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## Gargoyles

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Banion: Gargoyles

## Gargoyles

Phil Banion

The sculptures sit, peering, un-resting Always glaring, serious, un-jesting Biding, looking, perching, un-harming But deep in their minds are intentions alarming

Talons and claws resonate with hate Different stones faces express the same fate Snouts and fangs and wings to the ready Their wrath and vengeance aimed ever steady

They are leaning and waiting, always contemplating Spotting those in town to vengefully take down Though their time in not that day, they will still devour and conquer their prey The night will fill with terror they bring, but scarier still is their unholy king

Sitting on his throne, causing a terror of his own He feasts on dread while you lie in your bed Laughing and amused at the horror that ensues He seeks to consume us all

Long white hair like dead of winter Covered in markings, blood red and splintered His skin pitch black as darkness itself, a power larger than greed's own wealth Evil serves his beckon call

Lives and souls, taken and devoured, as he only grows fiercer, meaner and empowered

His stomach never full, incarnate of evil, goodness void and null, lord of upheaval He serves no consequence, with endless time to kill, to enjoy his source of thrill at any whim and will

On rubble, he stands so tall

They haven't started striking for some reason or liking They still wait and bide on perches where they reside But one day maybe soon at the appearance of the moon Mankind will shatter and fall