

Beyond the Door

Briega Young

She's tired to her bones
Smokiness covers up her soul
Peeling all the hairline fractures apart
There are guilty pleasures in her head
Of who once shared her bed
But no one shall ever see beneath the skin
She will not let him in

But the wolf at the door
Keeps on scratching
She knows what he can smell
The wolf at the door will not leave here
Until she frees herself from where she is held

Emptiness of shells
Hang around her neck
Rattle and bang in the wind
Hollowness of bells
Out of tune
That ring on in the night
Bring only the fear of caving in

Beyond the Door

And the wolf at the door
Keeps on howling
She knows what the beast wants
The creature of darkness won't leave her
Until he has got her by the throat.

She lights a candle
Watches the wick burn
Steadily she walks over
Her face set and stern

She spies a gnarly paw
Stamps on it hard
Throws the candle down
Burns the house's facade

Away, through a window
She sprints, into the night
The howls of The Wolf
Beating in her heart.