

Haunting's: Things That Go Bump in the Night!

Michael Vanderhoof

Presented by

My poetic side 

summary

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Beware!

Beware! By: Michael Vanderhoof

Again the time does fall on another rainy day,
where the clouds are ever longing, with a darkness here to stay.
The leaves are somewhat molding, faded colors all around,
many costumed fun-filled fantasies is all that can be found.

As they gather past-lived memories, on this darkest of all nights,
collecting tasty treasures is first-hand in all their sights.
They see no hidden dangers, heed no warnings while on the path,
hoping no one is a stranger and they will come to no man's wrath.

Getting children safely home should be your only fear,
the darkness will embrace them, only whispers you will hear.
Hug that special trick-or-treater before they leave your door,
As the streetlights look the other way, and shine their lights no more.

I pray with all my heart that this day will soon be done,
though children like it dearly, all the candy, all the fun.
And on the deepest, darkest night, I hope you say a prayer.
To God above, that those you love are safe from harm... Beware!

Monster in My Closet

Monster in My Closet

By Michael Vanderhoof

There's a monster in my closet,
after Mom has kissed goodnight.

There's a monster in my closet,
when Dad turns off the light.

The monster's hands will cover me,
every hour in the night.

When the morning starts appearing,
It will disappear from sight.

This night will be so different,
as I hear the closet door.

When the blankets have been pulled away,
I will be a victim here no more.

This time I am ready,
I thrust a knife deep in "his" chest.
I know I did what's right this time,
I did what I thought best.

No more monster in my closet,
or any secrets to keep sealed.
Now the hunter became the hunted,
and the truth is now revealed.

Dinner for Two and Death Would Like Tea

» **Dinner for Two and Death Would Like Tea**

By: Michael Vanderhoof

I pace the floor with footsteps all around the house so late,
Waiting for a special guest, an unsuspecting date.
An hour past a while ago, a couple more or two...
My time is rather limited, and my soul is almost due.

This day, it so reminds me, of the same the day before,
Again I pace around so adamantly, for the doom outside my door.
Then finally there's a shadow, blocking out the midnight light,
My guest is finally here, and it's a most surprising sight....

The sickle, in one boney hand, and in the other an hour glass,
For my time upon this earth, is now something of the past.
I invite this looming presence here inside across the room,
knowing every second counts, as I am soon to meet my doom.

A spread I have prepared, hoping minutes more I just might see,
Then I do the strangest thing, and I prepare two cups of tea.
My hands are trembling greatly as more time I try to pass,
Knowing well, so very well, that this moment could be my last.

Two cups are poured and there I stand, not knowing what to do...
My lips they shuttered utterly, "Would you like one lump or two?"
Not a word is ever spoken, so I assume the tea is fine.
Then I pass the cup and saucer, and I hope this buys me time.

This ever looming presence takes the cup and starts to drink...
My next move is so reluctant as my mind begins to think.
Was it one lump, or was it two, that now has death upon my floor?
I guess the math is not important, as my life is spared once more.

I live another day, and many more I plan to see,
Cheating death, will have its cost, but not this time for me.
I will live another lifetime, and make this one count the most,
As I stand before you now, as a very distinguished host.

Stranger at My Window

Stranger at My Window

By: Michael Vanderhoof

When I was just a child about the age of ten,
A stranger came to see me, but not a day since then.
Her hair was gold like sunshine, that glistened in the moon,
A most intriguing visit, as I lay here in my room.

I wasn't really frightened for her smile it seemed so true,
So, I opened up the window, it seemed the thing to do.
Her voice was very pleasant, as she asked if I could play,
I asked about tomorrow, around the middle of the day.

Her face then turned to sorrow as she turned and walked away,
I begged her for a moment, and told her she should stay.
Then I crept out through the window, and she began to smile.
I told her I could play with her, but for just a little while.

I walked with her up to the school, and we both began to swing.
We played and laughed, enjoyed our time, until the clock would ring.
The tower of Old St. Vincent's, it told how late the hour,
Then she turned and looked at me, as if under some strange power.

