

The Monster

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The Monster awaits its chance to strike.
It patiently plots its fatal attack.
It preys on weak and strong ones alike,
As nothing survives its vicious stab.

The Monster observes his prey with great care.
After all, it muses, it's all just a game:
A quest to destroy! Not one will it spare!
And yet, he laments, it's sad all the same.

"What a shame!" it thinks, having found the prey's kinks.
"A good one, this is! But alas, begone!"
Its powerful blow is thrown in a blink;
The victim lies dead, the Monster just yawns.

"Again, I will strike," the Monster confirms.
"With each success comes such great returns!"

And the Monster, yet again, awaits its chance to strike.

His victims' names, he mocks them in song:

"Dreams, the pathways that lead us astray!"
"Innocence, the wall that sheltered childhood days!"
"Passion, the flame that burns the fuel in our hearts!"
"Joy, the lie which hides that life is a farce!"

But the Monster suddenly falls to its knees.
It cries and screams, to no avail.
It fades out slowly, 'til there's nothing to see.
It poofs from existence with a final wail.

Closer and closer we inch to this fall,
For this terrific beast is a part of us all.