

# The Haunting

*by* Mathew Paust

Her face ever stricken by my betrayal  
keeps its terrible frozen silent flash of recognition  
emblazoned on my cerebrum

Many months I've worked  
to appease my conscience  
words  
embracing the pain  
penance  
words

Yet the ugliness will not be denied  
its mockery a cancer on the heart  
a ghost tormenting my soul

