

Ghosts

Spirals adhere, illusions, gestures fragmented.
If I don't concentrate, dimness comes.
This tinge is similar to something painful.
So perhaps it's better to let loss be expected
as soft rains or someone treading at your back
with a tray of full tea cups, steadily, carefully ...
That presence is remembrance, the flicker effacing itself.
It can't help but haunt, all thoughts, breeze-loosened, swung ajar,
existence, a confession the night tells while pouring past.