

The Creature
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I made something once.

It was both wondrous and terrifying.

It shouldn't have existed.

Yet how could I harm my own creation?

Each part of it came from my own hands.

Its inner-workings: a mirror of my own shortcomings.

I say, 'Society fears you my child,

But you will always be beautiful to me.'

I see the fear behind your gaze lift.

Trust cements, and hope floods in.

I see the arm fall, and the danger pass.

But my own trap is already set and sprung.

The other shoe drops, my son,

With your life in my hands.

I cannot bear to let them break you,

So I must.

As the tear drips down my face,

And the light leaves your gaze,

I wouldn't let you suffer.

Checkmate.