

## Load Up!<sup>1</sup>

Now see! The things that go bump in the night.  
When our eyes close, it amplifies our fear;  
The day is not as telling as the light.

Our other senses can't be proved as right.  
Who trusts the nose? The tongue? The skin? The ear?  
See the things that go bump in the night.

That's why the eyes can never be too bright  
For they are how we see things lurking there.  
Thus, day is not as telling as the light.

Though ecstasy will whisk us high in flight,  
It drops us limp upon the topmost stair  
In fear of things that go bump in the night.

When things we want are on high shelves, it's sight  
That makes our yearning bitter through the air,  
So day is not as telling as the light.

Though opened eyes can make us fear the height  
Out on a ledge, we see how ends are near;  
And all the things that go bump in the night –  
Or day! – are not as telling as the light.

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<sup>1</sup> This villanelle uses the end words alternately from "Do Not Go Gentle" (Dylan Thomas) and "The Waking" (Theodore Roethke).