

(Inspired by Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass")

XIII

I am Haunted Tonight by the demons of my past
Lurking in doorways and seen down a distance corridor and appear
In my face, in my mind's eye when I lift my head
Haunted.
I wonder if other souls that walk this earth have their own demons
Children, war heroes, young old.
Maybe a fat mans' demon is a fatter man
Or possibly a laughing and snickering crowd.
Straight 'A' students'— failure.

I am haunted, haunted by what is to come as I watch others walk.
You look fine, why do you wear an "at ease" expression when I see demons follow you?
These demons are your shadows, going with you everywhere.
As the sun comes to it's peak, your demons become longer,
As long as your inky black shadow.
Yet the night plays its part,
Night is a demon's power; they use it against you, your fears become more prominent.

I am Haunted Tonight by what I fear most
You do not want to know what I fear.
Demons, Demonios, duiwels, Dämonen
They all mean the same: Demons
Demon in the darkness.

