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.