**Andrew Fusek Peters and Polly Peters**

***Bogeyman***

On the corner stands a man

That everyone knows by sight,

And in his hand, a larger can

That turns his day to night.

The sun is shining bright,

For him, it’s started to sink,

His mind a foggy twilight,

Filled with darkening drink.

If only he could stop and think

And throw away the can,

But all day long, like a statue,

On the corner, stands a man.