

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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