

Grimm Reality

By Mark Edgemon

He tried to write as the brothers Grimm
A tale most frightening, as ever been told
A story most chilling, with characters most thrilling
Till the reader's blood ran cold

He tried to capture their mind in his writing
The darkness that inspired their soul
Driven by the devil, with each verse he reveled
As his madness was taking its toll

From his spirit's mind the stories would pour
Scribbled on the page in fear
Characters emerged, while on the verge
Of madness, with each passing year

He wrote in the darkness, within and without
By the candlelight beside his page
His story lines were gripping, from the pen that was dripping
The ink, that inscribed his rage

The character's lives filled his room
With each darker night he created
They were more real, than the living until
All other people he hated

He bothered no more with reality
For his life was filled with hell
He received the Grimm mind, only to find
There were demons behind the veil

He bought no food; he paid no bills
As his sanity slowly left him
But his stories would flow, under the candlelight's glow
Until the light of his soul grew dim

When the candlelight was gone and his room was dark
The light of his spirit went too
But the stories by flame, brought him great fame
Though his identity was known by few

Copyright © 2008 Mark Edgemon