

Ghost In The House
by Valerie Senyk

We fetched his body
limp and ailing
from the north

Brought him south
made him a bed
a tiny room

Fed him broth and greens
held him close
whispering gentleness

Caught his tears
on our shoulders
our lives were soaked

From time to time
he made it down the stairs
skinny, silent and white

with fear and sickness
every bone broken
every dream broken

He became the ghost
in the house
haunting our every hour

We installed more lights
signals to the way forward

his voice now tells us
where it hurts