

# The Ghost's Tale

*by* Jerry Ratch

Don't worry, she said  
It's not blonde down there  
But she is wrong  
It's just as blonde down there  
As anywhere

The light down along her arms  
For instance  
The down along her cheek  
On the back of her neck  
Her thighs

Apparently I am nothing but  
Whispers, air  
The hairs barely stir  
When what's left  
Brushes past

Apparently I am nothing  
But whispers and air  
Anymore  
Maybe a faint  
Blonde hair on her arm

