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

d the 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