

The Crossroads

A u n d r e a R o m b e r g

Meet me at the crossroads,
where all manner of people come through.

My companion who sits with me each night is a vampire,
who points out Greg the werewolf and tells me about their bad
blood.

I met Shelley, accidentally and awkwardly, as one night I had been
sitting where she had been
clawing out from her grave.

There's a ghoul whose name I can't catch,
muttering about how hard it is to get flesh.

It took me a while to realize I was dead,
my companion telling me that not many ghosts linger like I do.

Each night, there's someone new to meet that's passing through,
each night, I stay there, still undecided on which direction to take.

Meet me at the crossroads,
where it can get pretty lively.