

# PROLOGUE

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**i-1**

2016, February the fourteenth  
The night's wind howls outside,  
To the moon's bequeath  
An eeriness for ghosts to hide.  
A shadow of a man stands,  
In black, to the night he commands.  
An owl hoo-hooes,  
As the wind to the night, brews.  
As Mr and Mrs Stapleton sleeps  
A loud smash comes to their surprise,  
The car alarm to the night defies,  
And Mr Stapleton, out of bed leaps.  
He stares out the bedroom window,  
As a mist of rain sweeps in a neon glow.

**i-2**

'Emma, I'm sure it's him!'  
As car lights in orange flashes.  
'I feel his circling fin.'  
Then, out of the bedroom, he dashes.  
He puts on a sweater and slips on boots,  
As fear to anger dilutes.  
'Dean, be careful; he'll be armed!'  
'But not with a gun, so don't be alarmed.'  
He picks up a long-handled axe,  
And walks outside in a violent show,  
In shouts, beckoning his foe,  
As night's cold hand to him smacks.  
'Is that all you can do,' Dean lashes,  
As rage and anger within him crashes.

**i-3**

He quickly becomes incredibly spooked,  
Like a rabbit caught in a snare  
His stomach churned and looped,  
Noticing a cloud, a breath of air.  
He grips his axe handle tight,  
And steps further into the night.  
Suddenly, a crossbow bolt enters his chest,  
And he falls, dying, nearing death's rest.  
The hooded figure stands in eerie pose,  
As Emma's screams from window drown,  
He drops a letter to shock the town,  
Then, into night's blanket, he quickly goes.  
Dean's eyes close, as death embraces,  
Still, Emma screams, as terror chases.

**i-4**

Emma grabs her mobile and calls,  
To alert the police  
And against the window, she falls,  
Still screaming to release. 'He's just struck seconds ago,  
I live at fifteen Elm Lane, Walthamstow.  
The Mad Poet of London struck again,  
He must still be in North East's domain.'  
The phone rings, 'Sir, Rhys, it's him!  
He struck minutes ago,  
In the heart of Walthamstow.  
I've called all patrol cars to circle within.'  
'Good, Rhys, thanks for letting me know,  
Whereabouts in Walthamstow?'

**i-5**

The area has been cordoned off,  
With a taped barrier in blue and white  
As Chief Forensic Officer Adrian Goff,  
Controls the scene, keeping it tight.  
Dressed in a white paper suit,  
He places in a bag some half-eaten fruit.  
Then another investigator, enthusiastic,  
Hands DCI Wallace a letter, in plastic.  
'I'm sure it's him, it's him alright!  
The Mad Poet of London  
This poem makes it a dozen,'  
As Wallace holds it up to morning's light.  
With latex gloves, he opens it,  
And reads aloud with awe and grit.

## The Jagged Edge of Night

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The jagged edge of the night  
Where dark souls take flight  
I kill boredom dead with fright,  
Society's hypocrisy, I happily fight.

But hold tight, hold fast,  
I realise my reign won't last.  
As I hold tight to soul's mast  
Through stormy seas, I blast.

The warring grey/brown stormy sky  
Hit me hard with rains cry.  
As I cursed aloud in God's eye  
With clenched fist, I held high.

I have no peace nor no reason,  
My future's bleak on cold horizon.  
It's where my soul had first arisen,  
In your cold, dank, unyielding prison.

But what else can I do?  
Vengeance grabbed me like the flu.  
Blood and death are my crew,  
I'm off chaps now; enjoy the view!

Yours sincerely,  
The Mad Poet of London