

# 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,

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*

