

## “The Old Hotel”

A warm wind blows through empty small town streets,  
Far below the fractured glass time defeats,  
The ghostly structure of brick and concrete,  
Whispered secrets of distant times repeats.

Lives forever changed through now boarded doors,  
Old memories trapped in the maze of floors,  
These walls once held souls in undefined scores,  
Some say none ever departed its cracked pores.

The old hotel never did break or sway,  
It always sidestepped time that came its way,  
Now it's a place for the forlorn to play,  
Despite the spirits that insist to stay.