

The Ghost

by Philip F. Clark

They say I died in my sleep,
as they murmur in the room, reaching
for the books on my shelf.

"He was so well read,"
and I tap them on the shoulder --
"No! Turn around, I'm here!"

An old lover speaks of my habit
for vocabulary and he picks out a book
that he once gave to me.

"This was a birthday gift, on a day
we fought. Don't ever get him angry."
You smiled, and I tapped you again.

"I'm here! Just look, turn around!"
I walked with them through all my rooms,
as they commented on my taste in clothes.

I wrapped my arms around each of them,
ran my hands over their face, and kissed
their lips. "Why are they dreaming?" I asked.

