

The hunted

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Walking in hearing water running She's waiting for me Showering Slowly, quietly I go Up the stairs
she waits for me Not knowing I am on the prowl She is my prey just waiting for me to catch her.
Vulnerable she is waiting not knowing just yet Door knob slowly turns door creeks Soft noises escape
from her She tenses Not knowing what is waiting what is creeping up on her Slowly wait just watching
her She stops listens Does she hear me can she sense me? Yes She knows I am coming the hunter
After his prey Still she waits not knowing what is to come.....