

FEEDING TIME,

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By : **Philip Roberts**

Supernatural horror poem.

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font-family:"Times New Roman";} Demons crouch, watching

As unsuspecting mourners,  
Visit the loved dead;  
Unaware that they themselves  
Will soon be the unliving.

Dire lusts governing  
Behaviour of night-dwellers.  
Unwary walkers set upon  
By red-eyed fiends,  
Dying quickly in the night.

A tall lithe figure  
Glides through darkened alleyways,  
Then changes to bat form  
To fly above the rooftops,  
Hunting after human food.

Horror is lurking  
Behind crypts in burial grounds,  
Waiting for mourners  
To come visiting loved dead,  
And wind up dying themselves.

Burial grounds hold  
All manner of dark horrors:  
Tall bat-winged monsters  
Crouch behind ancient gravestones,  
To leap out at the mourners.

Unsuspecting folk  
Walking through the evil night,  
Lured toward their doom  
By evil red-eyed strangers,  
Who feed upon the living.

THE END  
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