

Cara Dillon

"After Death Premises"

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Bewitching spheres I sense when the temperatures fall.
Whilst dusk quickly devoures all light inside the
Townshend's hall.

Ghostly phenomena I have seen... roaming it's huge
corridors as if I dream abysmal dreams.

1835; the year that colonel Loftus saw dark things at
night.

Walking towards his room... a spectral form appeared
then vaporized in gloom.

Tenebrous winds... waving curtains.
Unreal noises, footsteps and strange voices.

Neither Christ nor sunlight marked this place with holy
grace during these Christmas days.

I fell... dark things staring at me.
This classic realm is just another version of hell.

Her dead skin glowed with a pale luminescence.
A forgotten entity that dwells in a brown satin dress.
Chained in a void of tragedy.
Bound to seek her children in everlasting eternity.

Colonel Loftus met her twice.
The second time... she stared at him and had no eyes.
Her feature looked horrific and cruel, watching the
colonel like a terrifying pagan ghoul.

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