

I know a girl, she's pretty great,
But has an awful curse.
She doesn't see she's got a monster,
And it keeps getting worse.

Do you know how weird it feels
To constantly be followed?
When something's creeping from behind,
And makes happiness hollow?

See, Ashley has a lifelong monster;
Hidden, unmistakable.
She sometimes doesn't see the thing,
But it really is unshakable.

Maybe it was dark or stormy
When first she met this dread,
Or might've been a starry night;
But it peeked above her bed.

And that's the way that she first saw it,
Perched upon her footboard.
It climbed its way up off the floor;
And couldn't be ignored.

Its hunched physique, its frightening shape,
And though she couldn't prove:
It snarled and grinned and twitched its wings...
She swore she saw it move.

It bared its fangs, it flexed its legs,
Of which it had so many.
She couldn't quite make out its shape,
Of fur, claws, and antennae.

Its shaded depths were purely black,
Its eyes an eerie gold.
It almost looked just like a heap
Of clothes she didn't fold.

But, pausing there, just for a sec,
She made a realization:
She'd seen this creature once before,
Though a smaller incarnation.

Ashley thought this creepy thought
And shivered with a shock...
She's seen that evil face for days
In a crumpled pile of socks.

Oh, silly me, it wasn't quite
A monster she was facing,
She turned the light on, took a breath;
Her heart soon stopped a-racing.

Leaping from her covers and her
Warm and twisted sheets,
She found there was no monster here,
Just clothing in a heap.

What looked like eyes were actually just
Earrings and some hair clips.
What looked like fangs were six or seven
Diabetic test strips.

The hulking body, big and grey:
A twisted set of sheets.
The tongues that flicked between its lips:
Were pharmacy receipts.

Two massive paws, so big and strong,
Were mittens by the pair.
It had a fur, so dark and thick;
Ew: clumps of Ashley hair!

It growled deep when you stepped on it,
As threat'ning as can be.
But what you'd find between your toes:
Low blood sugar candy.

A belt, a book, a boyfriend's shirt,
Believe it if you're able.
Scrunchies, books, a birthday card,
An iPhone charging cable.

The hell with this thing, Ashley thought,
Internally debating.
She'd tackle this thing here & now;
No more procrastinatin'.

So blah blah blah, she got to work,
And put it all away.
She chose a cleaning playlist
And she happily hit "Play".

That pile of hers? That monster thing?
It quickly disappeared.
All of the items in its depths
Got picked up and got cleared.

That monstrous pile got spread around,
Into piles that were smaller.
The clothes were heaped, the food was stacked,
Loose coins piled into dollars.

That shapeless monster, on the floor?
Spread out and now undone.
No longer scary, big, and mean...
But many smaller ones.

So there you go, you'd think that's it;
That, here, the story ended.
But those small piles that she had made;
Were now monster descendants.

And here she sat, not knowing that
Her troubles were compounded.
Although she killed the giant pile,
Small ones had her surrounded.

She'd hit the switch, turned out the light,
And climbed back into bed.
She thought that she had slain the pile;
Its evil reign was dead.

But here's the thing, the scary truth:
The worst beasts, to be sure:
Sometimes ain't monsters, actually,
But clothing on the floor.

See, every pile, it has a start.
So here's some real talk:
What becomes a muscled mess
Can be born as a sock.

Like Ashley is, you're smart and strong
So capable and brave;
There's no monster you can't beat.
No kingdom you can't save.

But simple piles, just on their own?
They're tough demons to slay.
If you don't take care to tame them now
They'll grow bigger than today.

They'll eat your floor, they'll nip your feet,
Your stuff, they will consume.
They may not eat *you*, not your bod,
But could still be your doom.