

Ghost of a Rose

By Lindsey Hansen

Crepuscular rays rest on the once
lovely maiden. Pining away in a bay
window chair, she gazes with unseeing
eyes at the sloping fields and wind-wilted
forests that comprise Kent's countryside.
The verdant meadows, lilting lavender,
marigold primrose, vibrant fuchsias,
ignite in her mind his memory.

She sits remembering him
while the day strips luster
out of her hair, pulls fat
from her bones, dims the spirit
in her eyes, highlights the ghost
of a rose in her porcelain cheeks,
and she no more than a ghost
of the rose she once was.

A ghost of the rose
she never laid
on his unmarked
seaside grave.