

Halloween Poem (week 6)

It's in the house!

From the chair of which I stayed,
My mind has wandered, my eyes have gazed.
Outside my window, the sun has retreated away from the darkness the moon brings
with it.
I knew as the leaves fell forth of their place,
And the shadows crept closer, darkening the space -
The space of my safety, the space to escape,
The space of my chair in which I sit and I wait,
That he would be coming much like the shadows
Relentlessly approaching, risen up from the gallows.
Walking the streets, his face is unseen, to all of the masks of the nightmarish dreams.
When the lights went out with the mysterious sound, my mind was left certain - it's in the
house!

Lonely daughter