I followed her into the woods, she stopped and turned around.
I thought this most peculiar, until I saw something on the ground.
A tombstone here among the woods, with no others here in sight.
And then she quickly faded here, in the middle of the night.

Now twenty years have come and gone, as I wait by this window glass.
Hoping very anxiously, for just a glimmer of the past.
Her friendship I so truly miss, the time with her divine.

My heart did break upon this night, my forever valentine.

The Accused

The Accused

By: Michael Vanderhoof

I'm not the one you're looking for; I know nothing of this crime...
There is no evidence against me, I really haven't got the time.
For I am just the victim here, your laws will set me free,
No crime have I committed, and the truth you'll have to see.

The death was rather gruesome, and the blood was all around...
My presence near the body, is really all that you have found.
His body lay in pieces, all scattered upon the floor,
A horrific sight indeed, as you all came through the door.

The weapon was a dagger, which was never in my hand,
I keep speaking all these words to you, I hope you understand...
For, I am sticking to these words, as it will never cease.
My freedom will be fast and free, and I will live in peace.

His death was something thought about, in my mind a thousand times...
Secret dreams and fantasies, but never acted out as crimes.
I am only guilty of the deaths within my mind,
Where there are no laws or prisons, or anything of its kind.

The Battlefield

The Battlefield

By: Michael Vanderhoof

I stare across this empty field, as the sun starts setting low. I hear the rifles and the cannons, of a time so long ago.

I can faintly see the soldiers, on both sides along the field. I see them falling desperately, heaven or hell, their souls to yield.

The sun has now departed, and the day has turned to night. The vision on this empty field, is almost out of sight.

Silence falls upon the field; the victory must be complete. Or does the battle still continue, and both sides fall to defeat?

The Lady in White

The Lady in White

By: Michael Vanderhoof

I heard about her sorrow, and the painful way she died.
And several tears, and awful fears, so many times she'd cried.
The gown that she was wearing, was the best one in the town,
No alter for its glory, just upon her when she's found.

Far below the tower bells from several feet up high,
Her body lay in shambles, what a horrible way to die.
The many painful thoughts of him, too much for one to bare,
No hope in sight, for this poor bride, as she climbs another stair.

The church looked so amazing, and the decorations glowed,
Several lies, behind his eyes, the truth had yet been shown.
For as she entered on that day, and the crowds all gathered close,
A bewildered sense of horror, as she sees a haunting ghost.

She ran away so frantically, in panic and despair,
Her presence much unwanted, for his wife and kids were there.
The Embarrassment will stay with her throughout the ends of time,
His planted seed, a wretch indeed, she is a victim of his crime.

To end her pain forever, as the dark clouds filled the sky,
She climbed the tower haste fully and knew that she would die.
Now several years have come and gone, her story still lives on,
Some blismal nights you see her, as the bells are ringing strong.

The Fisherman of Fright

The Fisherman of Fright

(By: Michael Vanderhoof)

A voyage never taken is this captain sure delight,
As he wanders through the open seas, on a very darkened night.
Clouds have come from nowhere, and the storms are sure to roar,
A feat he's never taken, as he's miles away from shore.

This distance not a worry as his heart is filled with sorrow,
A worry far from sight, except the sunrise of tomorrow.
The storms are now beginning, no turning back this night.
The brightness from the lighthouse is almost gone from sight,

No bravery here or courage does this Captain still possess,
His life in ever ruin, filled with pity and distress.
The boat starts rocking angrily, like the heart of this dear man.
A tragic end for this poor soul, was never in his plan.

Then strangely and unseen did all his nets unbound,
A query of this spectacle, was needed to be found.
Upon a close inspection, there was nothing he could see,
Coincidence or carelessness is all that it could be.

Then appearing on the highest deck, a figure dark and tall,
No answer from this shadow as the captain tries to call.
The captain stands in panic as for now he's not alone,
The presence of this shadow turns his heart as cold as stone.

