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I See Monsters

Amy E. Butcher

Gettysburg College, butcha01@cnav.gettysburg.edu

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Author Bio

Amy Butcher is a sophomore here at Gettysburg double-majoring in Creative Writing and English. She enjoys traveling, writing, her Jack Russell terrier, cooking, speaking French and fine vegetarian cuisine. In addition to being the Mercury's fiction editor, Amy is a staff writer for the Gettysburgian and a Writing Center tutor. She plans to go on to graduate school in Boston after graduation in 2009. Amy wants to be a Creative Writing professor and a freelance writer when she grows up.

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.'