Banshee

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Jacqueline Rexford

quite...still...
Night smothers the land
Shadowy figures stagger towards an absent dawn
But hours still separate the desperate night
From the golden rays of the sun

Alone on a knoll, near a knotted old tree
A ghostly figure moans, wails,
She laments a life.
Banshee, Please! Not this night!
Not this house! Not this night!

His children, eight in all,
They gather ‘round his bed.
On their knees, night-capped heads bowed,
Their ruddy cheeks are streaked
Tears track down their wee faces while small red noses run

His last rights have been read.

The clergyman kneels.
With the eight children he prays.

Still she laments this life,
The Banshee on the hill.
Gnarled fingers twisting in her ghostly veil
Moaning, Wailing, the moment comes near

Ragged, raspy, shuddering breaths seep from his cold lips
Through his cold, cold lips life escapes
Eight children cry

He gives up the ghost
While the spirit of his wife waits to lead him away

Eight orphans cry
Inconsolable in their grief
Eight alone, no parents, no protection, no guidance
Nowhere to call home
No more does the Banshee weep and wail
The old knotted tree stands alone on the knoll
While shadowy figures stagger towards and absent dawn

In another place, another time
Another Banshee moans and wails
Another family pleads
Banshee, Please!
Not this night!

Jordan Rimpela