

Monster Movie · *Edison Dupree*

Things are coming to a head: the hunchback
stares, amazed, as lightning
pours in at the high window
and strums his upright hair. The monster
doesn't care. He snoozes,
strapped to his slab, a thick
dream humming in his neck.

The girl is down in a corner, her skirt
piled around her, uttering little
cries like hard candies. Oh
if only the good Inspector hadn't
sat in that poisoned chair!

And the storm is really revving up:
the gables moan like wolves. Wolves
shiver and moan in the forest.
Now, distantly, an iron screech:
the old gap-toothed portcullis
clangs down. At last! the hunchback whines
into his hands. At last! The Master's
home, he's on the stairs, yes, he will help me!