The Dance of The Ghosts

Poem and Ballerina Digital Art Concept V1 by Charles Voltaire

Original Music By Sean Wintrow (link in bio)

The Dance of the Ghosts

The dance of the ghosts

In the fading twilight.

A bob of the head,

A whimper and cower,

The walls filled with whispers,

The door in a mirror,

Her eyes filled with blood,

Les yeux de la mort en azure.

The love was real

Immortal and sweet.

We cuddled with darkness

Advancing around us.

One hope, One chance,

One slip through the cracks

In the wall and my fingers.

I woke and I ran,

I tried to catch up,

Tripping with every step,

Arrows from the tongue

Stinging the soul.

I died clutching for the mist

That was her green eyes.

Reborn yet still alone,

I saw her again.

The paintbrushed hair in reverse,

The mirrored temptation of shame,

The heartache of loneliness,

The beautiful angry lifeless eyes of love.

I hated her

As she danced on my grave

In the moonlight.

I laughed and I cried.

The friend I always wanted,

Not a real ghost,

But a ghost you can touch.

Those puppy dog eyes,

The ghost of a real ghost.

I slumber alone now

In my dark room

Forever and ever,

And adorning my tomb,

Is her beautiful dance,

The inscription which writes,

"Give me one ghost in place of another."

- Voltaire