

Nightmare on Chicago Street

by Aron Ryan

Look up! See those spotlights?
Glowing white like ghosts as they rise
out of graves. The overcast sky
grey as a tomb, but Nightmare invites

moths like you into their flames.
Beasts scour Elgin's streets for prey,
or perhaps they lurk in Viator cafe
where werewolves dance the night away.

Wrap your brain around a zombie band.
Hold hands with a skeleton man.
Cold to the bone, but it's your only chance
to join this mad mad mad mad dance.

It's not just vampires in pursuit.
Look! - an undead unicorn! a red balloon!
a creepy creature smiling back at you!
Break out of the mirror! Bust out of the rhyme!

Nice try.

You're a butterfly snared in a spider's lair,
slipping dreamily into the Nightmare.