

An old abandoned house,

White frame, stands on a hill

And looks down here on me.

A feeling always still lingers about its walls

Each time I look around.

The windows, vacant, stare.

There never is a sound. And yet it seems to live.

Its memories float inside

In rooms I cannot see,

A former life to hide of some time in the past

When children’s voices called

Where grasses now stand still

And dead tree limbs are sprawled. I wonder on

the house,

The life that once was there.

But it stands silent, mocking me,

Continuing to stare.

 By Kay Whitaker