

ghost

i remember it all like how
an old musician softly brushes
the dust off of the old glass record
gently prodding the notes,
the familiar beat to trigger
long lost memories

there was a time
where i believed in
ghosts
sitting cross-legged on the
edge of my bed a sense of
awe looking in front
of me

the silence separates the
ghost and i-
i burn
the fire within me won't go away
heat spreads from my soul to the
tips of my fingers
with desire

one touch of my ghost-
the silvery-white
wisps of smoke
disappearing
into the air
my questions
linger in the smoke

i lean in
to stick my hand out
fingers outstretched
bracing for the moment
that my hands would
graze the silvery white

outline of a shadow

but i'm too late

the ghost disappears

i grasp at the residual smoke

it's not enough

i am a ghost, a shell

of what remains of me