

12-15 Poetry Reading

The Usual Suspect by David Harsent

I'm the demon of the stair,
I'm waiting for you here.
I know you're on the way because
I can smell your fear.

I'm the ghoul beneath the bed
I terrify the meek.
This is my home: I'm always here,
But never when you peek.

I'm the figure in the flame,
The spectre in the smoke.
Wind in the chimney is my voice
Although I never spoke.

I'm the monster in the cupboard,
The face behind the door.
The less you try to think of me
I think of you the more.

And though you might imagine me
As gremlin, imp, or elf,
The truth is ten times worse, because
I am – of course- yourself.