

## **Michael McGuire**

### **"The Ghost She Is"**

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Proof in echoes of light, thru vaulted corridors of night,  
sing like ambient  
pulse of soul, river thru weariest night does roll.  
The treasure of the haunting, the ghost she is.  
Billowing skirts of memory, what is and might not ever  
be, rain on a silent  
summers dawn, whispers and murmurs we are drawn.  
The treasure of the haunting, the ghost she is.  
Face like a shadows will, nerve net for what the night  
does feel, captured  
in dreams not born of sleep, lost again in the darkness  
deep.  
Flowing of rooms and atmospheres, she breaks light  
then just disappears  
The treasure of the haunting, the ghost she is.  
June 01

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