

Haunted  
by Brian Bell

From the window, his  
apparition looked down on us,  
Solid, meaty, ruddy cheeked  
from the autumn air's rub,

How odd for this foggy  
civil war remnant  
to watch us from the attic.  
Our banal lives

here for diversion  
rather than conflict.  
Does he see us over  
his warm barrel so often

sighted on his enemies.  
Do the crows speak battle cries,  
the trees wimper, sob for lost friends.  
At night I wake with a start ... haunted.