

## *Ghost*

I never used to believe in ghosts until  
after a yearlong day of work  
I looked in the mirror and saw a faded version,  
sagging skin underneath hollow eye sockets matched  
like making eye contact with the opening of a cave,  
the reflection a whisper of the person I once was  
floated before me like the lingering smoke of a long-gone fire.

I sat cross-legged in front of the mirror,  
unwavering in my commitment to confront the apparition,  
my heartbeat murmuring through my veins  
into the temple of my forehead into my brain  
spitting against the inside of my skull as  
memories of a former me began to resurface  
upon its walls like personal artifacts.

The strangest sensation was to recall the sound of laughter,  
the physical sensation of cheeks stretched revealing teeth,  
to graze my fingertips across my unmoving lips  
and to accept this new weightlessness of my body  
now dormant like a doormat across the vacancy of my room.