

## Great Ghosts

Mount Eerie

I have my hopes of how I would be after living in exile  
After closing your eyes to me  
I even wrote scenes where I re-emerged boldly, bearded  
Alive  
With eskimo eyes  
New baby on my back  
But I didn't count the fact that I have ghosts in my  
Mind, stored away  
Great ghosts of my life  
Great ghosts of old wives  
And their howling  
So I spend my wilderness time, rolling on the ground  
Pulling my hair and wrestling them of  
Yelling at none, punching snow  
I gathered ghosts and gave them my lecture, bid them  
Away, I pleaded and cried  
There's no room in my life for you or your howling  
Let my undo these ropes and go on living without you  
Not just change where I live  
Go on get, I said  
I had my hopes of how I would be after sending them of  
After getting set free  
But there's no such thing as living without their  
Prowling  
As you can see, having descended the hill  
I still look like me, I still wallow as Phil  
And forever will  
I'm teaming with ghosts and I still whining for wives,  
Unknitting my brow  
But now I've surrendered  
In fact I've joined in  
You can hear us howling