
Night Visitor

by Gina Rose Zellmer

He came so quietly
that one would never know
or believe . . .
that one stormy night, a Stranger
crept into her eyelet-lace filled world
and stained it with terror . . .
A Phantom transformed into reality.

"They would never understand,"
the Stranger told her.
She was a Bad Girl,
and only she would bear the blame
for such a ruthless violation of purity
that night so many years ago . . .

Yet she would know of the mystery . . .
the disappearance of,
the Stranger that visited her.
The Stranger, now only a shadow
who could not tell,
And for her, a sad memory . . .
Indeed,
they would not understand.

