The student's monsters

By Ayshan Aliyeva, BCCB 2020

The real monsters do not haunt you in the night,   
The real monsters do not haul, or scratch or bite,   
They don’t have fur and fangs and eyes,  
But they will make you pay the price.  
   
Let’s get to know these real beasts,   
That lurk inside the students’ mists  
   
Like ghosts, who’re dead, but very live,  
The deadlines pile up to thrive,  
“The morning after”, scary phrase,  
You didn’t want it? – Hide your face.  
  
These little pests can quite annoy,   
But somber beasts come to destroy.  
  
You know you did your best today,  
“But did you really or, let’s say,  
Maybe you’re lazy, worthless, dumb?” -  
Said monster whom I’ll number one.  
  
You know that road ahead is great,  
You have the skills, you’re not afraid!  
“Or maybe it is only blur,  
Oh, you will never go far!” -  
The second monster grinned with pride  
And are you sure that he lied?  
Or not.   
  
The dozen monsters step from dark.   
They stare you down, they douse your spark.  
  
Who are these real monsters then?  
“Let’s stick together!” – tells your friend.   
You fight, you win, you wear out,   
 And turn for, thus, another bout.