

THE HAUNTING

Jeff Holt

I sat across from you in my old chair,
Unsure of how I'd come to visit you.
You wore a shriveled lily in your hair.
Your claw-like nails were cracked and nearly blue.
You smiled, splitting your lips in several places,
And tugged at your stained blouse. I looked away.
Your shelves held photos of our old friends' faces
And a dozen roses fetid with decay.

You stood and spread your arms, gazing at me
As if you'd just slipped off your wedding gown.
I wondered how I'd lost my sanity.
As you approached, I woke, clutching my head,
Feeling as if the love that we let drown
Through silences had risen from the dead.

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