



Ballad of the Samhain

By JessicaRae

The night when spirits walk the earth,
Some like to think it so,
That those they love who have left them here,
Are walking to and fro.

Perhaps the kiss of a gentle wind,
Is the touch of a loved one's hand.
Perhaps the chill of a night turned dark,
Is the brush of attention's demand.

The shadows grow long and with its strength
The curtain is gently tugged open wide,
And if one dares to look within,
They would find all sorts of folks inside.

A chimney sweep, with dusty face,
Leaning on his faithful broom.

A long-lost bride, in a gown of white,
Reunited with her waiting groom.

A grandma dear with greying hair,
Though her face is no longer old,
A businessman still with suit and tie,
While the briefcase he no longer holds.

A young child stands with cheerful smile,
Their face so aglow with glee,
Shouting "Look, I can run and play in here,
Look how fast I now can be!"

A cat and dog in mutual acceptance,
Sit at attention, all ears and tails,
Firemen who once tried to save a tower,
Tall and brave stand behind the veil.

Policeman, students, teachers, and more
Are waiting for their turn to cross,
And on Samhain, just for tonight,
There's a return of those that we've lost.

At the stroke of the night, the shadows grow tall,
And the walls between our worlds grow thin,
And in the blink of an eye, it opens just once,
And lets all our loved ones step in.

Although we can't see them, they walk with us here,
Silent but no less alive,

And although we can't hear them, their one mission here,
Is that hope would long survive.

The hope that we too, on a future Samhain,
Will stand with our family and kin,
Waiting to cross over, and walk on the earth,
On the night when the walls grow thin.