

THE GHOSTS OF DAWSON

They bade me tell a story,
that Yukon K.V.A.,
about the ghosts in Dawson,
and how they still hold sway.

I looked at them and smiled,
and said, "I don't believe
in ghosts or even monsters,"
and so I took my leave.

I went on every tour,
exploring every street.
I listened to the stories,
my God, they were so neat!

I ended up at Gerties,
a dance hall of renown,
but damn, I was so tired,
I'd walked the whole darn town.

In Gerties, wine was flowing,
the black jack game was fun,
but later on that evening
I knew that I was done.

I stumbled to the outside,
and hell, it was still light.
How in blazes do you sleep,
when it is never night.

I staggered to my hotel,
and flopped down on the bed.
I prayed it would stop spinning,
and covered up my head.

Some time, not too much later,
I sat bolt up in fright,
'cause standing right beside me,
a "lady of the night".

She had a look of sorrow
etched on her pretty face,
and smears of blood and teardrops
had stained her satin lace.

She once had lived in "Louse Town",
a working girl of old.
Her spouse that she'd forsaken,
had shot her dead and cold.

Just then another image
appeared from out the floor.
A young man who had perished,
while working big dredge four.

Clutched tightly in his fingers,
as big as his own head,
a nugget from the waste belt,
he'd reached for, and was dead.

I rubbed my eyes in wonder,
just what did all this mean.
I blinked, and right before me,
four men appeared on scene.

They all had lived in Dawson
at one time in the past.
"The Bard", Pierre, and London,
and good old Dick, the last.

I sat there in amazement,
I rubbed my eyes once more.
Just how could all these people
keep coming through my floor.

Perhaps, I thought in horror,
there are such things as ghosts.
Or, was it wine that brought them,
and one too many toasts.

I lay back down and shuddered,
then covered up my head,
and prayed that come the morning,
I'd still be in my bed.

I often think about it,
that night in Dawson town.
How many ghosts there could be,
still wandering around.