

Haunting

I look for your ghost sometimes
buried in the night;
it hides in the haze
between memory and dream.

You silent sentinel,
noble and true;
a source of comfort,
of knowledge,
of faith.

Your lone figure
as steadfast as stone;
standing tall
against the violence
of time's passing.

Your cool eyes are
in the mountain slopes.
Your bedraggled hair
in the wildest brambles.
Your stoic presence
in the company of wolves.

I never could have imagined
my world
without you in it
but all children must endure
alone.

A Bloody Vow

For every ashen heart,
for every hollow bone,
for every mossy grave
desecrated on that moonless night
I will pursue you.

For every blackened offering,
for every wilted flower,
for every harvest flesh
forced to rot to dust at the altar
I will hunt you.

For every hidden tome,
for every forgotten whisper,
for every bloody secret
locked behind their traitorous lips
I will shadow you.

My blade shall not rest
nor my feet falter
until I bring you home.

Unless my body fails
and sinks below the earth.