

Chocolate Dog

by Shawn Misener

My ghost has already been places I'll never see. Listen to my bones: Special Reports. Tales from the dark side. A universe cut from light exploding on a printmaker's fist. My house is your house is built by radio signals beamed from the bottom of the ocean. This is peace, I found it swimming between us, two lonely fish full of questions. You are my future but I am your past, we can only meet between staccato notes. I'm dead, sucking on a chocolate dog, feeling it out for the last time.

