

The Monster Within

**Let me see, so where do I begin to tell you of a monster within?
The monster you see that's deep inside that from me can sometimes hide.
This monster I know came from another side;
It rears its head and can make me cry. It can make me angry, quiet or far away.
It takes me back to a place in time, to faces and names lock away in my mind.
Others may see it, when it arises...they tell me they now it's in my eyes.
They may say they know and understand,
But how do you tell them of the monster from another land.**

**Others like me who have stepped down inside where the monster is his piece of land.
The part a of land he will always own.
It the part of you he stole all for his own.
He owns you now, your never be free, it's the cost you pay for what has to be.**

**Some of the others who have had to dance can do the distance, they make a last stance.
Some of the others are not so sure.
The anguish they have there is no cure.
The twist and turns and ups and downs, the if's and how comes of what once was.
The wonderings of what should have been no answers are given, this monster doesn't
Forgive.**

**Today's and tomorrows and faraway times!
Needle thin memories, ever so traces!
Sights and sounds of other places.
The monster is there it's what he traces.
This venom he uses to keep control, the pain he uses to toil your soul.
He enters your head and steals your mind, will twist your thoughts and make you blind.
He has no hart, he's not kind.
He can make you wish and beg to die, he doesn't care it's not his life.
So now you know the thing inside, the monster with me that has not died.**

B. Austin, Air Force

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