

Jane Doe

Hail the Sun

She falls
The look of disillusion fresh upon her quickly fading eyes
Across the room the guilty party turns and leaves
Their story woven on the coattails of a ghost
We wonder
We question
Why are you gone?
The stains are steamed
The walls receive a perfect coat of white
To cover up the homicide
The family grieves
The memories remain
The years washing away
We question the outcome, the fairness
We wonder what will happen to us
We struggle to let go in anger
We ask aloud
Why are you
Woven on the coattails of a ghost
Woven on the coattails