

Screaming Banshee

by Christopher Rahe

the moon breaks through the clouds
a beam sparkles in his eye
he lets out a blood-curdling scream
like a god about to die
enshrouded in the steam
rising from the lake
the moon seemed to smile
as this banshee writhed in pain
choking on his own bile
in the blood-red rain
the spiders growing larger
eating at his soul
spraying webs of fire
across this wretched ghoul
no he's dangling from a wire
he's got to get away
run across the sky
jump over to the cloud
they'll never see him die
as he dons his heavy shroud
the hallucinations fade
the cloud's no longer him
nothing but thin air
as everything grows dim