

Ghost House

by Lou Wightman

Twig arms,

Send me back then back again.

The skeleton of our home

Lives above the town

And my hair doesn't know how to hang

Except in one long straight curtain.

I couldn't feel the ground except for all these dead cells

On Monday I dream of dying.

On Tuesday I dream of making love to you.

On Wednesday I dream of your middle name

Becoming real like syllables that hang in my kitchen in the middle
of the night.

It is always hot here.

I'm a hard to pronounce vowel

But still I can sit atop your tongue like something easy

If only you don't stop to spit me out.

