Haunted

a Poem by Jonathan Zavala
inspired by Virginia Woolf's "A Haunted House"

Enshadowed corridors,
A heavy heart,
Echoes of a love most sublime,
A past that tears his world asunder.

His mind, an attic, dusty and old,
Fragments of a love unresolved.
Whispers of laughter, echoes of sighs,
Where the heart lies, remembrances carved.

He wanders
through the mist of yesteryears,
Chasing the ghosts,
Drowning in tears, choking.
Her eyes stars in a midnight sky,
Their sparkle gone forevermore.

A love once vibrant turned a ghostly wraith,
A shade of passion, lost.

He traces his steps where they would dance,
Solitude is his only solace.

A scent of roses, a bittersweet perfume,
A reminder of a love that withered.
Footprints in sand, washed away,
His soul, the memories endure.

He gazes at the moon, a hushed confidante,
Hoping to find comfort in its gentle enchant.
The moonlight reveals the scars hidden,
A man haunted by love's turbulent tides.

Echoes of her laughter persist,
A haunting melody that won't cease.
His memories like a heavy chain,
A love lost, yet forever carved in ache.

So, he lingers in the corridors of the past,
Where love and loss are entwined.
Haunted by the ghost of a love once true,
A man grappling with what he can't undo.