

“The Scarlet Call”

Fractured plastic on a cell phone cracks
Against the wall. Engorged veins pulsate
Like the bottom of a swollen river. The beast awakens, and bellows as
He stands on cloven hooves. Next to the galloping heart,
He answers the scarlet call.

Manifested sword, with fulgent patterns of light dragging in the dirt,
Too heavy to lift. The beast lowers his head, horns pointed
Like the deceitful belly of a glacier. Taunting, he derides me with
Dark thoughts of destruction. Engulfed in the fury, I strain against
The winds of painted illusions.

Cotton arms of a blanket whispers consolation, and a pillow gently
Kisses my cheek. Anguished sorrow presses against the rage,
Like a fish beneath a frozen lake. Hot tears leak from a watery gaze,
Burning through the deception. With a snap, the great beast charges from within,
Promising defeat.

A cry of hope gives strength, and the sword is lifted high
As a beacon of valiance. I plunge the steel and twist it deep into
The beast's soul. He falls to his knees, slain. Silence cerements my mind
Like a heavy snow. Shuddering calmness stills my reflection. Through a veil of peace,
The beast stirs.

He has risen, and the phantom stands above his bones. Weakened, he
Retreats to the shadows. The ghost of the beast has settled himself
Next to my aching heart. Licking his wounds, drinking the elixir of misery
Like an acid rain. Suppressed into a slumber,
Until he is provoked again.