

5-1-2011

A Ghost Perspective

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Recommended Citation

Hoffman, Stacie (2011) "A Ghost Perspective," *Forces*: Vol. 2011 , Article 3.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2011/iss1/3>

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A Ghost Perspective

Stacie Hoffman

I gazed at the family
That took up residence
In what was once mine
Many harvest moons ago

None knew I linger in the air
That supplies them with the flower of life
And I the weed that will never leave
No matter how much you pull
My spirit stays rooted here where I have
Spent my life with my lilac love
With the last gift he ever gave
Strung around my neck
The gold tint peeling through
Years of imprinted rust

I linger in the wind the fans emit
Staring down with pansy eyes
As I strung my mist of an arm
Down there arm in daisy comfort
When the screech of tears
shutters through the house
I watch the sprouts of ghost bumps
Rise to life on their skin
When I offer them my assistance

I look at them with iris light
As one lone bud sways to my existence
And lock eyes with me
I couldn't help but murmur,
"Wake up" as I dissolve into the wall
With the roots of my soul starting to loosen

I gaze at the buds
That took up residence
In what was once mine
With no intention of passing on
Not when someone
Took notice of a weed

ENTRY #4 Kendall Marie Rogers