

the demon tried to explain

i did not single you out

it was not intentional on my part

i am just terror

i am just torment

i am being manipulated

by the hands that have no arms.

i feel enormous guilt about

being in an unstoppable fate.

i would have been more content

to have just remained in night sweat nightmares

but i have been placed

in a worldly nightmare of my own

a friendless physicality

disguised as free will.

one day i wake up

as the hungry leviathan chasing

the damned for their meat

scenting the dessert of their soul.

the next day i wake as the monkey

on the back of unanswered salvation asking

for what will never be there.

my mother slept with me to teach me love.

my father said he was too busy with his mother

to roll over and see if it was true.

i had hoped for the shiny bright

instead i got you.

how does it feel...

when you do not feel anything else.

the demon speaks.

wf.h.

2024