

by: Clarabel

"My heart has joined the thousands, for my friend stopped
running today" – Watership Down

A new ghost
darts past the door,
a silvery wisp,
with sparkling eyes.
Every other ghost in the house is woken,
From sleep,
from respite,
from being locked in the closet,
and slowly floats out into the grand hall.
The hats on the hat rack sway, the cold air and cavernous
echoes
are the loneliness that prowls the floors,
that lowers the blinds,
that electrifies the haunting
of this old house.
Middle age sets in like moss on the roof,
leaves in the gutter.

I am not alone, I have my ghosts.
The ghosts I choose, the ones that chose me
and the ones I sent away but they refuse to
leave.
The ones I will always beg to stay.
Boxes of memories and love letters,
funeral programs,
large framed photos,
tether me across starry time and through lands of
big mountains,
sun on fertile valleys and broken hearts.
But deep in the house my candle burns and my
knees weaken.
Ghost song and rosemary sprig.
Velvet curtain and dust.

A sunrise and sunset I no longer see,
Rise and fall.