Lay

The Finches

You know you should lay your ghosts, but you've become used to them.
You make your bed at eve, stretch ghosts over the mattress, let the insane bed tuck up your dunes, hide your dreams under the pillow.
"You have made your bed, and you must lie on it"
At dawn you wash away the nightmares and wait for the daymares and the spectral echoes of canned laughter.
You swallow yourself - later it won't help to put your finger down your throat. There won't be a finger, there won't be a throat.

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