

A Haunting

Is that a ghost, or are you really there?

Hello, you call

But are you really there? I can drip my fingertips
into your body and fondle the energy where your
organs used to lay—you've killed yourself.

You've killed the part of you that still loves me and
now it follows me, a ghost of what we had

I love you, so

Yet, now this part of you, and us, is dead,
leaving trails of ash in my apartment,
a thick layer coating everything that once was yours
but is now mine. I wring myself dry of air until
my body cuts me off, my lungs collapse in attempts to
disperse your ashes that collect on my book shelves and window sills.

I know I cannot choose what feelings stay
what feelings fade. I cannot be held, for whenever I see you,
the ashes collect, your ghost reforms and
I fall back into the shadow of an apparition that still loves me.

Please know

I've been thinking of you