

Breaking

Today's world reminds me of times when I was a terrified child.
The dark twisting into shapes.
I jump beneath the warm, yet penetrable safety of a skinny, pathetic blanket.
No matter what, if there were monsters in my room,
They would get me.

I got a bank account with a nice shiny card.
Way safer than stuffing dollar bills under my bed.
My money is gone. Snatched away.

Locked my important documents under my bed.
Might as well swallow the key.
I have \$5,000 in debt when an account was made in my name,
100 miles away from my lock box, unopened.

\$500 gets me a good home protection system.
\$500 also gets me police telling me they got there right after they left.
Everything is gone.

Back under my covers
I peek over to see how close those monsters are.
They're closing in quickly as lightning.
They got me, and my "safety" helped them.
Monsters have trapped me and broken my safety like glass.

I can only yield to their will.