

## **The Boogeyman**

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believe it or not  
there exists a land  
where at nightfall  
its blanketed by the working hands  
of serene darkness  
but when the sun goes to sleep  
on our small broken home  
with its peeled peach skin  
marred, crooked stairs  
to try to catch its fall  
that's when the boogeyman slowly crawls out  
of the listless, living room  
to slap mama across her face  
with his rough, jagged hands  
her bruised soul limp between the rusted fridge  
and the screeching door  
of the broken, brown cabinet  
the boogeyman hunches over her  
the smothering odor of his caked sweat  
stands beside him as a taunting enemy  
in the stiff air  
the blood curls and swims from mama's nose  
in a dark, obscure pool on her pure, pink slippers  
his blood-shot eyes  
irises filled to the brim with insanity

black, leathery skin rough from the sun  
paralyzes me with an unrecognized fear  
as he aims for another punch at mama  
-the sun has woken up again on our frail home  
my father slithers back to my parent's room  
he slips on his faded work T-shirt  
and his big, brown boots  
that are solid  
for his monstrous walking  
in our small town  
because during the smile of the sun  
I am the daughter  
of a deceptive monster