

House in the Woods

Naked of paint,
The weathered, wooden
 slats
Of her great, gray face
Huddle behind her guards.

Her square black eyes,
Their smooth, clear lenses long since
 shattered
Stare between the shapes
Of twisted, stunted soldier trees.

She strains for a glimpse
Of pale ghost moonlight
 shreds.
They bring into stark relief
Her stern, dark sentinels.

Her creaking joints announce
Her presence. She lives, though left
 to rot.
The other forlorn, lonely sounds
Are the low howls of wind in her timbers.

Weeds and dead leaves
Choke her stone
 foundations.
Forgotten by time,
She waits to be remembered.