

Olson House

By Melody Moody

I sat there in silence
Listening to strange sounds
Suddenly, I grabbed my breath,
For I had heard an eerie sound
From the closet
Or was it from the corner?
Where I was sitting
Maybe even outside the near dark window
No,
It was just the wind
Blowing across the side of the old house
Still, I could have sworn it was that girl, Christina
That had returned to capture her
Once forgotten memories
Which brought her joy, courage, or sadness.

(1996)