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Haunted

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Haunted

The ghost of our love still haunts this house,
Having slipped away,
Unremarked,
Like an old recluse
In that run-down place with weed-strewn lawn
Darkened windows
And ripening stench.
It was barely alive anyway,
A frail thing with feeble pulse,
Just a vague puff of breath on the mirror.
Yet the dim spirit stubbornly
Refuses to fade away
Or fly to the hell it deserves.
It lurks in shadowy corners of resentment,
Lingering at the regretful edges of our days.
Powdery footfalls pace the ancient attic dust,
Creaking disappointment through shrunken floorboards.
Hovering over our bed at night with voiceless moans,
Rattling chains of habit and hurtfulness,
It feeds on unrequited need,
And thrives on bitterness.
I fear the dreadful thing descends on me in sleep
To suck the tears out from my skull
Before my eyes can weep.