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## The Maid and the Ghost

Dr. Priyanka Shrivastava

I mock her, her superstitious fight  
With the ghost that walk in the night  
She shows the mark on her hand,  
and her face swollen but bright  
She is some intelligent fool  
So I kept my cool  
Following the golden rule  
Never argue with these illiterate fool.  
I could not sleep that dark night  
Due to wonder and due to fright  
I get up and tiptoed towards the door,  
There were broken shards of red bangles  
Shining on the marble floor. Wait! I Listen  
Again that murmur sigh and roar  
There were none but the two shadows behind the door  
First seems faint the other was giant  
Tomorrow, I will tell her this as true as good  
The ghost lives in the house and not in the wood.  
The dark drift apart, the day has a new start  
The women went to field, the animal to the meadow  
Moon is crimson and stars are bright  
The reporters on radio says there must be high tide  
The storm come with sobs and tears

I lay down on the bed with my Teddy bears

Walls shivers and shook

There I saw fall my pencil and my book

Inside I hear choking noise

Stars, outside were singing in silver silent voice.