

Now That You're A Ghost

Lovers

you're been drawing houses on your mattress and your sheets with the hope it won't be long until it's all the metaphor we need. and hung about your parents' dresser was a portrait of the sea and all the months you second-guessed their love and looked for it in me. lying in the road with everyone you know wrapped around your wrists, filling in the holes. the drugs are homeless ghosts looking for someone to haunt, to be their host puppet stage to act on. you say, "all i want is some concern or someone to care for me." you raise your cup, say, "here's to all the months you never noticed anything." a blindfold, a hundred knotted ropes, your hands are forming fists but there's nothing there to hold. filling up bottles with dirty roof-touched rain and lining them against the porch's edge and whispering as you say, "if winter comes before i find someone to cover up this stain, i'll lie down and cover it myself but never get up again." now that you're a ghost, you're leaving little notes taped up to the bricks, these sad and somber poems. with ribbons of the palest yellow guaze i'll decorate your dreams. and tie a knot or make a bow across any broken seams.