

Inner Creature

By Helen J. Dixon

Anger burns inside me
with the white hot intensity of
a hellish fire.
Internal lightening crackles
in my brain—
Driving me to madness.
Outside, the serenity is misleading.
The calm exterior hides the
blinding rage seething, creeping
to the surface.
The buildup of thousands
--of unreturned slights--
--of unrepelled blows--
--of unanswered challenges--
--of unresolved matters--
Tormented by the past;
Shadowed by fear,
each one quashed until
no space exists.
But still I retain the false
picture of the unperturbed.
I can't explode, shouldn't ignite
the fuse to loose my fury.
Terrified the lava, once unleashed
Will consume all about me.
How long can this continue,
Frozen in the cycle—anger, quelling hiding;
anger, quelling, hiding—
before I am devoured by
the relentlessly feeding monster?
Why the ferocious dread
of giving voice to the savage fiend?
Why worry about immediate consequences
when the long-term effects are
just as frightening?
Give into the beast—allow
it the freedom to stomp, swell
wreak havoc for a while.
Diminish its mania.
Then crawl back, exhausted, to the cave.

Would that not appease it--
discourage the over zealous temper tantrum?
Could I ignore the aftermath and revel
in my humanity?
Become a whole being
instead of a wraith—half living—
tormented by the past
shadowed by fear.

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