

Stories As Told By My Ghosts

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## Ghost #1 - 2006

The TSA forced me to take off  
My little velcro shoes.  
They lit up! My little Dora  
the Explorer shoes, that  
the TSA forced off of me.

The TSA forced me to take off  
My belt. The belt was filled with  
Purple butterflies and it was sparkly.  
My belt the TSA forced off of me.

The TSA forced me to  
Leave. My mom, my dad,  
And their broken love. My brother and sister,  
And their bond.  
The TSA forced me off a broken family.

## Ghost #2 - 2009

One of the many reasons I've become a ghost.  
A wedding. Draped in a black dress, she was supposed to be happy.  
It's '09 and it's summertime and things are going as I had hoped.  
In fact, I didn't ever want to leave.  
I didn't want to leave when I was witnessing the  
Birth of a family.

I did leave.  
I left, and sobbed, and when I eventually did  
Return, i was happy for approximately  
Four months before I began to sob again.

It's at this point where I have realized  
That my life will forever consist of  
Me missing someone else because  
Not only will I never stay,  
But neither will another else.

Ghost #3 - 2011

So I'm here with the TSA again.  
Still hate those bastards, but it's fine.  
I'm not being forced to leave this time.  
I made a choice.

Right? This was my choice? I wanted this, correct?

[it was in fact not correct]

So I'm here with the TSA again.  
Except now I wish they had forced me  
To leave.  
I wish it was them who told me to go  
And not me.

[i wish the people on the other side fought harder to keep me]

So I'm here with the TSA again  
And I'm 11 years old. I'm 11 years old  
And I was told to make a decision,  
As if this decision was not going to be  
Biased thanks to years of missing  
Someone.

[but it was still my choice, correct?]

## Ghost #4 - 2018

I'm very glad to be on this porch and  
Not the cinder block room where I  
Was left to fend for myself.  
I had a roommate, you know?

She left me at a concert,  
She left me in the cafeteria,  
She left me out in the snow,  
She left me in the cinder block room.

That cinder block room was the  
Only thing that didn't leave me,  
When i cried, when i yelled,  
When i wanted to crawl out of the window

And become a ghost.

Ghost #5 - 2021

*Is this not us now?*

It sure is.

*Well? What is there to be told here?*

Nothing is to be told.

Now, I get to sit here and keep growing old.

I sit and I think and I sit some more.

I suggest you welcome the silence after you pour

Out every single emotion you've ever had.

*Will it get lonely? Being in this house?*

Surely, you must have been listening.

I have been alone for a very long time,

In fact, for the first time since i have been living,

I don't feel alone at all. With these ghosts, I'm

Finally ready to spend the rest of my life swinging

On this chair, which sits on this porch,

Which sits on this house, which holds

All of my brain's most beautiful

Thoughts, and I have the echoes of

This yard to listen to me talk.

*I will always listen.*