

Monsters

Tanner Léon

Monsters keep secrets
shrouded in an unholy agent
in the backs of their throats.
Monster love could be mistaken
for a séance, so unsaintly

they cannot hide it
beneath their stampede feet
and littered veins.
My dear, don't fret
I will kiss you first

in my dreams
and then my nightmares—
I have tickets for both.
Don't be tricked
by my grin

for a scowl lingers
in the back of my head.
I know you're hiding
more than monsters
in your closet.

I've heard dangerous memories
metamorphosize while you plead
for their silence—lord
bless the saliva of those
who speak in tongues.

They cannot grasp words—
slipping by like ice cubes
covered in grease,
right through zombie hands
with cookie-crumble fingers.

Around my deathbed
dance werewolves
while cheese factories
burn in the distance.
My time here is claimed

and I am the monster
that ate your heart.