

# THE HOUSE

*Barbara Hughes* poetry

the house at the end of the mountain road  
holds its secrets like the sea  
whispering to me to wander in its solitude

the rain softly taps on the tin roof  
spilling down gray through ageless stars  
I had a dream on its grasses where you ended and I began

I would enter you to find myself  
your photo hangs in that corner room dad  
where loved ones refuse to return

at this house, ghosts of forgotten family fade away  
in the ebb and flow of terrestrial tides  
I follow the liquid echoes that loop and chase

floor boards creak with your soundless footsteps Dad  
a faceless man behind the reflection of windows  
next time say goodbye before you cross beyond the pale

I am a child again as you disappear under the moon's scars  
but how far can my small legs run against the dark to keep up  
are you the phantom or is it me?

dust dances in the eclipse of my eyes.  
it's nightfall, the sky is filled with shadows  
in my hands they lay dying...just like your energy.