

# The Horror

*by Gary Hardaway*

There is great evil in the world.  
None of it is fanged, without  
reflection in the glass,

nor pale and decomposed,  
walking, stiff, in hordes.  
It may wear sheets

but doesn't float immaterially  
between the living and the dead.  
It isn't lycanthropous and hairy

underneath the full moon.  
It doesn't shuffle, wrapped in cotton,  
hungering for love and tana leaves.

It smiles in the mirror and wears  
whatever you might wear, day to day.  
It isn't frightening to look at

until it comes for you  
and what your heart holds precious.  
Horror wears an ordinary face.

