Monsters in the Dark

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Monsters in the Dark

Children playing in the park
Yet one stands alone.
Her face is sad and dark;
Slowly she walks home.

Sun shining, but not on her.
Shadows cast, where there should be none.
Birds chirp, she does not hear.
Flower scents, she can not smell.
For she lives not on this earth, but in a hell.

Her hair is a mess, but she doesn’t care.
Her bedroom is empty and bare.
Tummy rumbling she goes to bed.
Thoughts of fear enter her head.

Her monster is real,
The kind you can see.
Monster never stops, even when she pleads.
When the monster comes, it smells like beer.
And always says, “It’s O.K., it’s just Daddy, dear.”

--Cassandara Dings