I See Monsters

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Class of 2009

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Keywords
creative writing, poetry

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This poetry is available in The Mercury: http://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2007/iss1/24
I See Monsters

Never once did I doubt the midnight child, crying, “I see monsters!”
From the depths of my heart to where my ribs part, similarly I see monsters.

Saw them in the nipping night wind and the caramel cornfields of autumn.
It’s in steaming black skies and bitter blueberry lies that, cautiously, I see monsters.

The preacher told me, “All beasts are the world’s sins reflected in code.”
“In the dim of the night pounce upon ‘em with light!” Yet incurably, I see monsters.

I’ve done my best to shake myself of monsters that I cannot see.
But in my spine they sleep; in my bones they creep and clinically, I see monsters.

I blamed my home and the one I loved, blazed him like a witch at the stake.
Bought a house in Buffalo, went from sunlight to snow. Consistently, I see monsters.

When your life’s a nightmare it’s scribbled in red all over your face.
I’ve lived life as a slave—write it down on my grave; terminally, ‘I see monsters.’