

## **A Carrier of Souls**

At night I go home to an abandoned place  
Where the monsters and ghouls show their faces  
Where the vents all bellow a haunting sound  
Where the heater groans when just I'm around

Where I'll unlock my rusty gate  
And do my best to concentrate  
On all that is holy and everything light  
For the dead, otherwise, are bound to fright

I'm told they have woken to capture the flesh  
Of some Godly boy they've yet to catch  
I'm told this boy is young and wise  
I'm told this boy can hear their cries

I'm told this boy can navigate  
Their despot souls from earth to heaven's gate  
I'm also told he waits for something unknown  
Perhaps it is for the proper groan

Or, perhaps it's for the proper rite  
Of passage into day from night  
Or, from sin to virtue  
Nonetheless, it's that blood curdling curfew

When it's time to turn the hinges  
On a house brimmed with gasps and cringes  
Where the curtains sway without a breeze  
Where the mind is fraught and teased

By the shrillest sounds and throatiest voices  
Where I'm tempted to damn them with my choices  
For, I am the one whom they'd like to discover  
In the midst of the night beneath the covers

Yes, I am the one to send them south  
With the simplest whisper from my mouth  
For, I have been the judge of ways  
For many and many and many of days!