

*Trigger Warning: This written work contains reference to violence.*

## Tonight

**Rachel Corrigan**

Poetry

Tonight,  
It will happen tonight.

There could be no more perfect a night than tonight.

The wind sings and trees dance as the rain taps a beat.

All those of a respectable life have retired to their homes and families.  
Kissed their partner goodnight and assured their children that the boogeyman comes  
not for them.

No dear children tis not your blood he lusts for this evening, but mine.

Patiently, I have waited for him.

The full moon has come and left and returned once more as I sit anticipating his arrival.

Estates have been settled, debts paid, and the parade of black clad mourners, with me  
at the helm, have thrice carried my family home.

An answer has been reached, my voice a mere squeak among the roar of police,  
lawyers, paparazzi and guardians.

Those great big lions who tower over me and listen not to my cries.

They wrap my life in a blood soaked bow and call it a day.  
Job well done,  
Cheers all round,  
Let's go home.  
Don't look back.

Never look back.

Yet still he comes for me.  
Never satisfied until I lay with my kin.

With every breath I take, the demon in my shadow moves closer.  
Beckoned ever forward by the beat of my very heart.  
He stalks me waiting for the right moment.

Waiting for tonight.

He will come through my window and take a knife to my throat.  
But I shall not die.  
Along with the blood stains and scattered memories I inherited everything.

All of it meaningless in the face of an empty tomorrow.

But he lives for it.

The sound of coin like music to his blackened soul.  
It's bright golden shine, the closest thing to light he shall ever look upon.

I will buy his hand and use it to learn his craft.  
I will take his skills and by my blade,  
Bleed out all who stole from me,

And lay my family to rest.