

Angel Marie

Poem – “ghost”

Word Count: 276

### ghost

a one bedroom apartment – littered with cat toys and  
trinket collections.

cellphone – flooding with years of poems with no audience,

a closet full of clothes, each decorated with speckles and constellations of cat hair and whiskers  
yet no lint roller in sight

(this collection you hold closest to your heart.)

head full

of questions, concerns, grudges all bundled up and topped with a bow;

a gift for persons no longer around to hear.

the walls decorated with pieces of aspirations and hopes,

all collecting webs on their thumbtacks -

each old one forgotten as interest shifts to the next; a never ending cycle surely also destined to  
be abandoned to the webs.

spiders that trace

the crows feet on his skin when he sleeps,

the trailing touch of fingertips so light and soft

you've forgotten

the many pathways they've surely crossed

and you can only *hope* he hasn't done the same.

four years time, intertwined,

yet, still, they'll find – within the labyrinth –

pieces that simply don't fit anymore,  
memories from road trips back West

– bliss outgrown –

and an ever growing storm of disagreements, each rationalized with the cherry topper statement  
// “We’re worth it.” //

(this *should* be the collection held closest to your heart.)

a distant memory of who you grew up as  
photos of yourself, photos with them, photos back home;  
each holds different reflections of the same ghost.

unfamiliar details

secrets tucked away; hidden from wandering eyes yet burned into the forefront of yours  
despite how hard you try to forget.

648 unanswered texts because you've always preferred **not** to be reached  
now they've all forgotten

*you*

to the webs.

– tell me; *was it worth it?*