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## Impure Nightmare

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## Impure Nightmare

*Elizabeth Blake*

The sun goes down.  
The night crawlers awaken from their dormant state.  
I reveal myself to the world.  
I leave my house, my guardian from the daylight.  
With the nighttime as a shield, I walk protected through the town.  
I have adapted to the darkness.  
I can survive only in the night.  
The darkness hugs me like a security blanket.  
The moon in the sky guides me along my way.  
The stars decorate the sky, twinkling on a deep black canvas.  
I walk atop the highest hill and rest on the peak.  
The town sleeps, unsuspecting and unknowing.  
So innocent, so oblivious to the evil in the dark.  
And there I sit, watching the town become corrupt.  
A stranger to the daytime, I see the true colors of the night.  
The rottenness and impurities are revealed when the city takes off its masks.  
The sun is in the town's smiling veneer.  
But the villians and crooks come out when the sun goes down.  
And they rob the city of its majestic atmosphere.  
Dawn is approaching.  
I head home, walking quickly to my shelter.  
And so do the thieves and their cronies.  
The sun rises as I prepare for bed.  
The citizens awake to find their city as they left it.  
They are unaware of the criminal activities that take place at night.  
They live their lives as robots doing what they are programmed to do.  
And at night they sleep while their homes are slowly being destroyed.  
I am blind to the day, but I can sense the night,  
And I am the only one who sees the annihilation of the city.