

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

