

**Nick Lee**

SENIOR - 2nd Place  
Alumni Poetry Contest - 2017  
SR - 24

"The Monster"

This thing itself has the power,  
To bring greatness down at any hour.  
Time itself cannot slow down its case,  
None can escape, it's an endless race.  
The monster itself can destroy a whole city,  
Making its people cry, "Oh what a pity!"

Once in a while we see the demise,  
Of a foolish boy or girl who wasn't so wise.  
When uniting lives, we see it as a blessing,  
Always at work, always keeping us guessing.  
The monster itself will make the greatest men tremble,  
Yet at its full force can make enemies assemble.

Creeping into our dreams, our daily thoughts are blind,  
Begging us to make the moments rewind.  
Every so often we hear its name in the rain,  
With much to hope and little to gain.  
But the monster itself is sweet as a dove,  
Now call it by name, call it by "love."