

# Belonging

*by* G. Arthur Brown

Don't eat your lunch here

For this is where the monsters sit.

I can smell what has been left behind.

And I even found a dirty old doll once,

Not very cleanly.

It doesn't bother me really.

I'm not interested in lunch.

As I sit I can feel the monstrosity swell within me,

Like I'm pregnant with a hunger waiting to be born.

When it emerges from my guts,

I will dress it up as a baby monster

With little plush horns and claw-mittens,

But I will not feed it lunch.

