

Ghosts – July 2018

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July 2018

Hunting for ghosts--

Not what I expected to find.

The ouija board speaks:

Little girls in dreams

(A phantom,

You said.)

Mouldering basement;

Discarded magazines

For vintage wives.

The lives we've wasted--

Innumerable.

Pieces of a puzzle

Scattered over time

And space

Delicately return to place.

The truth is dazzling--

We wish for it, and rue it too.

Truth cuts deep and

Releases pain--

It's hard to describe--

And yet we always know it.

You can't break what's not broken;

And the seeds we've sown

Bursting into flower--

In times of grief,

The loamy soil

Fertilises hatred,

Pain and fear--

So it's beautiful once more,

And what is it all for?

Voices echo in the darkness--

Who speaks?

Who hides?

Keeping your friends close

Never rang so true.

Credit: Photo by [rayul](#) on Unsplash
