

Our Ghosts

A Wilhelm Scream

sink traps without a catch
the last grocery bags
stacked up in a pile
a laundry sack;
scratched up for the automat
the cats figure that you'll
be gone for a while

we could not block the arrows
that poisoned your heart
betrayed from the beginning,
now too spoiled to trust
we'd work on an ending,
but where would we start?
I won't pass my judgements
for judges to judge just
hashing out contingents
with your ghost

the meaning-well, misguided talking
shit committee gathers
when their tragedy ignites a fire:
dormant, weeping, battered
and the pattern is embarrassing
it only makes me sadder
now I finally realize it
and I wish it didn't matter at all

don't push, don't pull
act, enabler
guilt pays off in full
pay your maker
I'll be opposed to every argument,
be ill with every lie
I'm not looking to be a hero
I'm not looking for a fight

I'm working out contingents with your ghost
sorting through specifics with your ghost
explaining my position to your ghost

I'm seeing double vision with our ghosts