

I awake

mind boggled from the drugs that slithered into my drink
mouth muffled from the duct tape spread tight to my cheeks
my eyes trace around the foggy dark room,
in a frenzy
they twist and turn
wrists locked down,
to this rotting oak plank
that smells of seaweed and fresh blood
I can taste the mold seeping of this dead oak
as it travels through the duct tape

Footsteps from above pace anxiously back and forth
like a business man pondering his next move,
fearing this man means business
I tug and yank,
and jerk and squirm
in hopes of breaking free
as the oak plank moans and squeals

finally...
I break free...
This was all part of his plan...

I crawl like an old hag across the dampened concrete
step
by
step
by
step
up the staircase I creep
just as I'm halfway up the staircase

the doors opens...

it opens so nonchalantly...

the hair standing up on the back of my neck
grew a little longer

a towering figure rises before me

step

by

step

by

step

until we are at eye level

breath so hot and horrid

it would have made a stray dog cringe

good morning honey he whispers in my ear...

that sick bastard...

what a terrible first date...