

Old Haunts

the ghosts that haunt my dreams are the same ones i yearn for. i fall victim to my ghosts. i visit them frequently and we love each others company. lately they have been distant and i cry out for them. they havent returned the cries. they ignore the love i give to them. they ignore my gestures of unadulterated admiration. i am alone. i am lost. i am dying. my ghosts have abandoned and i dont know why. why is all i can ask. why is the only question i can get no answer for. i fall to my knees and pray to a god i hope is real. a god who ive never met. a god who i thought had forsaken me. i speak words foreign to my heart. unheard by my ears. i feel a presence well up in my eyes as tears fall. i now know y the ghosts have abandoned me. i kno y the ghosts left me alone. i open my heart for the grace hes allowed me. the grace of a father i never knew existed. today i still think of the ghosts and wonder if they will ever come back. i hope not. i have the seed of my faith planted in my heart. i hope it grows for the world to see and take part n making it grow. today a new wisdom has been bestowed upon me. a gift from father for my obedience thru life. a new passion has been stoked by the fires of his name. i feel at peace with my place n this world. i feel unafraid as i walk away from the person who fell in love with his demons and laid down for his ghosts.