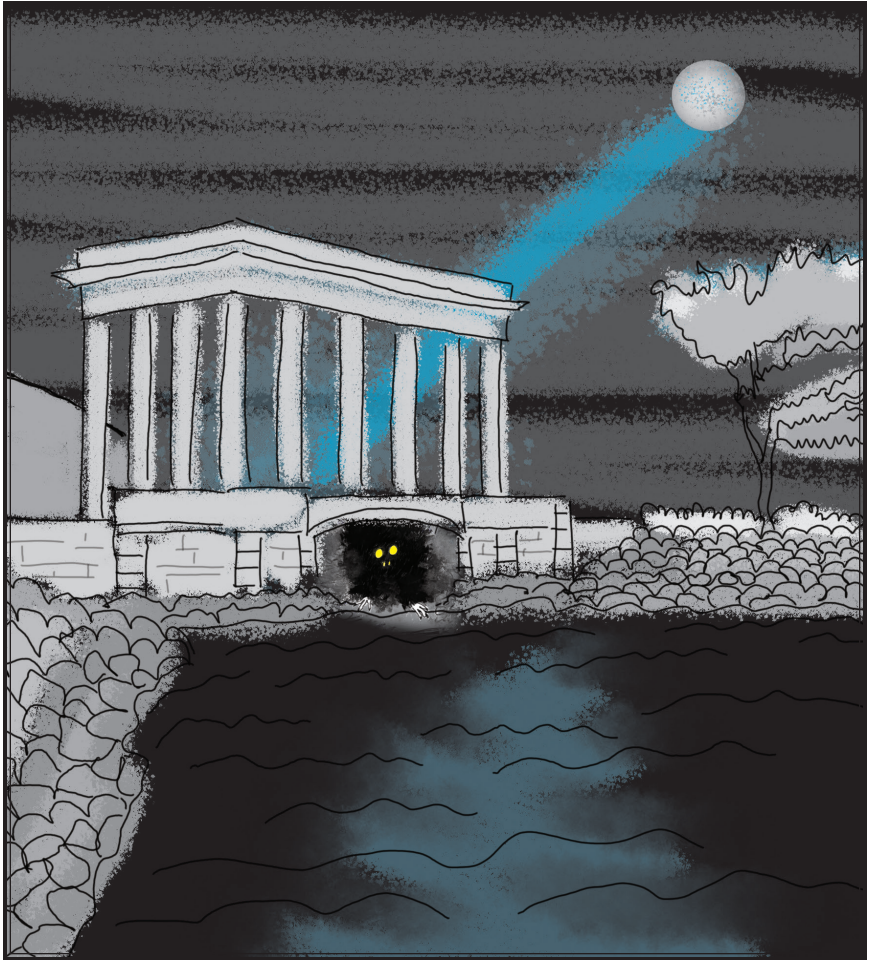


The Peculiar
of
Plymouth

The morning dawn still several hours at bay,
I unclose my eyes and arise anyway.
A walk through town will set me just right.
It's best this way, within shroud of night,
When Plymouthans are home, snuggled in tight
And I'm free to roam 'neath blue moonlight.



I know it is true, I alarm them so,
And this is the only way that I know
To live amongst the good people here
Lest I send them running or screaming in fear.
Creatures like me should never be seen
Or be judged as hideous, dreadful, obscene.



It has happened before, as it will yet again,
Women, small children, as well as grown men
Stand agasp as they shriek,
“What’s that thing over there?!”
Am I awake or asleep,
Trapped in devilish mare?!”



So I slide through back alleys and shadowy lanes
Seeking low corners of dark windowpanes
To peer into homes, so cozy and safe
And wonder perhaps if I wasn't this wraith,
This bringer of doom and chill and despair,
Could I be one of them, in there?

