

Wander In

Wander in, little ghost, seeking shelter from thy woes
Let your hand twist the knob of a door locked no longer
As your feet wade in water, shallow in name alone

Wander in, little ghost, seeking shelter from thy woes
Let your hands drift the rails of long forgotten oak
As your feet meet the threads, frayed in their archaic bed

Wander in, little ghost, seeking shelter from thy woes
Let your hands glaze the chips of paint in this gilded sanctuary
As your feet pull through the webs and dust of forgotten time

Wander in, little ghost, seeking shelter from thy woes
Let your hands feel the bars on each splintered window pane
As your feet drag through the muck of softened barricades

Wander in, little ghost, but be wary of thy woes
For shelter is but shelter only when
A shelter is maintained