

Scarecrow

Midnight was perilously getting lost in its own darkness.
Sarah's route that snaked through the overgrown field
Carried the venom that she realized one day might be the death of her.
Perversely, she wore only ignorance for armor
Counting on "it could never happen to me"
To shield her from the onslaught of strange sounds
Personified in the deep blackness.
Whispers from local folklore told terrorizing tales.
Stories of brutal mutilations that were said to have transpired here.
Not everyday, but often enough to bear the label.

Her reasoning had been to shave a few meaningless minutes
Off her long journey home.
Instead her death would be slow and tortuous
Without any meaningful purpose.
Born out of a demented man's lasting appetite for revenge
For beatings he had taken as a child.
Now, she would be just another urban legend,
One about an innocent girl who walked alone in the night.
Her story merely a scarecrow,
To guard against the next stranger who dared to walk in her footsteps.