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Bhorn on dha bajyou

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Bhorn on dha bajyou

Kallie Kaczmarek

Sultry strains of sin and saxophone swing through the fluttering cypress branches
Blood red moon pregnant with tension.

The hue reflecting feelings drenched in pain

A frog croaking out over the glittering moonlit glass pane lake

A quick snap, tussle and gurgling bubbles rise up, breaking the sheet of crimson water as the gator
sinks deep into the murky deep with an air of satisfaction.

Through the shadows a creature is lingering from its flight,

Lingering in the macabre moonlight

You'd best be keeping a look out,

For Death comes quickly in the bayou for a quick bout.

The majestic Castle that cotton built regally sitting fixed atop a hill

The front shining windows once smirking down at travelers, royalty, guests and the numerous
enslaved

From the broken panes and dull sheen of grime, a wicked witch's grin now appears

With its thick blanket of dust and cobwebs, the antique Persian rugs in the hall, that Sally Mae was
forced to scrub down, would have made the Madam spin in her mausoleum crypt in shock

The Castle has been in disuse for 60 years of revolution, sex, lies and crime.

A smirk delving the strangers face in two passing through the mahogany kitchen doors

Well, that was what everyone else in the Parish thought at least.

You can feel the pulse of the once hurried and power driven life dwelling inside these walls when
he stopped here and there glancing, handling the objects left behind that had once meant so much

Climbing the stairs it would seem he knew which would squeak and managed to avoid them almost
expertly, as if he'd been here a many time before, the sneaky beast.

At the top of the once the Grand Staircase, a sparkingly illumed Waterford crystal chandelier rests
gracefully above the ruin, which is prevalent even in dim moonlit shadows.

Grand at one time, sleek, polished, sculpted, the epitome of power and prestige. Like all things.

Now with the boards rotting, carpeting moth ridden and fine detailed now dull as the muddy bayou
outside just past the garden patios.

As the echoes from the steaming night roll atop the mighty Mississippi waves,
A sniggle of uneasiness is enfolding the Castles holdings
As the footprints through the layer of dust, at the spider ridden Master Bedroom doorway
staves
A sigh pierces the humid air like the family crested sterling knife through the 18th century but-
ter dish downstairs in the 24 person dining room
The brassy knob is jimmying open with a drone.
The stranger surveying his spoils
His war long ago fought
Now the battle's just beginning.

The prodigal son has returned home.