

The Phantom

*A quiet sensing of less dark shadows;
Shivering away from a hushed weeping;
Trying to flee from a ghastly gallows;
Under the floorboards, a muted screeching.
Asleep, feeling something breathing on you.
It hurts! It hurts! A trembling hot desire,
A pale haunting known to the half-dead few:
We burned together in the witch's fire.
Remember? We were curled up in the rain
You're not here: only a phantom limb pain.*