

# Phantom

by J. Michael Wahlgren

This is an obstacle, as if *truth* has a place of its own. There is the phantom where my roommate turns off her headlights Upstate, while we're singing: *No more, No more, stay as you are*. This town never glanced back anyway. No impact. So we left as is. Northern lights through the reflection of hubcaps. And then, the niche of song where it's rare we sing along. Chords of plentiful, sea, chords calm compared to our racing minds. I'd bet upon them in a derby. Breezy, are we? This soft pillow. We interrelate then, possessed by a potion, or demon under the influence of serum, so true, we could be unique.

\* \* \* edited 10/12/2009

