Walking With The Spirits

When the wind blows and you pull your covers tight,
when you hear something out in the dark
when it's cold and grey
when it's sunny and bright
I'm walking with the spirits.

Looking into the grey
Feeling the pale
Knowing their dreams
Since I was a boy
When they cut me from my mother
When they lied
Told me Aunt Ruth was just sleeping
I was walking with the spirits
When I took a cord in my mouth
Bit down and rode the lightning
It left it's mark on my face
In my mind
I was walking with spirits
Deep into the dark
I walked
When Margeret died with her hair in her lap and blue puke in a bowl, I was there
I saw her lunge into the dark
When Linda swam out too far into the ocean with her friends and the riptide took her down she was sweet sixteen on her first bible school trip to Florida and I was there watching a hollow blip on a hospital monitor when her parents pulled the plug
When Paul's dad ate his gun
When Uncle Norman jumped off the bridge
When Sean smoked his first joint
Before he lost a thumb
Before the coma
Before he went down
I was walking with the spirits
I didn't know it
But I felt it
I went to bad places
I saw bad things
I hurt bad people
Walking with the spirits
Lying in my hospital bed
Twelve years old and so close to dying again
Pain in my arm
Pain in my throat
Death held my hand for christmas 1982
And we walked with the spirits
When Jeffy ran into the side of a moving train and I held his brothers hand looking down at what was left in a closed casket surprise I walked with his brother, I saw him, felt him deep inside where the sun couldn't touch, where the moon didn't rise, I watched another sad boy become a man
Crying and holding my hand
When jenifer sobbed in my arms
When we went to the hospital
When they took samples of my pubic hair for the rape kit
When Gainey needed a fist to silence a howl, when no one else would save her from the bogey man
I was there
Walking with the spirits
When timmy pulled his trigger for thanksgiving
When Mark died in a coma on my birthday
When Brian took a bullet in his car sitting at a stop light
When another strange girl dissappeared from the world, from my life
I was walking with the spirits

And when they took my love, When that cocksucking piece of shit brutalized my beautiful Michelle, when he was brought down low, brought down dirty, brought down ugly, when that motherfucker took her away from everything she ever would have had
I screamed with the spirits
I rage with the spirits
I lost my mind trying to walk with her spirit
Pounding my face into the concrete
Blunting myself with the booze
I saw it all.

And when you die your first death
I'll see you go
Hold your hand when everyone else has forgotten that little thing you use to do
And I'll walk with you.
Walk with the spirits.

Barry D. Fisher

Hart D. Fisher is a legendary horror creator who's work has been featured on *Larry King Live, CNN's Murder By Numbers* documentary, *Entertainment Tonight, ABC's Day1, The Jerry Springer Show, The Sally Jesse Raphael Show, CNN Headline News, A&E's Biography*, and in magazines such as *Time, Tattoo Savage, Hero Illustrated, People, The Comics Journal*, the non-fiction best seller *The A-Z Guide to Serial Killers* and more. Mr. Fisher is currently producing his internationally syndicated television show, *American Horrors*, running his post production house *Crime Pays* and is working on projects with Glenn Danzig, Frank Watkins and