

# WITHIN THE WALLS

*Steffen Horstmann*

In this castle a secret room within the walls,  
Housing a prince's tomb within the walls.

Hidden doors open to a labyrinth—press the stone  
In the shape of a crescent moon, within the walls.

The dead return to speak of massacres that were  
Hushed. Their shadows loom within the walls.

Specters in chains are led nightly through cobwebs  
Like silken mists that bloom within the walls.

Dark corridors lead to the chamber where only  
Dust guards a royal heirloom within the walls.

Cobras are carved into stone coffins of  
Generals that were entombed within the walls.

The halls fill with echoes of screaming men  
On nights when executions resume within the walls.

It is again the desperate hour when prisoners pray  
As they await the swordsman (arriving soon) within  
The walls.

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