

Democratic Ghosts

It was sad to be between four walls.
The wind brought odors of moss, chanterelles,
cantos of owls. *Where is my therapy?*

The hands that reached for him were branches,
extensions of his fickle parents.
Death was horrible because death was possible.

Arms tore the shingles from his only roof,
pounded his turtle. *My gazelle, my little birdie
of the forest. Lalala.* They loved him.

The truth is indestructible. They loved him.
They entered his hut, provided the guests,
the crumb-cakes, then slept in a row, all together,

like a tin of sardines, teenage hookers, brains
off-kilter, and they were warmer there
than anywhere they knew of in his nightmare.