The waves are ever splashing and much lightning fills the sky,
As the captain stands so eagerly, no more misery is his cry!
He's getting what he wished for, in the most unusual way.
Be careful what you wish for, in all you do and say.

The Anniversary

The Anniversary

By: Michael Vanderhoof

I stare at polished silver, and a feast that's so divine,
A bounty at this table, and two glasses filled with wine.
Everything is perfect, with flowers at the table,
A quarter past the hour, and I'm feeling quite unstable.

I pace the floor and move around, it's getting rather late,
I'm trying to keep busy, as I wait here for my date.
Now the anger it engulfs me, I toss the table on its side,
I smash the chairs, they break in two, a scene I cannot hide.

I toss around the furniture, and I break things on the wall,
I continue this behavior in all rooms and down the hall.
The anger and the pain are so much more than I can handle,
My tears are ever flowing, as I light a single candle.

The pain is never ending, as I sit alone here in the room,
I wish to feel her presence, or the scent of her perfume.
This anniversary I will remember, like the one the year before.
I will put myself through agony, till her spirit walks through my door.

Devil's Train

Devil's Train

(In memory of Wayne Cook) 1988

By: Michael Vanderhoof

One autumn night with a pale white moon,
Is a tragedy that is about to unfold.
A quiet life will meet his end,
And his body will lie in the cold.

Down the tracks in waiting,
is a creature of metal and steel,
A sight unseen so oblivious,
but its venom is lethal and real.

The autumn night turns colder,
as the train is reaching near,
No knowledge of what's coming,
so, there was nothing he should fear.

Just as he was getting closer,
To his final destination,
The Devils train had struck him,
Without a hesitation.

The train keeps moving forward,
And disappears on through the morning,
So never walk the empty tracks,
You won't get another warning!

The Devil's train is waiting,
For another soul to try,
So, yield this final warning,

And no one else will have to die!

Stranger at My Window II (Homecoming)

Stranger at My Window II (Homecoming)

By: Michael Vanderhoof

Twenty years have come and gone, as I wait by this window glass.
Then late one night, a surprising guest, that I hope will always last.
I see her smile, and golden hair, just like I did before.
Her presence getting nearer, as she walks up to my door.

I open it so anxiously, and embrace my dear lost friend.
Then I ask about her timing, and how she met her end.
She talks in several riddles, and I try to pay attention.
Illusion's she creates for me, her death she does not mention.

A journey into town she states, is where we both must go.
Her quest seems so compelling, our destination I do not know...
We leave the house so quickly, then down the road for miles.
Arriving at this mysterious place, her face has lost all smiles.

A house that seems familiar, like a place I've been before.
The riddles are all clear to me, as I enter through the door.
Shadows move around me; a dim light fills the room.
I hear a boy that's screaming, and I see him meet his doom!

So sinister and evil, as he bag's the boy away.
He exits ever quietly, before the night turns into day.
Then halfway down the staircase as the moon is shining bright,
Several groups of officers start to shine him with their lights.

I stand between the doorway as a witness to this crime,
But no one else can see me, and the body bagged is mine!
My mind is full of flashbacks, as I start to remember clearly,
The tragedy and the horror of all that happened to me.

My tears are ever flowing as I see this all unfold,
The story of my short-lived life, "it just needed to be told."
"I'm sad you had to see this", as her tears fill up both eyes.
"It's never very pleasant when you see a loved one die."

I now start to remember, all the pain of love that's lost,
My grade school crush was stolen, and my soul had paid the cost.
I must have kept this hidden in the backways of my mind,
I'm the stranger at my window, that my "love" one night did find.

House Upon the Hill

The House Upon the Hill

by: Michael Vanderhoof

I pass it by so regular, on any given day.
A shiver will engulf me, as I journey on my way.
What really ever happened there, are the stories even true?
To think I almost entered once, as kids sometimes will do.

But terror got the best of me, on that long cold autumn night.
The dares at first kept prompting me, but I gave into my fright.
For when I got so close that time, I was spirited away...
The feeling all too sinister, and I felt I couldn't stay.

