

Breath of Ghosts

Assemblage 23

I hear the breath of ghosts
Hiding behind the wind
Like an icy choir exhaling
A promise to rescind

I hear the breath of ghosts
Escaping from their lungs
Calling forth the names of those
That took away their tongues

A temporary permanence
A fortress of onionskin
With motives so transparent
With no means to an end

I feel the breath of ghosts
Like fingers on my skin
Tracing senseless patterns
Revealing nothing in the end

I hear the breath of ghosts
Whisper in my ear
With every drooling syllable
It preys upon my fear

A temporary permanence
A fortress of onionskin
With motives so transparent
With no means to an end

I hear the breath of ghosts
Blowing through the trees
Hissing out a warning
Awash with its disease

I hear the breath of ghosts
Slowly fade away
With ever decreasing frequency
As colors change to gray

A temporary permanence
A fortress of onionskin
With motives so transparent
With no means to an end