



Ghost, Ink & Acrylic, 2025

Poor Jude

Gathered round a campfire
on a black and moonless night,
some children there were sat,
telling stories by firelight.

One spoke of fairies and fables,
some famous legends of old.
Another spun a yarn
about the elves of the Northern Cold.

As tales were told, the children munched
on marshmallows from the hosts.
Then the last child came to speak,
and he began to speak of ghosts.

“Once in a dark wood,” he said,
“some children could be found,
playing games amongst themselves,
but Poor Jude was not allowed.

“He was a rotund boy, with a tooth for sweets,
and at this the kids made fun,
so whenever they came together,
Poor Jude’s presence was shunned.

“On this particular night, though the kids knew not,
Poor Jude’s life came to an end.
But though he was dead as a coffin nail,
he was said to have been seen again.

“For the kids reported, after he passed,
that they saw walking through the snow
the rotund figure of Jude strolling,
his body an other-worldly glow.”

Just then Suzy from the campfire screamed,
“Who there is that fellow?”
Near the light had appeared a rotund boy,
and he said:

“Might I trouble you for a marshmallow?”