

# Inner Creature

By Helen J. Dixon

Anger burns inside me  
 with the white hot intensity of  
 a hellish fire.  
 Internal lightening crackles  
 in my brain—  
 Driving me to madness.  
 Outside, the serenity is misleading.  
 The calm exterior hides the  
 blinding rage seething, creeping  
 to the surface.  
 The buildup of thousands  
 --of unreturned slights--  
 --of unrepelled blows--  
 --of unanswered challenges--  
 --of unresolved matters--  
 Tormented by the past;  
 Shadowed by fear,  
 each one quashed until  
 no space exists.  
 But still I retain the false  
 picture of the unperturbed.  
 I can't explode, shouldn't ignite  
 the fuse to loose my fury.  
 Terrified the lava, once unleashed  
 Will consume all about me.  
 How long can this continue,  
 Frozen in the cycle—anger, quelling hiding;  
 anger, quelling, hiding—  
 before I am devoured by  
 the relentlessly feeding monster?  
 Why the ferocious dread  
 of giving voice to the savage fiend?  
 Why worry about immediate consequences  
 when the long-term effects are  
 just as frightening?  
 Give into the beast—allow  
 it the freedom to stomp, swell  
 wreak havoc for a while.  
 Diminish its mania.  
 Then crawl back, exhausted, to the cave.

Would that not appease it--  
discourage the over zealous temper tantrum?  
Could I ignore the aftermath and revel  
in my humanity?  
Become a whole being  
instead of a wraith—half living—  
tormented by the past  
shadowed by fear.

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