

# Dancing With My Monster

By : Little Blue Bird

Sometimes I let the depression take over, wanting to dance along.



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# Dancing With My Monster



Dancing with my Monster  
Is oddly comforting sometimes;  
Almost alluring.  
I let him caress my hand;  
His claws stone cold,  
Wrapped with thorns.

I enable him to be the lead,  
Following the dark music he plays.  
If he steps back,  
I step back.

I stare into his onyx eyes,  
Reflecting the fire and ice in mine.  
He stares softly,  
To not alarm me.

He sends flashbacks to swirl around my head.  
I invite each one to come and stay.  
I crave to have sight of them,  
To be in their presence.

He drops water balloons  
Through my windows.

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I desire more,  
But he stores them away.

He casts his spell,  
Surrounding me with black smoke.  
It doesn't choke me,  
I inhale largely.

I feel dead,  
A zombie,  
A ghost.  
My mind  
And stare,  
Blank.

I don't try to shovel my way out.  
I would rather dig deeper.  
If I try to climb,  
He stomps my foot into the ground,  
And smacks me across the face.

Sometimes it's best to follow,  
For when I do,  
I don't become hurt  
Because I'm way too deep  
Into the pit.

When I follow,  
My skin doesn't become rototilled  
Into red streams;  
My hands don't become painted  
Shades of black and purple.

When I follow,  
Nothing can hurt me;  
Not even myself,  
Because I'm dancing with my monster.

~Little Blue Bird~

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