

# Little Monster Lying in my Bed

By : **Km2**

I got the idea to write this one, just the other day, while humming DMB's: Big-eyed fish to myself. It also has a mix of inspiration, drawn both from one or some, of the other works I've read on this site; and from the preface that Stephen King used in his novella collection: Four Past Midnight(the first book of his I ever bought, at the wee age of twelve, or so), twas a poem by Stephen Crane.



Published on  
**Booksie**

[booksie.com/Km2](http://booksie.com/Km2)

Copyright © Km2, 2015

**Publish your writing on Booksie.com.**

# Little Monster Lying in my Bed

I've got a little monster

Lying in my bed

When I turned to face him

This is what he said:

-----

Come with me, or

I will have your soul

Better do my biddings

Just, do as you are told

-----

I begged and I pleaded

Just to, please, let me live

My begging wasn't heeded

My soul, I still, had to give

-----

Come to me, now

I will not ask again

Look at me, now

Can't see how you will win

-----

I stare at the monster

Deep into his piercing eyes

He looked deep, back into mine

And swore that I would die

Little Monster Lying in my Bed

## Little Monster Lying in my Bed

-----  
Now the monster grabbed me  
shoved his claw, deep into my chest  
Tore my heart out, eating it  
Saying, "Ooo, this is just the best."

-----  
Enjoying his meal, my heart  
Then he licked his fingertips  
Cleaning every drop of blood  
Of mine, from him, as I watched it drip

-----  
He looked at me, now  
With his evil grin  
Through his blood-stained teeth  
"You think you still can win?"

-----  
As I swayed, then toppled  
He laughed with all his might  
I hit the ground, then died  
From no heart, or maybe just from fright

-----  
Here's the preface from Stephen King's novel: Four Past Midnight. A Stephen Crane poem; maybe only an excerpt.

-----  
In the desert  
I saw a creature, naked, bestial,

Little Monster Lying in my Bed

Who, squatting upon the ground,

Held his heart in his hands,

And ate of it

---

I said, "Is it good, friend?"

"It is bitter---bitter," he answered;

"But I like it

Because it is bitter

And because it is my heart."

---

-Stephen Crane-

Little Monster Lying in my Bed

# Little Monster Lying in my Bed

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-01-29 16:37:31