

my monster.

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The horror I live with.



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my monster.

## my monster.

Breathe. I have to breathe. I can't but I must. I don't want it to hear me. Slowly, slowly inhale. And listen. Listen for any creak, any sound of shifting. I can only hear my heart thumping in my chest. I, for a moment, wish that my heart would stop so that I may listen more closely. Or so that I may finally rest in peace.

\* \* \*

He does not leave me.

He is constantly watching, with an empty smile.

My screams won't save me.

\* \* \*

The doctor says I'm mad. Madness, yes. That is what they are telling him to say. To try and deter me. To try and make me forget the truth.

\* \* \*

Emotions.

They are real, actual beings.

Playthings.

That is what we, humans, are.

We have no soul. What you feel now is not real to you. It is what the Emotions want you to do. To love when another plaything comes along. To cry when a plaything is lost. To go mad for their own mad reasons. Just like tearing the head off of a doll.

You have no home. There is no Earth. It is all just a dollhouse.

\* \* \*

I don't know why I am here. I don't know why I am left to be tortured.

I see such horror every single day of my life.

God, save me.

\* \* \*

what is that sound it's getting closer those steps my heart won't stop why am I here dear god why am I here someone please save me he's coming make it stop make it stop it's so dark he's here I can feel the cold breathe on my neck those claws no it's going to take me please stop please just let me--

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\* \* \*

dear god, kill me now.

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