

FEAR AMONG US

with IN THESE GRAYISH WALLS
ARE INMATES FROM AFAR
A TWITCH AND TURN
AS BED BUGS WORK DEEP
WITHIN OUR SKIN

TIME A SUDDEN SHRILL
A LAUGH QUICKLY FORGOTTEN
FOR WE'RE IN A JUNGLE
OF ANGRY MEN

AT SUNRISE FEAR CONTINUES
ALONG THESE WALLS
PERHAPS THERE IS NO PEACE
EXCEPT AT THE END OF A KNIFE

-James Collins