

# Of Monsters

*by sweetflag*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

The skins of our follies and our sins, given form on paper and called names... if we can see them, we can fight them, surely?

They lurk under our bed, or so it is said.  
In our closets too, that has been the held view.  
But she sees no creatures when she peers  
Into the dusty gloom of her little, dark room.  
She wanders in the park late when it's dark,  
And nothing scowls and nothing howls.  
There is no sign of any evil design;  
No hint of danger from a passing stranger.  
The caves are bare, no monsters live there,  
And the bridges though tolled have no trolls.  
Where are these perils, these boded ills;  
The bad portent of terrible intent?  
No feasting beast, nothing in the least,  
To prove that they are hunting for prey.  
She sits on her bed and picks at loose thread,  
Listening for some sound that they are around.

They exist on pages, all whispered through the ages,  
But none walk near, no matter how you fear.  
And true monsters after you are too close to,  
Their smiling eyes hiding all their lies.  
There are no devils, no imps seeking thrills.  
Just us and our whims, and our prayers and hymns,  
And we walk that line between hell and divine,  
Hoping that we fight and stay in the light.