

# 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.

