

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 46
Number 1 *Fall 2023*

Article 67

Fall 12-1-2023

Fire

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College of DuPage

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Recommended Citation

Emmenegger, James Bronco (2023) "Fire," *The Prairie Light Review*. Vol. 46: No. 1, Article 67.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol46/iss1/67>

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Sleeping Soundly _Luiza Okarski

In the shadows of my room
 Something spelled impending doom.
 A figure with a smile
 From it, dripping bile.
 I closed my eyes but could still see
 The broken figure inching towards me.
 I tried to scream but my voice was no good
 The creature was the same, as I've seen in the woods.
 I tried to run but it was too late
 Suppose it's been a while since the monster ate.
 I tried to yell, I tried to hide
 Didn't think it would ever come inside.
 I used to see it between the trees
 Sometimes they would hunt in threes.
 Its jaws were open, they looked so strong
 Looked like it was laughing, but something went wrong.
 Its head shot to the left and then to the right
 The look in its eyes...I think it was fright.
 There was a rumble, then a roar
 And finally a sound, like a wounded boar.
 The wretched thing at the end of my bed
 Cowered in the corner as my heart filled with dread.

If this thing was scared, what should I be?
 I shut my eyes tighter, why can I still see!?
 Slowly but surely, the noises grew louder
 A snarl, a growl, it was coming from under
 Under my bed...UNDER MY BED
 The terrified monster jumped up and fled.
 It was quiet for a second, and then one more
 Before the thing crawled to the middle of my floor.
 I couldn't move my head I could only hear
 The clack of its claws, I felt my end was near.
 Shaking and crying, yet not ever moving
 I felt the pain of my flesh that it was removing.
 My bones were cracked, my soul felt broken
 But all of a sudden, I had awoken.
 I sat there and wept as the sun got higher
 How could I explain, without sounding like a liar?

_James Bronco Emmenegger

Fire, Photograph

