

The Monster

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I didn't know there was a monster
Hiding inside of me
I didn't know it was lurking there
Waiting to be set free
I didn't realize that there was so much
Ugliness in my heart
I didn't think I was angry at all
That rage played any part
Yet I have reacted and yelled and spat
A vicious diatribe
My face has gone red and stiff and cold
I've sunken to the dark side
I've drowned in hurt, self-deceit, and hot pride
All for justification
I have sunk far below civility
All for guilt allocation
Yet the monster never left me alive
My spirit always dead
It ate and devoured my peace and my joy
Puking up what I had said
Then it hid deep down within my heart
Awaiting another meal
It knew that eventually I'd feed it
A dish of repress-ed zeal

It was yesterday that I caught this Thing
Feeding on my life
Holding tight and tearing into my soul
Bleeding and breeding strife
I was shocked and pained to find it inside
An actual part of me
I was embarrassed, ashamed, terrified
At all that I did see
I wanted control, and I wanted out
Of burdens, need, and stress
And I had been willing to get them all
By feeding that angry Mess
I wanted to avoid pain and some hurts
Annoyances and noise
Quite willing to obtain perceived com-fort
By sacrificing joys

Though I know there's a monster inside me
I can't seem to set it free
I keep trying to cage and kill it
This evil part of me
I've tried to stab it and wrestle it down
It's a slippery fiend
It keeps yelling that it's a piece of me
That it can-not be weaned
So last night I came before the dear Lord
Begging for His healing
Offering up my anger and my rage
To His al-tar of sealing
For only He can sacrifice this piece
Of my broken mess of soul
If I give it to Him with all my heart
That is indeed His goal

It's His now...I have given it away
The monster is now done
And I can now live my life in sure peace that...
My angry monster is gone