

THE GHOST

By MARY SHARON

There is a ghost that walks for me,
A Presence that I dread;
The Spirit of the Youth I was,
Before my dreams were dead.

I sit before my study fire,
While shadows writhe along the wall,
And Spirit hands rap on the door,
And ghostly feet glide down the hall.

Outside my window, lifeless trees
Lift fleshless fingers to the sky;
The night wind whistles eerily,
Its moaning echoes will not die.

This ghost of mine will not be laid,
Time cannot set me free;
It is the wraith of dear dead days,
That comes to torture me.

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