

Haunted for a Little While

By Natalie Lawson

Every day I think I have a visitor in my home.
One minute ago it was there, the next minute
it disappears to the unknown.
When I stop looking for it
I turn around and there it will sit!

I'm holding a spoon in my hands
All by itself it jumps off and lands
I'm indispensable where I stand
And I really, really don't understand.

When I reach for a utensil in its place
I wind up empty-handed
Why isn't it in its space?
Where else could it have landed?

If I don't hang my keys where they belong
I'll be looking for them with harried stress
I know I've done wrong
So I'll interrogate myself with no success.

Exhausted I sit in my comfortable chair
In my side view I'm mesmerized for sure
I imagined a subliminal phantom sitting there
I'm haunted for a little while
But I'll think it away with a smile!