

Trigger Warning: This written work contains reference to violence.

The Beast

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Youth Poetry

Slimy, black tentacles grab my throat
I see the beast,
I acknowledge the beast,
I feel the beast.

Slithering, midnight claws slash my wrists
I spy the beast,
I accept the beast,
I fear the beast.

Sinful, inky antennae trace my body
I identify the beast,
I recognise the beast,
I now become the beast.

The beast takes over my senses.
My vision is grey,
My sense of smell slowly diminishes,
My taste is weak,
My feelings numb,
My hearing declines.

I am a fish.
I am stupid,
I am trapped,
I am forgetful.

I am a bird.
I am annoying,
I am stuck,
I am short-lived.

The beast does not care for my pitiful thoughts.
The beast does not show sympathy for those who have sinned.
The beast refuses to share his true opinions.
The beast shall never reveal his true form.

He is a ghost,
He blends into the crowd.
He is a dead rose,
He dulls the ambience.

He is death,
He does not smile,
Nor does he frown.
He does not cry,
Nor does he lie.

You can't escape him
Not if you run,
Not if you hide.
Not if you cry in your bed,
Not if you show him to your friends who you confide in.

He doesn't like it when you tell people about him.
He's selfish,
He's mean and he doesn't care about you.
He forces thoughts into your head.
The screams become louder when you don't obey him.

He's angry at me, I know it.
He's here with me, but he won't show it.
He wants you gone, he wants you low.
He wants you dead, you *will* see Hell's iridescent glow.

His tentacles surround you,
You're his next kill.
He's done with me,
But he still hasn't had his fill.