

Your Ghost

Dave Hause

Wouldn't it be convenient if he just rested in peace?
I saw his cousin crying wondering how to call the cops on the police
With a footprint on your shoulder, face down on the street
Another precinct that's been rotted out
Another song of "I can't breathe"

"I can't breathe"
He said "I can't breathe"

Oh, what a privilege to hide behind a screen
Like biteless barking dogs we yelp on an ever-tightening leash
Another public execution under a greedy would be king
Another desperate bloody anthem a crying family has to sing

"I can't breathe"
He said "I can't breathe"

I hope your ghost haunts all of our dreams
I hope you float like smoke over the blood machine
I hope you soak into the wick like kerosene
I hope it burns clean
How long will there be this song of "I can't breathe"?

"I can't breathe"
"I can't breathe"
He said "I can't breathe"

Oh, what a privilege to pretend that we can't see
The chain, the whip, the badge, the gun, and now the ever-
pressing knee
The knee we hired to protect us
The same knee he used to pray
The knee that bares the bruise from being used to choke his life away
He said "I can't breathe"
"Mama I can't breathe"

I hope your ghost haunts all of our dreams
I hope you float like smoke over the blood machine
I hope you soak into the wick like kerosene
I hope it burns clean

I hope your ghost haunts all of our dreams
I hope you float like smoke over this blood machine
When they say "make it great again" is this what they mean?
Then let it burn clean
How long will there be this song of "I can't breathe"

"I can't breathe"
"Mama I can't breathe"
I can't