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.