

A spirit at night

Fire flies, fluttering, giving of some light,
Hoot: the owl chimes all night.
Pinecones fall and find sleep on the ground.
Nuts land like feathers, and don't make a sound.
Red roses catch eyes with their brightness and beauty,
Whilst ivy climbs wall and covers with cruelty.
For there lived an old spirit, in days long gone,
Where day outnumbered darkness two to one:

But the ghost of that woman wanders up and down,
Left and right, all around.
Her flitting old mind, not knowing where to go
As decay death and darkness are all drowning her soul.
But when the sun rises and the moon is gone: once again,
Day outnumbered darkness, two to one.

Mia Humber