

Forever Had Given Her Call

by Jessica Rae

It came as a train on a dark Brooklyn night,
The whisper of spirits and fear
It called with a voice that one could not help but obey,
They all felt death take Father from here.
There was no cry of "Intruders below!"
No battle plans drawn on the desk.
Perhaps the most sad thing they all could recall,
Was death picked of all them- the best.
For Father was resting in the dimly lit room, his chamber had not been seen by all
What would become of his family below, now that forever had given her call?
The magic that once ran through the tunnels below,
Was stilled in a moment of time.
The dreams would be somehow kept dreaming and happy
By those that deaths curse left behind.
They would try to keep going,
Hard as it was,
For a dream is as real as its fans.
The ones below that cared with a soul deep inside,
Would keep dreaming as hard as they can.
Just like old times the great Winterfest gates,
Would open and the candles would alight.

And when festivities were over, as they left the great hall,

They could hear Father wish them Good Night.

Oh, there would be fear and there would be failure,

There would be Winterfest and parties and cheer,

There would be tea in the library, and lights in the hall,

Just as if Father was here.

Catherine would come to listen to the chorus,

Of the musical children below.

Vincent would tell stories of great battles won,

Tales of people they all used to know.

And late at night when the children all slept,

The original few walked the halls,

They did not speak to each other for they all heard the sounds,

For Father was not gone at all.

His laugh could be heard echoing down the passage,

His smile in the library was clear,

His hug could be felt in the darkest of the shadows.

No, Father for sure was still here.