

# Ghost House

by Rachel Aldrich

these blank windows  
hold no more interest to me  
than the ordinary panes of any other.  
they, so formally full of joy,  
hold a new life that's foreign  
and a new color, bleak and forbidden.  
sounds echo off walls  
checked with squares of white  
that frames had once protected from age.  
the floors covered in patterns intertwined,  
marked deftly by years of steps  
over carpeted ridges that stamped the wood beneath.  
a place lined by dark spots  
where eager, young hands pounded un-tuned keys,  
jolting the beast, upright, against its wall.  
a scrap of floral satchel,  
tucked carelessly under the frayed edge of a lining  
is found in darkness, where we could hide.  
one long-forgotten, empty box, raided by mouths  
begging for nourishment,  
pushed into the corner of the front closet,  
is found in just the state it had been.  
doors are left wide open, ready to welcome new life  
where I'd rather close them, lock them, keep them safe,  
keep them hers.