

# A Monster Seen in the Eyes of Protectors

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Old Donation School, 7th

## A Queen's Eye

A queen, made for an image of the people  
A *side ruler* someone not so important  
With an eye for joy and peace  
A role of changing the fear and terror in people to  
comfort  
That is their job right?

A queen on her daily walk  
An autumn day  
A crisp and terrorist wind making a screeching  
noise  
The almost full orange and red sky  
Where she rounds her daily corner  
To see

An extravagant garden  
With nothing more than leaves of gold rolling on  
the ground  
With only the death of the sun at night to bring the  
birth of the moon  
With a tree, brighter than any crimson red seen  
She peers only to see a figure

A figure!  
There was no such at this sacred place  
Surely only her imagination got carried away  
Yet, then there was movement  
A stride.  
A *crack* of a branch.  
A swift turn.  
And a splash to the ground

The queen gazed as she saw a panicked face  
With the lightest of tears rolling down the youngest  
of cheeks  
Reflecting only the pigment of the garden  
For the queen then felt hurt  
Not yet by the person but the sight of someone  
crying for nothing but beauty

But there was another swift movement

## A King's Eye

A king, the epitome of all rulers  
The one with the power  
With an eye for war and struggle  
The role of terrorizing and demoralizing  
That is their job right?

A King doing his daily business on  
A autumn day  
A fresh and glee wind making a gasping noise  
With an almost grey sky  
He hears the yelling and runs toward it  
To see

A sluggish garden  
With nothing more than crumbling leaves rolling  
on the ground  
With only the death of the moon at dawn only to  
bring the birth of the sun  
With a tree, gloomier than any dog with no owner  
He peers only to see a figure

A figure!  
There was no such at this horrid place  
Surely only his hate got carried away  
Yet, then there was movement  
A stride.  
A *crack* of a branch.  
A swift turn.  
And a splash on the ground

The king gazed as he saw an angered face  
With these cardinal cheeks peering back at his  
worried face  
Only to be looking at another figure instead  
A grandiose figure, one that could only make the  
king think  
For the king felt in powered  
Not yet by the person but the sight of someone  
crying for nothing but beauty

His wife only the brightest of people

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Another turn.  
Another scamper across the ground  
And this time a holler was added  
For the queen had yelled "*guards*"

Judged a stranger for something like a tree  
And yet a figure is seen in different ways  
A figure it still is  
For we do not understand how beautiful or how  
ghastly it could be

The king who is as cold hearted as stone itself  
Could not once but judge someone else's  
judgment  
To find yet a sympathetic path  
A way of thought that not many choose

But there was another swift movement  
Another turn  
Another scamper across the ground  
And this time a cry  
For the king and queen left  
This time in the most contented tears