

# The Haunting

By Helen J. Dixon

He entered her world, a friend  
Someone to trust, confide in  
But it changed when he became  
a violent stranger

Walked in her home, invited  
Turned her haven into a hell  
Knocked her down, held her arms, pelting her  
with hot stale breath

All the time, whispering words of love  
while assaulting her with actions of hate  
Her eyes closed, attempting to blot out  
of consciousness the pain

Arising, he arranged his clothes  
Leaving her a writhing ball on the floor  
She dare not move, disbelief piercing her  
shattered psyche

All she could do was whisper  
“Leave, go away”. His dark eyes, like daggers  
stabbed through her skin, through all organs,  
penetrated her soul

When he left, he took her trust, her safety.  
She could only lie there wanting to die  
needing the reassurance, the passion  
to live.

He comes back in her dreams  
Shape shifting, making mischief  
Screaming, she awakes, longing  
for oblivion.

Can't shake the ghost of the day  
The pain, a dull ache in her heart, lingers  
Want to lose herself in forgetfulness, but she's  
forever haunted.

