

WRITE A POEM
CLASS 431 – Year 7 and 8
3. Rianna Pathak

The Monster *by Rianna Pathak*

You might think monsters have claws,
Sharp teeth and clenched jaws,
You might believe monsters have spotted fur,
And at night they come and go in a blur,

Sometimes I check under my bed and hold my breath,
Wondering if that's where I find the monster of death,
My monsters come when smoke and fire appear,
When my friends and family are at their greatest points of fear,

My monsters don't care when we feel scared,
In fact, they are the reason that the air siren is blared,
It takes my friends and family and even my school,
It teaches us about war's cruel rules,

Gunshots, bullets, blood on the ground,
I sit there, helpless and dumbfound,
My hands trembling with fear,
I already know the monster is near,

I once thought that monsters were scaly with hair,
But they are the reason that war is everywhere,
But this monster, plain to see
Looks like everyone and looks like me.