

## Monsters under the Bed

I have taken the necessary precautions.

I sleep in the middle of my bed to prevent  
toes stuck out of bedsheets, hanging  
over the edge of the mattress.

Everybody knows that they are banished to stay in the realms of darkness under the bed.

Long ebony talons inching out of their inky prison,  
creeping out of bed skirts,  
only to be expelled once again with the flicking on of a bedside lamp.

One may hypothesize that leaving candles lit would dispel the creatures to their dark  
recesses,  
but it is in fact,  
the opposite.

Instead, they thrive. Dancing between shadows  
patiently waiting for the light to be snuffed out by passing minutes.  
A wick burnt down to a stub until it is immersed in the fallen molten wax.

Darkness rising as the light falls,  
only chased away by oncoming  
rays of day.

**Olivia Kost** is currently a senior at the University of North Dakota, graduating this spring with a Bachelor's in both English and Secondary Education. She is originally from Bismarck, North Dakota and grew up with two loving parents and twin sisters, Abby and Amelia. She enjoys writing of the world around her, but with her own particular twist on things. Her time spent at UND has consisted of many Archives runs and taking naps in the Merrifield library.