

Not a Devil Yet

this job is for a high class devil,
not an amatuer devil,
full fledged like Grandpa
is perfect for the job,

his spiky horns shun away
any demon in cowardness,
i have horns too, but miniature ones
that drive any demon
or devil to laugh their heads off,

puffing my cheeks, i will show them, hah!
i am scary enough, just watch,
to become a devil, the boss of all demons,

have to earn all demons' respect,
capturing a demon
will be a trophy to my victory,

a hellhound appears,
minding its own business
in green, thick shrubs,
sniffing the ground for food, probably,

a smile creeps into my lips,
tip-toeing in the tall grassy areas,
hiding from the creature,
and getting ahead of it,

then startling it as i pull my face
in a tight squeeze to scare it off,
but it doesn't do anything,
just looks at me with its red eyes,

and gives me a good sniff,
no anger, no reaction,
one thought jumps at me,
is it blind?

i wave at it, fingers wiggling
but no response, sighing,

not going to capture a blind beast,
that's no fun, a roar erupts from its mouth,
gritting its teeth at me,

what happened?
saliva drooling down its snout,
it lets out an angry whining sound,
a vigorous tug moves under my foot;
my foot crushes its paw,

darkness flaring around its skin,
sludging the air with poisonous gases,

one touch and i'm a goner,
a loser to the devil's game,

i don't want to be the one
who'll lose this game,
lucky leash in hand,
swinging at the creature so fast
that it leaps out of my grasp,
flying elsewhere,

the demon dog switches
its gaze from the leash to me,
uh-oh...