Many years have come and gone, but my feelings still the same.
Something here's unsettling, since the last time that I came.
Even on the sunniest day, or the darkest of the night.
This house just sits here waiting, as if to prove it's might.

I admit my intimidation, as I pass by on the street.
So will many others, practically everyone you meet.
They each will have a story, or some folklore to explore.
Most with true experience, as they tried to pass its door.

The Dead Danced at Midnight

The Dead Danced at Midnight

By: Michael Vanderhoof

So very young and very poor two siblings left abandoned,
A life not well, and all too sad, this fate that they were handed.
Just as all was looking grim, two kindly strangers took them in.
A brand-new life, a fresh new start, is where the story will begin.

As time goes on, the children grew, and a family they became,
Life was so much better now, but it would never be the same.
Their parents gone, is all they knew, not much do they remember.
The tragedy, and the darkness, of that lonely cold December.

Through dreams and many nightmares, is a story wanting told,
About that night, and all the fright, it is starting to unfold.
That what they saw was awful, and unfortunately so true.
Their parents slain before their eyes, and nothing they could do.

The veil is finally lifting, that the memories have inspired,
A vicious crime, before their eyes, two strangers had conspired.
To rid them of their parents, and pretend that they are saviors,
A sinful lust for money, can cause much cruel behaviors.

Now that all is holding true, a vengeance now is yearning,
Blissfulness, had hid the facts, is what they now are learning.
Then one night the hour late, as the moon was full and bright,
The siblings fulfilled an evil plan, to try and set things right.

Two voices carried loudly, the most fictitious cries of pain,
The strangers came so willingly, not knowing they'd be slain.
The daggers flew relentlessly, by both, the plan completed,
Bodies lay beneath their feet, as the two are now defeated.

The happiness now embraced them, as the killing now is done,
A debt that needed payment, and the plan was too much fun.
Once more they have succeeded, in the dreamscape of their mind
A crime they both invented, another clue you will not find.

And so, the most malicious acts, once more have been repeated,
With shallow hearts, and spineless souls, an evil so deep-seeded.
Some say the moonlight shadows, can sometimes trick the eyes,
The siblings danced with corpses, as the moonlight filled the skies.

School Daze

Daylight shines and fills the sky,
kids walk to school from homes nearby.
Doors and windows open wide,
More kids arrive from the bus they ride.

Children walk down narrow halls,
and artwork fill the spacious walls.
Lessons taught with boards and chalk,
not the time for kids to talk.

Activities fill their day with fun,
lunch then recess, time to run.
The day soon ends, as school lets out,
all the kids will play and shout.

They return to homes most filled with love,
now all are safe, thanks to above.
Now the day has turned to night,
such things repeat, within plain sight.

For those that seek, and those that know,
when darkness arrives, the rooms will glow.
Ghostly spirits, from long years past,
return to school for such a blast.

They play with things found in the room,
but give up quickly, filled with gloom.
toys and trinkets, and shiny phones,
more frustration, and louder moans.

They play new games, not known back then,
and enjoy their time, and remember when.
Soon midnight bells will fill the air,

no one will know they were even there.

Our ghostly friends begin to frown,
as sunlight approaches within the town.
The time has come to disappear,
but will return again, when night is here.

Mirror, Mirror

Mirror, mirror, down the hall,
In my room and on the wall.
Covered in a grungy sheet,
I take it off, my room complete.

The mirrors reflection is what I see,
but one thing missing, I don't see me!
In disbelief, and much apprehension,
my body is filled with grief and tension.

I look inside the mirrors aged glass,
my grief and tension so quickly pass,
My racing thoughts I see quite clear,
reflecting back in this Gothic mirror.

I make a wish, I hope comes true,
it seems like a lot for this mirror to do
Make the kids at school all pay,
for hateful things they do and say

The evening approaches, I get ready for bed,
not knowing the future or what's lying ahead.
The moon is so clear, on this dark autumn night,
I hope that the mirror will get everything right.

