

Cara Dillon

"And The Consequence Macabre"

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He came home with trembling
Bone and spoke:
"Evil roams the sea!"
I caught a glimpse of something I describe as witchery.

They must think I am weird. My wife and daughter
upset by
What they hear. As we go to bed, I kiss my loves
goodnight
Then close my eyes to forget. Soon a lucid dream! The
room
Around me shifts into a bleak and dismal scene.

Once my consciousness has vanished deep within my
mind,
The first thing I realize is taking a severe beating from
Someone in the middle of the night. Between the
shocking
Fragments of cold fists ponding on my face, I can see
a man
Wearing a black hat causing harm upon me. While he's
laughing and punching
Simultaneously, I manage to grab his
Throat with both hands and push him over to the left
side,
Where my wife sleeps at night. Grabbing the knife on
the
Pedestal cupboard, not thinking twice. And I stab into
his
Face until both eyes liquidize and facial bones
collapse.

Haphazardly in anxiety I maim his face extremely
(And still he's laughing loudly.)
His clothes look rather old; a stench like dead things
And a ragged captain's coat.
(This dream is so ghastly and surreal.)

So many stabwounds, sixty, maybe more.
His face simply shattered while blood decorates the
floor.

Then there is this sound like a snarling hound.
I leave the room to look around. It guides me to my
Daughter's room. Her door is locked. I am terrified of
what I
Might find... behind. So quickly I climb the stairs to the
old
Attic and find my double-barrelled shotgun.
Ammunition.
The weapon's loaded. I need this nightmare to be
done.
Done!

I break down the door forcefully, a vicious false dog is
what I see.
(And still he's laughing loudly.)
It's not my child for this beast seems foul and wild.
Two close ranged shots, still alive, brutally finished
with the knife.
(Now guess who's gargling closely) - behind me.
I turn around and again I am just an inch away
From that face I carved up previously.
Still laughing... Suddenly...

Thank god I am awake!

Laying in my bed, covered in sweat.
The horror I have seen, was just an awful dream.

Clouded is my sight, finding bloodstains on my hands
As I rub my eyes. No! what have I done!
My wife besides me, still alive, but her face is simply
gone.
Beauty has been maimed by my hand, disfigured.
Our kiss will never be the same.

Now where the fuck is my little girl!
And a dead hound is not what I found,
Bloodstains on the wall.
There's my daughters corpse,
Slaughtered on the ground!

One... last kiss... upon... my wife's... trembling hand
Before I shoot her through the head
To set her free from this misery.

Imagine the shotgun standing upside down
With the barrel in my mouth.
The sighting was a portent of doom and the
Consequence definitely macabre.
And before my last tear hits the soil I...

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