

# THE HAUNTED MARCH

*Michael Fantina*

Through the brick and mortar wall  
I float when darkness claims the bog.  
My bones rest in a hollowed log  
Near the haunted manor hall.

When evening falls I find the trail  
That snakes through swamp and marshy grass.  
Here once I walked with some pert lass  
Who is a ghost now cold and pale.

So many years beneath these hills  
I've slept in sadness in the dirt,  
Dreaming how the young girls flirt  
To banish all my earthly ills.

For some dark sin I haunt the march  
And frighten lovers near the yews  
Until the dawn when morning dews  
Drip from the shattered Gothic arch.

But then the dark comes on once more,  
The werewolf's howl rebounds and grows  
To echo in the Winter snows,  
In Summer round the blasted tor.

In Spring the nights are deadly still,  
The screech owl sounds his plaintive cry,  
And over the dark and Moonless sky  
Is answered by the whippoorwill.

Up from the putrid, dripping slime  
I rise when night jars call my name,  
And every night it is the same,  
From now until the end of Time!