Ghosts:

Walking shadows wrought with fear

Are lurking by and near.

Wild flames of hearthen roasts,

Smokey signals of our ghosts.

Silent specters send us shivers

And clog our mental livers.

Reminding us to stay away;

We are their fleshen prey.

But why would such a hellish ghoul

Hide from mortal fool?

If phantoms spend their lives in dust,

Then they must be scared of us!