Midnight Monsters

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What risks do we take when we become vulnerable and offer ourselves to someone?

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/midnight-monsters.aspx

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I see the cold, pale moonlight
Spear through the window
Onto the damp-cold wood of the hallway.
It stabs viciously,
A burning ache of hunger
For my misery to be called forth.

But how can it call misery,
When misery spills out and overflows
Down the steps of the front door,
Black ink seeping into wet, wan parchment
And feathering ugly fingers across
That which once held words of beauty?

For once these words were splayed in joy,
Where now they crawl their way
Across this stretched, ancient skin
Of creatures that once brought delight to springtime eyes,
And they flicker wetly across their sacrifice.

Whispers,
Voices,
Screamings and anguish,

Lurking in darkness
And hiding from the light.

I take a deep breath,
Clamber up against the wall from this shadowed corner,
And stumble out of the door onto
The floodlit stage of the moonlit night.

Millions of ice-sharp hostile eyes in the galaxy-deep skies
Regard my shame as I face their scrutiny.
Hating me, accusing me,
Screaming my deceit and my desperate need
To hide from the crowds of midnight monsters.

But the only monster stood in view
Is this one who stands before them.
Creatures of the night hide in roiling shadows,
For they fear discovery of their being.
But the monsters we hide from under the covers
Sometimes only want to be loved and comforted.

Could Beast be loved by Beauty?
Ne’er mind the story books and fairy tales
In this celestial amphitheatre.
Monsters misunderstood cry slobbering
Into their stinking pillows
As humans shriek into their clean cotton covers.

Every once in a while,
A daring, darling human stretches out a hand
To greet a monster,
Seeing only their shame and self-hatred
That have become their image down the years,
Or seeing beyond to what lies beneath the ugly, stinking surface,
To where a beautiful seedling of hope resides.

The monster dreams of being held
And whispered to softly and gently,
Held in the safe arms that keep the clear realities at bay.

Their misshapen form is a structure of joy,
And their broken spirit is a kiss
On the heart of the one that holds them.

The gloom of midnight shadows
Can bring healing and delight
Where ugliness is softened and grown used to,
Until the harsh light of day lays reality bare,
And men and monsters are shown for what they are.

For sometimes, a man is the monster with a core of lies
And the monster is just a little goblin with a twisted, golden heart.
Other times, both are shown to be dark-cored pain-inducing beasts,
And another, both lie snug in each others' arms and love and laugh and live in joy.

This monster chose to poke its head out
Of the shadows for just a brief moment,
Getting burned on the blade-edge of moonlight
And knowing the promises of peace were shining lies.

But here, with oceans of starry hostility stretching wide,
The fear of being left alone in the roiling darkness
Is less than the burn of maybe-monster's maybe-open arms.

The scrutiny and sneers that crawl loathsome words
Across the wet parchment
May be cut away by the sunlight that dries the thin skin
And forms words of love and cherishing,
And story plots of silly hilarity and giggling joy.

If this monster stands here in this light
And takes a deep breath,
Would you take her and wrap her in your arms
And know her to be
True within?

Even if you cannot touch her sore, trembling lips
With a kiss of longing,
Could you see the broken heart that is tiny

But golden,
And love her, despite her monstrous failings,
Because of who she is?

Or are you a monster too,
Judging through your own twisted eyes
Rather than the harsh reality of the sunlight
That judges none of us,
But burningly shows us up for what we are
For others to judge truly or falsely?

Could you hold this monster in your arms
And nuzzle your face against hers
As you laugh together at the icy stars,
With joyful tears forcing them to soften and glow
With Lovelight?

Who is the human and who is the monster?

I fear I must stand in this celestial amphitheatre
And await my judgement under the coming sun.
But in doing so,
I shall see yours too.

I stand in this hope that your arms
Open to wrap around me,
And your lips move to greet mine
In sweet longing.

And perhaps the embrace of a friend
Is all I shall receive,
But that is, and holds, a beauty of its own,
And this burning pain
Would be worth the risk.

Perhaps this monster shall die alone,
And the longing and desperate yearning
Will whisper through these stones
Forever.

But let it not be said I hid from the day.

What will the sunlight show you to be?

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