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## THE OGRE

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In a foul and filthy cavern  
where the sun has never shone,  
the one-eyed ogre calmly gnaws  
a cold and moldy bone.

He sits in silence in the slime  
that fills his fetid home  
and notes the nearing footsteps  
in the monstrous catacomb.

The one-eyed ogre drools with joy,  
his stony heart beats fast,  
he knows that for some girl or boy  
this day shall be their last.

He wields his ugly cudgel  
in a wide and vicious arc,  
it swiftly finds his victim  
in the deep and deadly dark.

Then down and down and down again  
the ogre's blows descend,  
to rend, and render senseless,  
to speed his victim's end.

So pity those who stumble through  
the one-eyed ogre's cave—  
that dark abode he calls his home  
shall surely be their grave.

by JACK PRELUTSKY