

Spring Heeled Jack

Lemon Demon

Upward he shoots
by the springs on his boots,
like an inverted angel.
We've been afraid of this terrible,
strange, elusive monster for years.

It seems to be superstitious lunacy
but in fact when things go black
old Spring Heeled Jack appears.

I hear the sound
of him bounding around
on the rooftops of London,
leaving the people bewildered and stunned
and, on occasion, aflame.

No sooner than unsuspecting Englishmen
turn their backs, the wretch attacks,
and Spring Heeled Jack's his name.

I doubt that it's those clever brats in college.
and the Marquess of Waterford denies all knowledge.
And people in the area reek of mass hysteria...
But, admit you must, that it is just enough to scare
you.

And you scream when he draws
out a handful of claws
and a blue breath of fire,
then disappears leaping higher and higher,
as if lighter than air.

Time marches on,
now it seems as though he's gone.
This day lacks tales of his acts
but don't relax
for Spring Heeled Jack's still there.