

Kayliah

"The Antique"

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Dust fills my Mouth with a Timeless Poltergeist Rapping
Lightly upon a Dusty Door;
It Locks the Days together
Yesterday
This Artefact wasn't rightly so.
Flanked by Shelves incorporating me into their Lonely
Dream,
I search for Tremors lying Weeping
'Neath the Broken Tiled Floor
Weeping with a Broken Madness,
Weeping for the Day Before.
Tarnished Silver in the Cupboard soothes
The Fathoms of my Aching Silver Beard;
Like Shining Eyes scoured by
A Sour Creaking Gait,
Cataracts dim the
Eloquence that wore
The Shining Cloak of younger Pride,
And This was Long,
Long before their Careless Keeper died.

A Revenant spread it's Foul Curse to Every Living Thing
With Stories trapp'd on Yellowed Pages
By Talismans of Poignant Lethargy.
Tales Twilit bear their Ruin'd Words
To this Ghoulish Scenery,
Slouching over Candlelight
Extinguished in another Century.

The Grandfather Clock once Told it's Beads,
While Outside the Branches
Bowed their Windows slightly Out of Key.
And this Downstairs, where a
Forlorn Clock has long since Lost it's Faith,
And a House's Stale Breath sighs like the
Whispers of a Wraith.

Spiders Decorate an Appearance
That stretches Gnarled Hands
Back into a Relinquished Parlour Game;
Wisps of Ghostly Languor hinting faintly of Perique

Ring the Ancyent Air and Fade,
Murmuring of Things Antique.

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