

Monster Theory



There are no monsters here, only
a scar where there was once a body,
only the way a boy turns up his collar
to hide the electrodes in his neck,
the way he pulls his hat down low
to hide weird angles of his forehead.

Because a boy learns to be a man
by his father's example.

I tell my son there are no monsters,
only our collective fear of the dark
and when I close my eyes at night
my father wears broad shoulders
and a nice jacket. He holds his arms out
in front of him as he walks toward me.