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 familia: 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