

Human Inventions

Atrox

So you took him moonward from the cellar. Put him in the black garret. The window's spotlight chasing him into the dusty sheets tossing.

Did he wince at the stuffed woodwose lined up with the manikins by the end wall? And when he made his way through the mishmash and

crawled into the casket - did you, didn't you lock him in?

Mercy, have mercy. He's harmless, don't you know? Pity, pity - he pities you. You're harmless, defenceless.

Cautious, be cautious - he's dangerous, insane. You rip his head off, crush him, drive a stake through his heart.