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Annie

Karen A. Gorshe
College of DuPage

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Annie

Karen A. Gorshe

Daddy told Annie he'd always be there
To chase away the monsters.
The monsters under the bed...
And in the closet...
And in the cellar.

Daddy told Annie he'd always make things better,
Like skinned knees,
And stings from bees,
And fevers, and colds, and flu.

Daddy told Annie to always be nice,
To turn the other cheek,
To treat people right.

But Daddy died.

And now Annie's monsters were free to roam.
The monsters were in the streets,
And in the people she'd meet.
They were outside her house
And inside her soul.

Annie's pains were no longer cuts and bruises;

The pains were broken friendships, and lost loves, and
shattered dreams.

And even though Annie did everything right and treated
everyone nice,

The pain came. And Daddy was gone.