

GHOST STORY

Bill Scott

There once was a ghost who lived in a tomb
in a place that was murky with horror and gloom,
where gravestones tuck up like a row of bad teeth
concealing the horrors that lay underneath.
As the last stroke of midnight resounded around
the ghost would rise up from his bed underground
and making a noise like a quavering bleat
would leap out of hiding and bite people's feet.
One night Sarah Jenkins was tottering past
who had not washed her feet since the year before last.
The ghost sprang from hiding and with a loud chuckle
sank its ugly green teeth in her left big-toe knuckle.
Sarah, not noticing, wandered away
but the ghost foamed and roared and kept spitting all day.
Even now, around midnight, when white fog lies thick
if you go by that graveyard, just listen a tick
and you'll still hear the sound of the ghost being sick.