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Creatures of the Night

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Creatures of the Night

The swollen pregnant moon
Is giving birth to a cascade of light.
In the clearing it soaks my form.
Aids my eyes.
But it cannot seep into the surrounding woods
Where the creatures of the night
Perform their cacophonous symphony—

Or is it a hip hop house jam?
chirp—croak—buzz—chatter
chatter—click—chatter—buzz
Step to the beat
Back and forth
And spin at 45 r.p.m.
Er, excuse me—
Stuff yourself into the CD player
And press repeat 'til the laser beam's busted—

At least the moon tells me where I'm walking
Down this rocky dusty road in the dark.
She shines now, but I know tomorrow
The eclipse comes and when Elisa and I
Get on the ferris wheel at the fair tomorrow night
We'll be watching her light fade away.

And I know now that Bela Lugosi was right
In the words of the Dark Count—
"What music they make"
Those creatures of the night.
I know there are bats out here
Because the one caught in Mrs. Baber's window
(She's the old lady that lives at the end of this road)
I let it out with a flyswatter. It was small.

I'm just waiting for a drunk to barrel down this road
In a big Plymouth
And shadows are starting to crawl now and I can't shake the
feeling that Freddie Krueger and Jason are conspiring to
Jump out of those bloody nightmare woods

continued

Ready to hack me, slice me, dice me to pieces
Before they even get to the good part of the movie.

“Oh, good evening sir. I didn’t see you there. I’m just out here mailing a letter. Yeah, I know sir. It’s late (but I just finished writing it two thousand years ago when I was still in my cozy comfy bed about to embark on this ignorant journey and) I’m sorry I disturbed you, sir. Yes sir, I’ll keep my eye out. Yeah, uh, good night.”

Mr. Warren looked like he might have shot me with that shadow of a shotgun.

Raise the red flag and curse the postman who comes too early
for all good people who want to sleep in
On a lazy summer day.
But now it’s night.
(or is it morning now)
And the road is long
Back to the house
When you think you’re seeing ghosts.
Maybe if I sing a song
The ghosts will hide
Behind the moon...
“...I’d go out of my mind but for you...”

And as I come closer to the house
It seems unreal with its glow from within
Casting a shroud of shadows across the front lawn.
Only the living room light is shining—
My brother is watching the game
He taped Sunday while he was out again
With all his friends.
The game that—correction—I taped
Sunday while Mom and I watched one of those old movies
(“Suspicion”—A Hitchcock film)
Yeah, the modern wonder
Of the Video Ca-sette RE-corder...

And as I make it home alive

continued

(We all knew Clark Gable wasn't capable of murder)
I make sure I keep the porch light out
And come in and close the door fast
Because the creatures of the night make beautiful music
But Mom raises Hell when they get in the house.

Jeff Fowler
RC '91

