

Brother, Reality is Grimm

By Robin B Lipinski

(Inspired by Mark Edgemon's challenge to write a poem based on his poem, "Grimm Reality".)

Scratching fingers scraped to their quick,
Trying to match wits with wood long ago planed smooth,
Covering whatever they chose.

Chosen from among the best, so too are stories chosen with intent,
Inflicting emotion in those who choose to read with dread,
Stories dealing with death, the dead,
Conjuring images of ghouls, ghosts, zombies, vampires, and whatever picture one fear.

It was not he, him, she, or her, it was horror.
Humanity did not create it as an escape or fantasy; rather, it was a means to explore it.
A story saturated in fact, hiding obscure meaning with intent,
For some, it is with screeching while a lover's arm searched for her breast, all the while the
picture reel is turning.
For others, it was meant to mirror a life not meant for others to choose.
But this answers nothing, as there still remain the hollow sounds of scratching.

For all the attempts, the results still remained grim,
Humanity has lost; they just don't know it,
Buried below the ground of reality in a shallow grave,
A prisoner in a shell of wood of their own making,
Scratching in death,
A feeling,
A word,
Grimm.

The End