Waverly Hills

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Echoes of disembodied voices
and unanswered prayers
linger at the top
and bottom of stairs—
walls cry with history
decades of wear
lonely, moldering halls
scream with ghostly terror.

Spirit Mary
plays her ball
still treading
solarium halls.

Shadow people appear
within pale hue,
a peripheral vision fear
coming from room 502—
voices forever shout
‘get out, get out!’

Souls spending years
living in the dark,
visiting breath appears
the light embarks—
for those that claim
to walk away,
play the mind game
and begin to pray.

While some spirits never
find their way—
spellbound, forever
always astray.

Dead of night light
still living inside—
stay to delight
within halls to hide,
trapped in a spirit world
side by side.