

Midnight Monsters

By Shylass

Published on Lush Stories on 12 Nov 2012

Copyright ©2017 Daisy Shylass. All Rights Reserved. This material may not be reproduced, displayed, modified or distributed without prior permission. Please be respectful of my intellectual property.

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

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/midnight-monsters.aspx>

This poem only available on Lush Stories . If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen. 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, Screaming 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? This poem only available on Lush Stories . If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen.