



Monsters of Our Own

by Juliet Robinson

The path is faint and hard to see
It twists and turns all through the trees
Gloaming bleeds into the night, shadows deep and dense and dank
We take the path and hand in hand, leave behind a law filled land

The woods are old; the woods are deep
And somewhere here a monster sleeps
We never enter woods alone; we carry ghosts in breath and bone.
Where shadows shift and shadows play, how far can one stray?

The path is faint, the veil is thin
With twists and turns, your hand does slip
You turn to face me, lips ajar, your eyes are old, your eyes are deep
Buried in them is the wood, roots and bough and branch and stone

The woods are old, the woods are deep
never on your own you sleep
they watch you and I watch them
never one of us alone

All around us darkness seeps
Fills us, fast, fills us sure, burrows in and finds its shore

It sings in marrow, blood and bone
The woods are old, the woods are deep

Beasts amongst the trees do roam,
We find at last their hollow home, take their hunger for our own

We leave the world of man behind
With blood and gore, we redefine

The woods are old, the woods are deep
And in here we no longer weep
With shifting skin, reshaping bone, we didn't come here on our own

The monster has a face – our own

In the amongst the shadows deep, something in me no longer sleeps
Crawling out on ruined knees, you claim my hand and help me rise

No longer lost no longer small, we dance in shadows

While monsters call

With eyes like claws, teeth and fang
Grotesque our audience watches us dance

Our skin is clay, our bones are oak
The night is lovely, the night is deep

When breath is gone and blood is warm

I take the cup and drink my fill
It sates, it spreads, brings mercy I have never known

The woods are old, the woods are deep

As I lay naked down to sleep,
Amidst the woods so old and deep
You go forth, you take the path
With eyes that hold no human heart,

The woods are old, the woods are deep
And now among them I do sleep
The woods are old, the woods are deep
And now their promise you do keep

. In silence now, the monster wakes— It is the shape our shadow takes.

To find the beast, or be the one, Whose darkest work has just begun? The path is gone,
the law is thin, And where we end, the woods begin.

No more a stray or borrowed thought, The beast is here, and dearly bought. The woods
are me; the woods are you— The monster that the law withdrew.