

Diary of a Ghost: Laurie Wilson

My queue approached the pearly gates,
St Peter handing out our fates.
But when at last my turn had come
He gave me news which left me numb
He said 'We have a vacant posting,
For someone who can do some ghosting.
You won't need any heavenly things
Especially not a harp and wings'.
Instead, I got a long white sheet
Which covered me from head to feet,
A map to find my house to haunt,
And so began my little jaunt.
But first a course of ghostly schooling
To learn the finer arts of ghoulng.
At last I settled in my halls
No need for keys, I pass through walls.
It's night work and the hours are good,
My contract says that people should
Be haunted every couple of weeks.
Sometimes it's just a board that creaks
But on a night with storms and lightning
I'm there in person and I'm frightening!
I guess you'd say I make a living
I'd say a 'dying', but I am giving
All I've got for my career
Profiting from dread and fear.
I think I'm now quite good at haunting
Though writing poems is much more daunting
But writing this was really quite a
Simple task for my ghost writer!