How to Write About Ghosts

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Death is a narrative poem.

It was windless, like a fist;

And the shape of a forgotten paradises.

When the time of the living rattle beautiful bells

like the wind and the heart pounding,

That is when men bled women drop dead.

I'll show you: eat an orange, stumble into the car,

make a glass dress  with these strange fists.

My god understands how she blew through liquor,

as if to poke a stick into the sea were to seduce

the boy (any boy) who could be possessed.

Sucking in my eyes, I was a river shooting stars.

But your heart is a stick in this throat, baby,

and when your mouth is pure chains, full of stars,

and the blue rattles from the light

In the silent, surely, something breaks,

The way I broke your heart

along the kitchen floor: sterile,

each mouth opened with precision,

and the sound of my skin, Death.

I only want something that someone  else wants:

And what I want is water that covers lovers and the dead.

Which is how you could have been a man

Born hard as a woman and walk out the window.

to become the water covered love,

become the fist dressed liquor,

become the long loved dead.