

Ghosts of War

# Ghosts of War

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We sometimes forget that the casualties of War are not just on the Battlefield?



Published on  
**Booksie**

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*Ghosts of War*

*Within the fog of did you see?*

*An old woman, made up to the nines*

*Can be seen in the corner of the non-believers eye*

*Purse in hand and a glass of wine*

*Waiting for a lover who never comes*

.

*Just shadows on the wall,*

*Whispering names through*

*Spiders silk, the inheritors*

*Of this forgotten, debutants ball*

.

*While Portraits glare at vacant laughter*

*An echoed waltz swirls*

*The embrace of loves decay*

*Images now jailed within the Crystal shards*

*Of a fallen chandelier*

.

*A tear of Woman wears mourning face well,*

*This vigil Mask hiding immortality lost*

*Now broken and marking time,*

.

*love lies lost in the barbed wire of war*

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*Fallen stars to shine no more*

*Their Remembrance merging into darkness*

*Behind a cloudless sky*

.

*Alone is the corpse in cratered field*

*Covered by poppies blood*

*Walked on by ghosts to come*

.

*Another Whispered soul is roaming*

*The guns have left their post*

*And Peace is just an illusion*

*For yet another Flanders ghost*

.

*This cruel winter's night*

*The withered rose has lost its fragrance*

*The champagne has all gone flat*

*And love calls without an answer*

.

*For silence is the memory*

*And it is we*

*Who walk hand in hand*

*With our ghosts of War?*

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Generated: 2015-01-25 17:22:57