

# Fear

By Walter de la Mare

I know where lurk  
The eyes of Fear;  
I, I alone,  
Where shadowy-clear,  
Watching for me,  
Lurks Fear.

'Tis ever still  
And dark, despite  
All singing and  
All candlelight,  
'Tis ever cold,  
And night.

He touches me;  
Says quietly,  
"Stir not, nor whisper,  
I am nigh;  
Walk noiseless on,  
I am by!"

He drives me  
As a dog a sheep;  
Like a cold stone  
I cannot weep.  
He lifts me  
Hot from sleep

In marble hands  
To where on high  
The jewelled horror  
Of his eye  
Dares me to struggle  
Or cry.

No breast wherein  
To chase away  
That watchful shape!  
Vain, vain to say  
"Haunt not with night  
The Day!"