

## Ghost Formula

Code

Heaven-sent sunset red  
Spin in the evening under the windowsill  
Hawthorn valley floor  
Rain beaded grass  
Soft breath, motionless and wet  
Empty jaws of the rivers maw  
A backwards memory  
Like Arabic writing  
Tears of diamonds  
Vanish into the gardens  
I remember once when I was young  
Something was wrong

Under an old fence  
The unlit labyrinth of nonsense  
Unformed nouns and vowels  
Drip into the floor  
Like insects from the nest of my skull  
The light looked different in those days  
As if an idea could imagine for itself  
And in the afternoon  
We all took off our skin  
And set sail for Neptune  
Using our flesh for a sail

The drizzle of wheels in the heat  
Summer is the cruelest city of deceit  
That pains that you claim will reclaim you  
That gains that you gain will regain you

I'm making ghosts out of clay  
To scare my past away