I awake in the morning and walk to my school,
filled with revenge, I want to break all the rules.
Now at the school, there's no mischief to be,
nothing odd or abnormal, from what I can see.

The teachers on time, not missing a beat,
and everyone's racing to find them a seat.
Minutes pass by and then cautious appears,

my dream has arrived, a class filled with fears.

Kids burst into flames, from head to their toes,
good kids are spared, as evil passes each row.

I am quite safe, my friends filled with fright,
the mirror claims my victims, massacre delight!

Master of Puppets

The Master travels allies wide,
his victims, they can never hide,
from the evil thoughts and actions of his plans.

His van gets filled with quite a few,
there's nothing left for them to do,
but await the dreadful things so sure to come.

They fight and struggle to get free,
which is hard to do when you can't see,
the ropes too tight, just won't come undone.

The road less traveled is up ahead,
a feeling unknown, but sure to dread,
as the van comes to a screeching stop.

The Master gets out to fetch his prey,
as the sun goes down, it's the end of the day,
now inside, everyone is in one large room.

The masks removed, although still tied,
they see a pile of kid's that died,
and decide their lives might be the very same.

The Master leads them to a stage,
some filled with fear, some filled with rage,
as if their putting on a dazzling show.

A crowd has gathered to see their fate,
some arrive early, some arrive late,
none are strangers, they are people that they know.

The Master pulls their strings from high,

it's a time to live, and a time to die,
not knowing a storm rolled into town.

Thunder and lightning seen in the sky,
soon smoke and fire fills up their eyes,
as a panic now engulfs this haunting room.

The lights go out, now is their chance,
to make the Master have a dance,
as they decide to give a great big pull.

The Master of Puppets fate is sealed,
as his identity is now revealed,
now help arrives to put out all the flames.

The towns dark secret is no longer there,
some lives were lost, some lives were spared,
and the "puppets" now can finally rest in peace.

The Carnival

Roller coasters set up high,
as if to touch the midnight sky.
Glider swings move on their own,
whispers, shadows, haunting moans,

Fresh paved walkways, footsteps heard
voices echo, with no words...
Apparitions, here and there
will disappear from those that stare.

Moonlight mystery's fill the park,
but not until its after dark,
Bumper cars still filled with rust,
tend to move, but not till dusk

Some say this place is sure delight,
prepare yourself for such a fright.
The turnstiles wait for each new guest,
The rides immortal, and cease to rest

Each night is horror, from all around,
but only whispers can be found.
So make a plan and come to see...
You'll leave in terror, the haunting's free!

The Hearse

I leave these flowers beside the stone,
and realize now... I'm all alone,
not sure of what to say or do.

My heart is broken as I walk away,
not sure of my future, or even today
to deny I'm scared, would simply be untrue.

As I'm walking home from this desolate place,
I try to keep up with a steady pace,
I notice a car, not too far from behind.

Now at home it's plain to see
I'm haunted by my memories,
and the pain is more than I can bare.

From the window now, I can plainly see,
this creepy car that followed me,
has no driver, nobody's even there.

What has me frightened even more,
as I now peek outside from my door,
not a car, but a dark foreboding hearse.

Now filled with fear and deep despair,
I close my eyes, and hope nothings there,
but feel upon me, a deeply planted curse.

I call some friends to meet me soon,
to tell them of my fate and doom,
as I'm sure, this hearse is after me.

I leave outside from my back door,

now it's following me, like it did before,
I started running, hoping to break free.

I finally reach my destination,
and tell my friends my fears, frustrations,
they look behind me, and nothing do they see.

They try to convince me, there is no hearse
and scoff at the idea of a curse,
Their words are comfort, but it didn't apply to me.

They simply couldn't understand
and felt as if I'm going mad,
with grand delusions, of things I fear to meet.

As I walk away with my head down low,
with no one to love, and no place to go,
I walk out to the middle of the street.

My friends did see the hearse appear,
and now they understand my fears,
as it strikes me down, they know that I was right.

We all are victims of it's wrath,
at some point, we will cross it's path,
and the hearse, will soon be after you!