

New Monsters To Scare Children

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A short book of poems to be read aloud

Curated by Jimmy Vallandingham

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To my wife, daughter, and son.
You are the creatures under my bed.

The Wandering Eyes fly through the air. Going from place to place.

Looking, seeking, searching, for a home to call a face.

They never stop for long, for every face they've spied,

Is already filled, unfortunately occupied.

So on they float, two eyes on the breeze. Going from town to town.

Talking to each other with blinks and winks, never making a sound.

Climb up a hill and close your eyes on some windy night.

And the Wandering Eyes might land on you, and give you quite a fright.

Something moving. There, in the dark.

The Something. Out here, with us. In the dark.

What Something?

THE SOMETHING

Now, stay still. The Something is moving.

Perhaps, its already had its fill.

The Something is moving on. I think, I think, we are safe.

OH NO, WATCH OUT! RUN! OH, IT'S TOO LATE!