

[When my late wife Janet was a girl, she heard a story about a phantom lady all in white (who was haunting some ship). Thereafter late at night from time to time Janet would dress up in white and wander up and down the alley next to her house. Halloween was her favorite holiday.]

Spectre in White

All draped in white lattice lace gown and veils
A charming lady haunts back alley ways.
While large eyed houses scan night's well lit trails,
Backyard darkness disinters her sweet white haze
As ornament to grace its silent wails,
Making her visible in its shy gaze.

The brightly curtained labyrinth weave of day
Cannot discern faint whiteness deathly pale.
Invisible such auras need to stay;
Wide windows are for them of no avail,
Mere mirrored reflections they must obey
Infiltrating their pure presence so frail.

Through waves of blackest night her white ship plies.
Fierce winds from brightest day fill her white sails.
White rigging sheeting true keeps her course wise.
On decks of gleaming white she tells her tale:
'Stilly I travel on mournful sighs
Till my enchanting spells thou truly feel.'