

If you want to see these being performed, you can catch me reading them on YouTube:

<https://www.youtube.com/user/WriterAJNoon>

There is a nice easy link for you though on:

www.ajnoon.com

Thank you to the various films (American Werewolf in London, Ghostbusters, every late night Hammer film) for corrupting my view on life.

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Halloween 2015



Rhymes to Tickle Your Horror Buds

by

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#1

When you're walking down the High Street, and you think you're on your own,

Then out from one of the alleyways you hear a stifled moan,

You stop, you turn, you pause a sec, and then you take a peek,

There in the gloom you see a shape, a shambling physique.

Its steps are small, its arms outstretched, it's heading straight for you,

And as it's getting closer, you can only say, "Oh...Shoo!"

But it ignores your feeble protest, there's just drool in reply,

It's got you in its sights now, you're a walking brain supply.

So your life is in your own hands, do you run or do you hide?

And is this one a local lad, or have they spread worldwide?

But while you've been deciding, it's been gaining ground on you,

Its eyes are black, its skin quite green, and the smell, it's awful, phew!

You take a small step backwards, then one more, and then another,

And you realise you've made some space, you've opened up a buffer.

Of course! You fool, you didn't recall, the way to beat a Zombie,

Just walk away, at quite a fast pace, they really are quite tardy!

#6

It hits me with a powerful blast, I stand there trapped in steam,

It's all I can do to suffer it, and bite down on a scream,

Then it changes from hot to cold, and I step back to the wall,

I'm trapped in this box, just four feet wide, to face its mighty squall.

Foamy liquid drips down my face, it catches in my eye,

Tingling pain across my flesh, no part of me is dry.

The water changes yet again, I swear at the awful cold,

The beast I face is in a rage, its attacks uncontrolled.

Its sinewy neck writhes one last time, steel and plastic skin.

Then it slumps, its evil done, is it haunted or is it Djinn?

I claw the residue from my hair, and break out of my cell,

Another morning I've survived, the hotel shower from Hell!



#3

There is a favourite pub of mine, it's called The Slaughtered Lamb,
It's not the usual place to go if you just want a dram,
The locals aren't too friendly, in fact they're downright queer,
A superstitious bunch of folks, who seem to live in fear.

For just outside that little pub, there spreads an ancient moor,
And on it dwells a certain beast, living off wild boar.
But humans are its favourite food, it likes to chase and hunt,
With claws and teeth, and hunger pangs, not one to confront.

So when they throw you out of the pub and say "Stay off the moors!"
Remember if it wasn't for beer you'd be tucked up safe indoors,
Instead of roaming through the bracken, a mist closing in,
The full moon somewhere overhead and nettles on your shin.

And as you crash through undergrowth, with howling close behind,
Knowing if it catches you, your stomach it'll unwind,
Your life and cash you could have saved by going to the offie,
Or better yet stay off the beer and stick to strong black coffee.

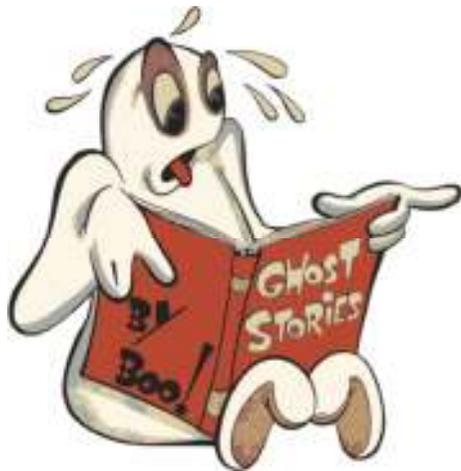
#4

I am bereft, my status robbed, I feel I've been replaced,
I'm not the flavour of the month, I'm not a popular taste,
Once I was the king of flesh, devouring all I found,
I can even shift my shape, to a hyena or a hound.
But now I've been forgotten about, zombies rule the roost,
Your love of dreadful creatures has been wrongfully seduced,
I am still here, I still rob graves, I like to eat young people,
For ferocity and taste for flesh, Zombies aren't my equal.
So I'll stay here, down by the graves, 'til Zombies lose their cool,
And then I'll rise and feed once more, and remind you I'm a Ghoul!



#5

I am a very happy chap, I flit from tray to tray,
In and out of food I dive, I just love a cream buffet.
My home has always been hotels, though once I had a break,
Totally enforced on me, it was all a big mistake.
I accidentally scared someone, an old night watchman here,
He did not like my cute green face, he fled from me in fear.
So they called a bunch of guys, inept to say the least,
They caught me in a little trap, I was lured in by a feast.
And back at their headquarters, I became an internee,
But a prissy city asswipe, cut the power, let me free.
Out I flew into the night, once more to be a diner,
I'm a greedy ghost you know, my friends call me Slimer!



#2

If I were a vampire, I'd have problems with my life,
For I couldn't open any veins, even with a knife.
I'm not a vegetarian, I have no qualms with meat,
Even if I do believe that sheep are rather sweet.
I love to eat raw garlic, and I'll sunbathe in a trice,
And even though they're very cold, churches are quite nice.
I have no fear of flying, so the bat form would be great,
A bit of freedom, late at night, and such a loss in weight!
No, my problem as a vampire, if I ever should be bit,
Is actually embarrassing, but here I must admit,
That if I see one little drop, my heart begins to thud,
I have haemophobia, I can't stand the sight of blood.

