Inner Demons

by Christina Canalizo

Every soul has a shadow.
Last night, I saw mine.
I saw greed,
with his sticky, gnarled fingers,
seizing the tablecloth of a grand feast,
indifferent
(or conveniently oblivious)
to his starving loved ones.
I saw ingratitude,
with her proud, scornful eyes,
disappointed with the grandest triumph
and expecting
(no, *demanding)*
perfection in all that is done for her.
And I saw the tails of other demons,
so cleverly concealed
that I cannot yet name them.
For now,
they lay dormant in my soul,
but one day,
they too will awaken.

Last night,
I saw all of these shadows,
and I forgot
that there was any light.
I cried until a drought struck my well of tears.
I cursed my demons just as they had cursed me.
I could no longer deny them: the spirits that will always
stalk and slither through the shadow of my soul.

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But as I surrendered to their existence,
something whispered inside me,
“Do not fear what you see,
for now that you see them
you can change them.”