Spøgelse

by Shawn Misener

You're a ghost fondling the ghosts of things
like they matter, like trumpets with spit
in their mouthpieces you are lonely,
a lonely ghost, the saddest part about you
is that you have no future, the movements
you make are presently looped from great moments
in the past, locked and loaded, loaded and locked,
it makes for a creepy dance, you poppin'
and lockin' on endless repeat, an energetic memory
forced down the throats of your sad neighbors,
who cry and cry and cry over your breakdance fantasy,
you lonely ghost, Chet Baker mourns for you, New Coke
mourns for you, Roddy Piper mourns for you, 8-track
cassettes of Humble Pie and Bachman Turner Overdrive mourn for you

there is a stack of trade paperbacks that teeters
from behind the shrub straight up to your bedroom window,
nobody can climb it, nobody would even dare to,
because your depressed parents left your room
exactly how it was when you electrocuted yourself
trying to fix that triple-loader at the laundromat, nobody
wants to see that, so they leave the ladder of books alone.

I crawl from the corner of High and Hanover
to get to the shrub nourished by a cornerstone copy
of *White Noise,* the tiny retarded flowers
bleed color, I crawl army style so nobody can see me,
it's like all of the townsfolk are floating three feet
above the sidewalk and unaware of me shimmying
below their shuffling feet, and I am dragging the Earth with me,

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knocking it into some funky orbit, it will be my fault the day
Earth collides with the Moon

They say your folks laid your charred crispy body
on your unmade bed and gently placed grade A headphones
over what's left of your ears, and that's what I need to know,
what song is playing to you in that infinite dark night
some call death, but from here the stack of books
seems impossibly tall, I cannot tell where it ends
and where the snowy clouds begin, and it's floating too,
whistling “Freddie Freeloader” and swaying in rhythm:

If I am pulling the earth with me and these books
are riding the air by the force of some bizarre gravity
I may never reach them, much less ascend them, word by word,
page by page, and that ghost song serenading your body
into the void will have to remain a curious thick mystery