

Silhouette Demons of Mine

Wayne Stellini

Silhouette demons dance along the walls of my mind;
mocking, taunting, laughing.
The leader presses his thumbs to his temples,
wiggles his four free fingers and sticks his tongue out.
They all laugh and dance throughout the night,
these silhouette demons of mine.

I wish I could say they keep me company,
but they bother me, they do.
Their loud, ridiculing festivities keep me up at night.
Oh, they're so cruel,
these silhouette demons of mine.

I hold on to my safety blanket—thick, rough nylon.
Twist, turn, tie, tighten.
Twist, turn, tie, tighten tight.
I caress it and it muffles them a little,
these silhouette demons of mine.

I am at ease now,
comfortable with the noose;
it's both my advocate and weapon.
So, watch me, silence them,
these silhouette demons of mine.

I'll silence them so that I may
finally
fall
asleep
and put them to sleep too,
these silhouette demons of mine.