

Echo Body

I sat on the edge and a gate clicked shut and the world thus recalled

a man who walked into a churchyard, if a man closed his hand, you'd
call it a fist, but that was not the fence immense, the single note

upon note that breaks in the sun because what walked on
walked so lightly across the burning stones that we gave in

If

the horse was white and the green hill opened out an animal the lamp
of any landscape where the angle of incident light is an index and on the grey ridge

on the other side any animal so largely domestic a large white dog, for instance
coming out of the sea alone would be alarming with its head in your lap like a window

Sometimes the Ghost

Sometimes the ghost arrives before the body is gone and the breath which will one day white there will be walls, or illness may be the cause and cause the ghost to crawl up inside, a bright

illness, when the eyes go, and the ghost walks around looking like you, and we talk quietly, and she says things I remember your saying, but at the time they were out of context and made no sense, and now I look around the room that fits. And I walk across the room with my eyes closed

Etymology

Ghost: *gast*, as in soul-sprite, breath-life, sliced wreath of a waning break it rears
from all over has been called the back-comer the night-child the guest

of lack-print and glass-phoid of shatter-this all the way back unto 1385
when the word was first connected to what wanders off from the body an aerial scarring

on the surface most words for ghost are pieces of mica that carefully layered
will make a window out of fire. It's cold and the faces at the window

do what faces usually do they open onto a genetic history
that looks up suddenly and it's the eyes everyone says you can't say that's not alive

A Ghost

erodes the line between being and place becomes the place of being time and so
the house turns in the snow is why a ghost always has the architecture of a storm

The architect tore down room after room until the sound stopped. A ghost is one
among the ages at the edge of a cliff empty sails on the bay even when a ship

or the house moves off in fog asks you out loud to let the stranger in

He Who Was

was an ordinary man who turned to light a stove who shadow-flew-on-wall
will nothing there awake like anybody else who, picking up the mail
and so the shattered half— I watched a man walking down a hill
or in the garden of the dark watched I his veil and saw within
who now straightened up with the shears in one hand and the zinnias
in the other the corner of the eye is an enormous room

Varieties of Ghost

Phantom shade specter wraith haint and then the *revenant* that
who has come back who is precisely what fond emptiness that the errant is

the error that faces you and is not so empty, now it turns back and faces you
that remembered you that forgot to say something was forgotten because the day

arrayed itself in a series of overlapping screens a superimposition of scenes in which
someone a century later crossing a street turns around too quickly and there you are

a rent in the air through which the endless endlessness that replaces us calmly stares

Ajar

He emerged from a doorway, she came out of the mirror, he simply appeared, I turned around and there she was on the hearth, the carpet, the stairs. Ghosts always look like they're alone which is to say, are seen one by one, and so the field extends right there in the room or a vast plateau among wind, holding out her hand, she came in from the garden and held out her hand as if to say take it, pointing to the small object therein, which turned out to be a tooth

The Ghost Is in Itself

a boundary, is that which distinguishes the past from the after which is simply
the fact that a ghost itself can never be older than the fact that a dead
child is instantly older than any of us will ever be more widely a tendency
to recur, which is a kind of clock that stopped the endless circling
that traces a circle there in the dust on the floor where sunlight sketches
an hourglass was on again, the *revenant*, but no time only seems circular to those
indentured to the sun something about gravity that while a long line stretches out
the errant of the heart you know they cannot swerve or perhaps the notion of cyclical time
is based on the spherical earth if you lived anywhere else you'd never see them again