

Consoling Ghosts

TTNG

i want to write
but don't quite know why
what would i read if she repliedwould she confide
"had it not been for my suicide,
i'd be happy i'm alive, and in my life""meet me behind closed eyes" guilt trip unstitch habit
the planned pattens of blankets you knit
doomly looming a net from the catch of attachment you protect
unfurl this thread
a permanent result
for a temporary fault
i'm left haunted by the thought of your remorse
sometimes at night between the creased sheets of my mindneurone pathways will trace
my memories of the features of her face
in it i'll place her voice
to offer these words to her english boy
"your misery is a choice"
sometimes at night between the creased sheets of my mind
the dead come back to life
and provide advice
consoling ghosts
your dreams are the needed host
to talk to those who were once closegoodbye

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