Disturbing

Michael G. M. Cornelius

St. John Fisher College

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?

Follow this and additional works at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1993/iss1/28

This document is posted at http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1993/iss1/28 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
Disturbing

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: 1993.

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1993/iss1/28
MICHAEL G. M. CORNELIUS

Disturbing

A shadow moves across the wall,  
A great clock clangs from down the hall.  
The hour, now, has come at hand,  
To carry out what I have planned.  
In my hand I hold a knife,  
That's sharp and sure to end your life.  
I creep up slowly to your room —  
Are you dreaming of your doom?  
You smile softly in your sleep;  
I pray the Lord your soul to keep.  
The silver flashes - once, then twice;  
Your eyes spring open, frozen ice.  
It's too late now to start to fight;  
Your cries are swallowed by the night.  
The blood spurts down upon your shirt,  
Then you feel no pain or know no hurt.  
I giggle softly when I'm done,  
Murder, my sweet, is oh so fun.  
I leave and know what I must do;  
I'm coming now to look for you.