

A Good Soul, Really, When You Know Them  
Elizabeth R. McClellan

*for Enoch Duncan (OddOblivion)*

People ask them "why the long face?"  
It's frankly rude. They stretched up,  
out of a wood-knot coming to life,

erupted into a beastie with delicate, useless  
fingers, mouth like a sinkhole, neonate  
milky horrible elephant eyes that see

too much. I welcomed them here, to home,  
don't tease them for things they can't help.  
They eat my nightmares like a spider trio

divvying up the fly population. Bad dreams  
sometimes come alive; but that doesn't make  
them bad housemates; they guard while you keep

solid boundaries, social graces, tolerance  
for the sweetheart dream-eater in the bedroom corner, the high overhang. Unnature's pest control.

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