

## **The Lawrence Arms "Ghost Stories"**

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Raindrops fell without rage eyes half-closed skin like  
dark gray metal inanimate and cold. another flame to  
my face the smell of sulfur lingering away. you're here  
for the perforation of the heart. precise incisions;  
anesthetic dreams. it's broken like a ticking watch that  
need repairs shattered glass, exposed face, waiting to  
be wound. wounded like a friend of mine who eased  
his pain by killing not letting it kill him. when you wake  
up you won't remember anything. but that night the  
ghosts wailed in the windstorm. cries sharp like a  
crescent moon a sickle grazed against the skin my  
breath fogged up the window so i let the night breathe  
in. i let the ghosts into my room and listened to their  
screams incessant whisperings singing like music to  
my ears a flash of life like lightning electric blinding  
blue reminded me of me.

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