in a kimono,
  up the valley in Manoa.
But you never came.
  I remember the book
with your picture in it
  the boys had in Kaneohe,
a bit dog-eared, and as if borrowed.

But it was you all right,
  there as in the film
when Sean Connery woke up
  naked from his bath with
you on his shoulder.
  It must be the shoulder
for me that the vulnerable place
  is in, where I feel
the prickly, gooseflesh horror
  and turn, anguished, striking,
finding you even bigger than I expected.

George MacBeth

