

Drowning the Ghost

Waves flow forth, froth
Suds on fingers, wiry wrists
taut, & hands in a dance of chicken
frenzy with feathers aflutter, white
puffs against lace shreds &
longer stretches of silk, of skin
green-blue beneath rushing crests...

The ghost gives up, rises like Lazarus
from its battle with time, the ageless
search of wrestling anchors
& rumors as harpoons & lies
as hooks...

Now how a pronouncement of truth
ascends in a hush of justice
brilliantly bathed:
Ghost with a lantern striding
the current afloat. On his face wet
beads glisten silver as tears
or as scales.

Yet he gazes in eternal age
with Mona Lisa's whisper
of such a quiet laugh.
Yes, at last, quite un-killable,
the drowned ghosts hovers, chains of
slavery now a sword, his robe, naked
loins, a perfect shield in order to pass
at home with all elements & that,
enough vengeance

against the attempts to bring him down.