

The Writing Demon

*“Good writers write, until they write their demon.”*

Katie Rendon Kahn

Come here,  
you filthy beast.  
I know where  
you hide.  
Just under my skin  
and deep in the cold  
dark hallows of my mind  
where no one ever looks.

I write a crumb  
of suffering on white  
paper, knowing how  
delicious it will taste.  
He reaches out his grimy  
claw to scratch at it.  
So I grab the greedy bastard  
and splatter him upon the page.

But before I can object  
his destructive friends  
are dragging their tails  
and pounding their hooves  
all over the pages,  
telling dirty secrets  
mourning their friend  
and mocking me.