

Lonely House

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“Lyt Chware”

Out for a walk one day, we saw a lonely house far away.
Though my wife and child just smiled and moved on, I could not look away.
So it is with things that never leave us alone: they haunt our waking hours.
Those darkened windows filled my mind, and all my thoughts devoured.

Make me brave, make me strong, guard my family while I'm gone,
Let this voice inside scare the dark.
May I quickly find all that cottage has to hide,
Let my mind not seek it from afar.

A decade of dust let me in silently, alone on hearth and sill.
Hours I searched, every corner turned out, and twilight came on still.
A settling chill told my feet to leave, but the only door held fast.
I pounded and yelled til my voice gave out—how long would I last?

Am I brave? Am I strong? Does my family worry on?
Will my cry be heard in the dark?
What here will they find now that I'm trapped inside?
Blind hope can only go so far.

Out of breath, I turned once again to search as dim light allowed.
I had left no marks, not on shelf nor on floor, but more seemed familiar now.
A corner held an old child's doll whose face I faintly knew;
My wife had held it years before on the day my life was through.

She wasn't brave or strong as she tricked me with a song
As she slid a knife in my heart.
Quickly after she cried on the night that our girl died,
Her grief took our lives in the dark.

Come, all brave and strong, to this house where I belong,
Trapping souls that don't easily scare!
Oh they'll shout in vain, and they'll share in my pain:
Who says that Death is ever fair?