

Hauntings

I walked among the same streets and fields
where the old ghosts were rumored to play,
but they had all disappeared—chased away
by the hustle and bustle of daylight's needs.
The mansions where ceremonial fires burned,
where the children laughed
and we adults cried,
while grieving those who died--
pennies placed on crumbling headstones.
The stately home of hauntings now destroyed,
torn asunder for aspiring nobility
in cardboard mansions behind walls and gates;
forest denuded and greened with ersatz grass
and Disneyfied with coiffed landscapes,
all to encompass the dream,
the quest for upward mobility.
The wind cannot howl through broken dusty window panes,
the wooden floor littered with ancient debris and unseen holes
will no longer creek under the timid steps of adventurous souls,
and teenage rituals fade away as
the ghosts have fled to quieter domains.

Approaching Sunset

Approaching sunset, steps filled with trepidation,
Aware that time won't last and prime is well passed,
I glimpse the dimming embers of the day sparking
Ominous visions of the nothingness of night:
I feel, I hear the trickling sands that laugh and taunt,
Dimming memories that taunt with sorrow and regret,
And find myself counting the moments until twilight.

Approaching sunset, lost easily in mindless diversions
Whether mired in the narcotic of nostalgia
Or chasing the sirens call of ceaseless ruminations,
So easily I lose sight of the glory in each fading moment,
Forget that behind the ebbing light lies eternal Light,
Miss the miraculous in that single ray of life,
Illuminating my being as I ride off westward.