

# Ghosts

by David Ackley

*...ghosts still resentful, ghosts far from home...*

After Hwang Sok-Yong, *The Guest*

Mine are more benevolent I like to think,  
though it may be Yankee reticence  
to ignore the horror  
for the milder sense.

If they resent, they keep it close.  
I tell Harry and Fred about the grandkids,  
Fred's great-great, and Harry's great;  
they try to smile their calcified lips.

And for Uncle Philip,  
how his medals finally came, and adorn my wall.  
To them it matters not much what I say  
To the dead all talk is small.

Talking to bones and scraps, words in the dark  
though, for all that, if I were them—and I am—  
what I'd want to hear.

