

The Latency

"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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