

# Ghost Party

Words are,  
“Your place is too small for us.”  
Heart is,  
“Your lovers will haunt me here.”

The new groom shows a man’s ignorance of love’s details.  
To him their space, is simply his one-bedroom apartment.  
He does not see his wife papering the large room with wraiths.

She knows insidious memories step from walls at their moments.  
Not the women, just their transparent duplicates, the shadows  
Look out or rise silently from the chairs.

They duplicate the still living. These phantoms  
Need not buzz the doorbell. They are already inside.  
She alone understands the power of the invisible.

He owns no brass frames and does not replay faces, bodies and deeds  
Of women who have slept (or not really slept) here.  
Where he sees painted walls, she conjures apparitions.

For him, naïve him, bygone is well-by-God gone.  
He neither sees nor senses ghosts.  
He never acquired the lore of *Cosmo* and *Seventeen* quizzes.

Neither Catholic nor pagan, she still is love-savvy enough  
To seek exorcism, to cleanse their space,  
To her, riddled with specters,.

No herb smudging or spells will work here.  
Instead, move, close the door one last time.  
On the rooms, on the past. Lock in the ghosts.

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