

The Wandering Spirit

In the last couple decades a spirit wanders near,
A ghost of a lady who used to live here.
She swept the snow with her dainty feet,
Trying to keep her garden so neat.

But as hard as she try's,
Her bright summer garden starts to die.
Then she remembers the times that she's had,
Thought of them only mad her sad.

Gentle, loving and kind she could be,
As she pictures her gran children on her knee.
Sat on the wooden bench over there,
Which is now empty and sorrow and bare.

Now she could only wait for spring,
Where she can hear the animals once again sing.
She lies on the floor and looks at the sun,
And waits and waits for the spring to come.

By Georgia Tose