

The Story of My Castle  
Mary Beth Smith

My castle overlooked a loch.  
The loch, like a bonny sea.  
Not even fog could blind the way  
Between eternity and me....

I walked my halls  
Past tapestries hung.  
I sang the songs  
That once were sung.  
The ancient pipes  
Still lingering long.  
Centuries away,  
Centuries gone.  
Now everything  
In ruins lie,  
And all my dreams  
Beyond them die.  
As I look back  
On childhood lost,  
My castle once beautiful  
Now lay turned and tossed.  
A ghost in my castle  
I wander around.  
Quiet in shadows,  
Not making a sound.  
Walls that are crumbled,  
Toppled and torn.  
Floors that are rugged,  
Blood-stained and worn.  
A high open window  
In a tower so high,  
That collapses slowly  
As time marches by.  
Fine cloth of white linen.  
A goblet of wine.  
All of these riches,  
That used to be mine.

Into this world we bring nothing;  
With nothing we shall leave,  
But I will always have Scotland,  
In all of my dreams.