

The Ghost Ship: by Brittany Jean

The road was ice underneath my feet, walking in the wind
The woolen coat from mom and dad soon collared to my chin
One step down on the Clark Street Bridge, the atmosphere went still
The falling, early-winter snow lost her bitter chill

And my eyes caught on a rising pinewood forest
Growing up from the deck of a ghost they called *Rouse Simmons*
She was donned in dazzling, amber lights that burned away the mist
Holding fast in between the masts with twine and crimson ribbons

A ship of old moored in waters cold of velvet, navy blue
I heard the merry captain sing with his very merry crew
As they unbound a thousand powdered, downy Christmas trees
Safely carried o'er the lake to all the waiting families

Down the stairwell, I am drawn to another time
The captain found me there, an open hand and ocean eyes
He gave to me a garland wreath of mistletoe and pine
“Merry Christmas to you and yours from me and all of mine”

Faded words on the paper tag: November 1912
I heard the sounding of eight bells—one final farewell

I turned to go, stealing one last glance to see it all again
His ship was gone, lost in the mist as though she'd never been
Frozen air and the city noise—I'm back in my own time
Going home with mistletoe and pine, I sang
“Merry Christmas to you and yours from me and all of mine”
Merry Christmas to you from me and mine