

THE MAN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS

By Claudio Saez

The man at the bottom of the stairs

He visits at night, alone, this blot
He stares at me from an empty lot
His fingers are missing, he's constantly chewing
I draw the curtains to stop him from viewing

Another evening ruined when I return home
He stands and stares, mouth dripping with foam
He seems to inch closer when I look away
His skin, like his eyes, blank and grey

I cry for a moment, then fume with anger
Bottom of the stairs, this sickening stranger
He waits for me to throw out the trash
His lips are peeled, his teeth are gnashed

He makes no sound, his greatest feature
He's standing still, this hobbled creature
A mangled up nose, no wrinkling crease
I run up the stairs, "I'm calling the police!"

His body twists and snaps behind me
The officers' arrival is untimely
They laugh and make jokes--my descriptions ignored
They leave without seeing the scrapes at my door

I am not safe--insomnia wreaks
I hear his footsteps whine and creak
It's not like I'm rich, he has nothing to gain
Am I losing my mind, am I going insane?

I wake up at night, in pain--attacked
There's blood in the bed, a bite on my calf
He is now in my home and the clock reads three
The visitor is real, and he has come for m

Flesh looked soft. I chew.
I can finish poem too.

