

Karate

"There Are Ghosts"

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So quiet i can hear that the refrigerator is on. I can hear the fabric of your sleeping bag-how it sounds someone else's floor. There was a small riot that kept me up until dawn. It seems someone had something to say to the rest of the party out on the lawn. Who called? What the hell did they say? Get off the telephone right now. Don't throw another minute away. No, not today. There's a man around, his face always fire-truck red. I've heard there were angels in his head, but now he holds a baseball bat instead. And there that famous sounds sound that the snow makes under my feed when a snowball to cold for a snowball falls, and saves me from my impending week. Who called and what the hell did they say? Get off my doorstep right now. Don't you dare get in my way. No, not today. Who called, and what the hell did they say? Get off the telephone right now. Don't throw another minute away because there are ghosts. And they don't even wait to call. They will crawl up in your skin, and they will come out from the walls if you let them.

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