

## The Ghost

### "And Now For My Disappearing Act"

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Who's got that sinking feeling again?  
Whose has been out treading water or shadow  
stepping?  
Who's almost invisible?  
Raise your hands if you're stuck in stasis  
Hold them high for holding patterns  
Somebody scream for stabilization  
Three cheers for desperate times

The sound of skateboard wheels is haunting Arlington  
Ave.  
With the fog that fell in love with the East Bay Hills  
There is an old branch scraping on my old window  
pane  
It is a distant lullaby, it is a whisper in the wind

We are all caged birds  
With burnt nests how can we survive?  
It is a matter of giving in or giving up  
They don't want you to fuck with gravity  
Your beauty may go unnoticed  
Your good deeds may be unseen  
But there is a flight well worth the flight  
So come on and flap your wings

On a slow walk down Logan Boulevard  
I find miracles in the details of leaves and lit windows  
The city is singing, the highway sounds like an ocean  
It is a distant lullaby, it is a whisper in the wind

Emergency exits... isolate the isolated  
Do the mood swing, do the on and off  
Dear friends, who will answer our pleas?  
Sleeping beauty, who will hear our prayers?

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