

3-27-2019

## The House of Misfortune

Ann Marie Newman

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces>

---

### Recommended Citation

Newman, Ann Marie (2019) "The House of Misfortune," *Forces*: Vol. 2019 , Article 92.  
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2019/iss1/92>

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Collin. It has been accepted for inclusion in Forces by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@Collin. For more information, please contact [mtomlin@collin.edu](mailto:mtomlin@collin.edu).

## The House of Misfortune

Ann Marie Newman

I was five when I first saw it. Yet, still I recall  
how it made me recoil at its cold, dead pall.

Severely dressed in ugly grey stucco, so somber and vile.  
It sought misfortune upon gullible renters. The house was hostile.

But it was cheap, and we needed cheap. In we moved, we three -  
Daddy, Momma and me, and soon after, others. Oh, calamity!

The deceiving interior bathed in warm, gleaming wood hid sorrows from sight.  
Within shadows its past shifted and slithered away from the light.

They said she jumped from the attic window. A mere girl, distraught!  
The rigors, hardships of her budding life now all but forgot.

We relished her story, its entertainment bringing goosebumps of delight.  
Not believing for a moment her anguished ghost moved about in the night.

But then, eerie strangeness soon became our norm. In night's darkest hour  
lights flickered on, off, on. Boards creaked, moaned. Drafts made us cower.

My young eyes saw ghost girl wasn't alone. When light was just so,  
I'd see many misty shapes gliding to and fro, bringing woe.

Nights were bad, but days far worse. You see, the house fed on us.  
Each day, dining on our goodness and happiness. We were...delicious.

Each little bite and nip brought emotional pain that swiftly in turn  
was inflicted on another, and another, bringing strife. Love to spurn.

Tribulations quickly grew in number. The girl upstairs ran away at fourteen.  
Men in white coats took cousin Nancy away. She'd spoke of ghosts, seen.

*I didn't say a word.*

The newly married couple fought, how they fought! A chair broke on a back,  
while I held their newborn baby girl. Again. Again watching another attack.

Daddy disappeared, forsaking family for the wild life. Momma was bereft.  
One year was plenty enough for us. So to new renters, the ghost house we left.