

Michael Graves
Against Monsters

A victim in the grip of fear and vain,
Still full of thoughts of drink and drug abuse,
You'll suffer much and long until you're sane.

Conflicted and obsessed in honest pain,
You cannot act the fantasies you'd choose—
Your cravings leave you full of fear and vain.

The knowledge of the naked self's a gain
A lot more lasting than the daily news,
If you endure until you're calm and sane,

Preferring that to gossip's spreading stain
And sober neighbors' scrutinizing views,
A victim in the grip of fear and vain.

Still, secrecy must abdicate its reign,
Your majesty, your ego, pay his dues,
And one must suffer to be calm and sane.

You fear your monsters may not ever wane,
You fear them like a deadly, burning fuse,
A victim in the grip of fear and vain,
Who has begun the struggle to be sane.