

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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