A soothing surge of tranquillity pulsing through us,

We lent back into the security of our plush chairs,

 Warmth and protection being obtained

From the roaring fire beside us, guarded, secure, safe.

Pleasantness providing an impenetrable defence from the unpredictable

 dangers outside.

 Tonight we heard a call,

A hazardous spike piercing through us,

 Voices of ice-cold venom sneering,

A perilous, spitting bundle of erupting rage,

 Jolting and jerking like a spluttering engine.

 Was it a feeling, a sharp chill running up our spines?

An absconding wave of despondency, suddenly coming over us,

 Trapping us in its hostile jaws,

 Pleading it to let us go,

 But it never really did.

 Captured in a mesmerising trance,

 Being pulled towards the door,

 The door of opportunity,

 We must go

 We must go

 We must go

 on…