

## Anatomy Of A Ghost

### "Satellites In Fist"

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Stop to question satellites lost in vast expansions of  
space place it in fists finding more than we asked for  
'misconceptions' reflective glance into what we should  
have known "it was right there." If you could have just  
flown by unnoticed, unchallenged we would still have  
careless wonder left in our eyes now we just wait to see  
behind yours behind eyes these sidewalks twist and  
tremble under the new found failures swirls of red and  
gray mixtures of the brick inlay, tear the clouds bring  
on the rain watching faces fall everyday letting it wash  
them down we never thought to little just not enough so  
now back to present found at the tops of rock walls  
where the spires climb so tall the wheat fields growing  
all to much importance of fate, of faith bridges  
collapse behind us leaving no way out still lost in  
thought we find none of this bothersome not troubling  
whatsoever claim what's ours the headlights ahead are  
in blinking confirmation offering reassurance we were  
right take it back down this is me hanging from a nail,  
missing the broken frame and burnt edges face cut out  
between two worlds, the first so obviously surreal and  
the other so lifelike yet so dead and true but which  
should we choose, holding our feet, building our cities

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