

Ghost

Like some Hollowe'en ghost under our stained sheet she sucks me off while I watch the early sun slowly rise through the bars of our daughter's crib.

Spring on the western edge of an eastern city by a river, it is a Sunday it is just past dawn the Quiet has fallen upon the City I can hear the riverwater lap the concrete sides of its manmade shell I can hear scraps of paper sift and burr along the sidewalls and streettops and the Spring wind tremble in the blinds of the opened windows of the Sleepers

Her ghost head rising slow and falling fast, rising slow and falling fast, rising, hesitating, cocking, then dropping again, her ghost body in its sheet its ass high and making fuck movements and now straddling my right leg and pressing its sopping ghost pussy against my shin sliding up and down that bone's sharp ridge its ghost head falling and rising faster now and I can see my both feet sticking out from under the ghost's sheet and past my feet I see our daughter open her eyes to the noise of the ghost open her eyes and turn her head as somber and intent as if she were signing legislation upon which hung the balance of human existence, our daughter looks at me over the ghost's rolling back and head looks me in the eye without seeing me, and through the bars of her crib I watch the shadow of the roof of our building sinking down the needletopped dome of the courthouse across the avenue, the electric azure sky and the purplegrey shadows and the salmon glow of the marble dome and its veins of limewhite pigeon excrement like some shaven milkblooded head

The courthouse on the western edge of an eastern city by a river the needletopped dome the pivotpoint the tentspike upon which everything is tied and turns the ghost's cunt moving hard against my shin now and sounds are coming from under the ghost's sheet and the ghost's head is moving fast now lapping sounds and the sound of paper scraps along cement in the Spring wind and I watch my feet begin to move left and right like broken fuel gauges and I can feel the ghost's breasts slapping my thighs and I watch my feet synchronize and the toes begin to curl and uncurl and I look our daughter straight in the eyes above the sheet of the humping ghost and the ghost's cunt freezes and presses hard against the ridge of the bone of my shin and the ghost's mouth moans and takes all of me and I lose sight of our daughter and see the courthouse dome glow and inflate and catch fire and the ghost drinks me, drinks down all of me and I see our daughter's eyes grow wide at the sound

Our daughter turns her head and speaks to the dome in her language we must make her forget, the one she came in with.

She always seems to shit when we make love.

The ghost peels off her sheet.

"Mmmm. You taste good today," she says, and puts her come-soaked lips to mine.

We kiss long.

"I'm gonna go get the paper," I say. "You want anything?"

"Nnnnnh. Some bananas maybe. Oh and some butter."

"Alright. See you soon."

The ghost is leaning naked, staring out the window as I pull on my shoes.

[1994]