

The Visit (A Poem by Maya Teague) - MabuhayRadio

Written by Maya Teague

Tuesday, 15 June 2010 07:19 - Last Updated Tuesday, 15 June 2010 07:27

THE VISIT

Maya Teague

It's 2 a.m., I am once more

Companion to these hushful hours

Darkness poised to seduce, explore

As zephyr upon newsprung flowers.

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Repose and rest now prospects dim,

The guests are here, the stage replete

Reflections wistful now turn grim

As one by one, my ghosts I meet.

Remembrances and thoughts go by,

My life once more in film noir played

Old scenes from distant days draw nigh

Splinters of a past portrayed.

Stark vignettes of a brittle life

Days of gaiety, nights of lament

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A rebel, a dreamer, a dutiful wife

Soon a widow racked with torment.

I close my eyes, I hear the voice

Of cherubim with harp and song,

What glory this celestial noise

But to whom does the music belong?

The air is crisp, the night is deep

Yet nary is there a tinge of fear,

I kiss their souls, I pray, I weep

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Exalted by their presence here.

I think I'll tarry 'til the morrow

When light shall sweep this wraith away

What rare rapture! What great sorrow

To have been visited -- or did they?

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{xtypo_quote} May your trails be crooked, winding, lonesome, dangerous - leading to the most amazing view. May your mountains rise above the clouds. ~ Edward Abbey {/xtypo_quote}

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