

The Monster

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You were a man

Until a monster took your place

He came by night, and caressed your face

He left with your soul, but came with a gift

His gift was cancer, a slow, painful death

A life filled with agony till your final breath

Materials became useless, as did everything else

You're going to die regardless, what's the point?

So you stopped, then your eyes became hollow, lifeless

Your breath became shallow, meaningless

Your body turned light, weightless.

That monster took over

Leaving you hopeless, a shell of what once was

That's what we told ourselves

That, that "thing" wasn't you

But was a monster who only strived to hurt

Who strived to make people like five-year-old me believe

Believe that you were the reason this family crumbled

That you ripped it at the seams

But you only fell captive to that monster, you couldn't break free.