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Flora Ghost, Tulip's Last Impression

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HAUNTED

Marc Pappas

Something haunts me in my sleep.
 Echoes of a long forgotten past,
 creeping through corners and shadows.
 It whispers in my ears thoughts of depression
 and chains me down with my own insecurities.
 My arms reach out around me,
 only to find empty shells of friends,
 ghosts of those who were there till the end.

Something haunts me in my wake.
 Chasms abound at every footstep,
 threatening to fall in an endless abyss.
 My ears catching wind of an eerie tune,
 one none could hear but me.

Something stalks me in my dreams.
 Sleeps eludes me as my body gets up
 and leaves my spirit behind.
 Its icy breath swells upon my throat
 and its fingers claw down my back.
 Even should I break it's grasp,
 I can't escape the song
 for it is faster than I can run.
 This song is unending.
 The music keeps calling and I'll never stop hearing it,
 I only wish someone else could hear it too.
 I don't want to feel alone anymore.
 Suicide is a silent song,
 and my heart will sing me to sleep.
 Just let me rest in peace.



FLORA GHOST / TULIP'S LAST IMPRESSION

Amy Bedinghaus