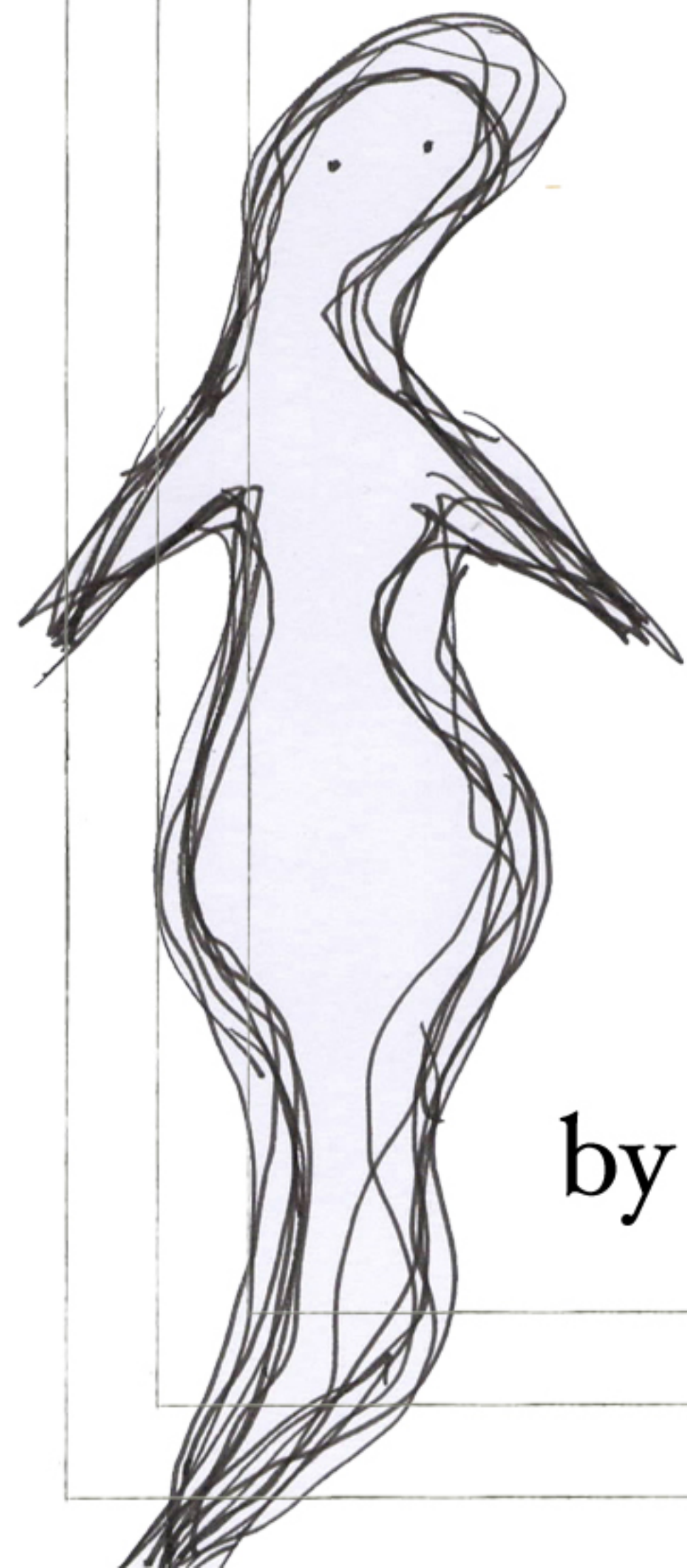


A Book Of Ghosts

by David Guy

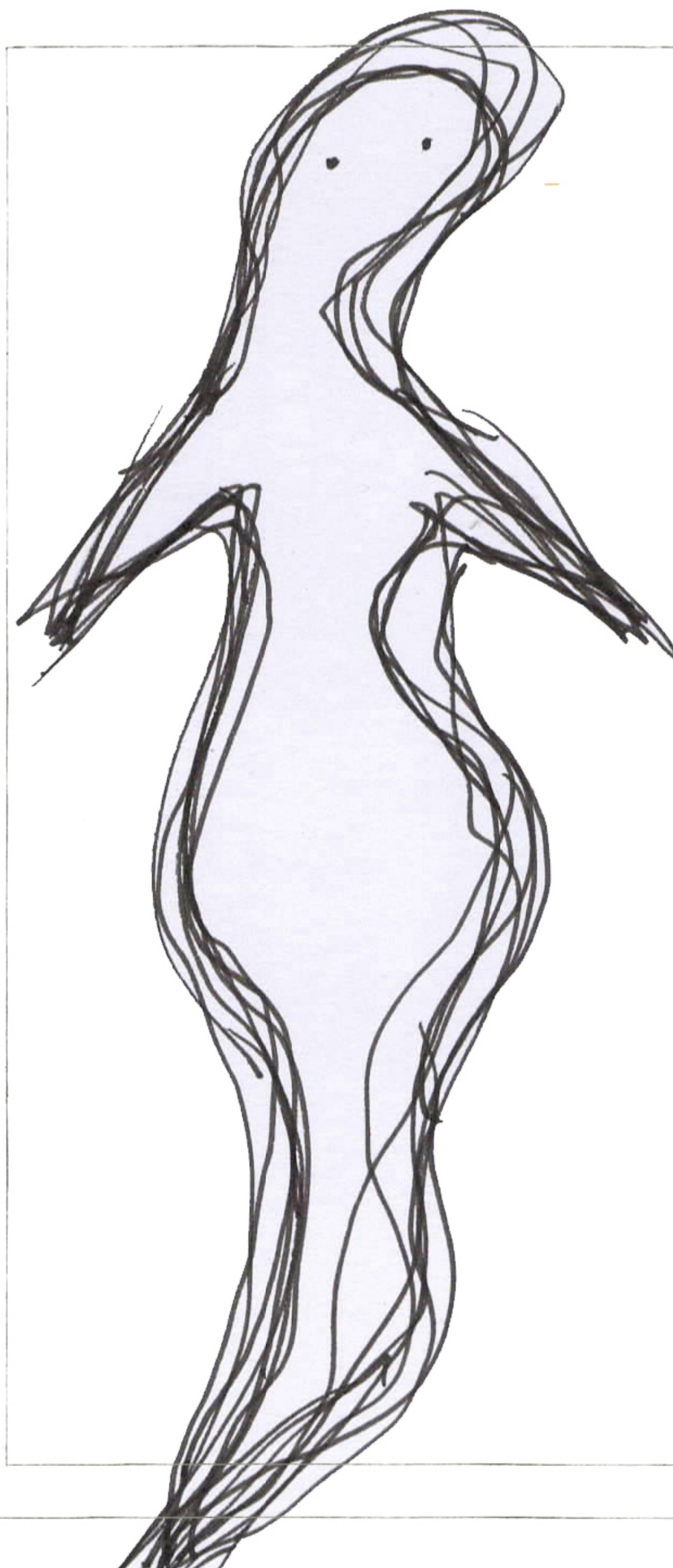


*clouds of thought
barely formed
whispers of dreams*

Ancestral

Every ghost
has its ghosts

An unbroken line of hauntings
all the way back to the beginning of time

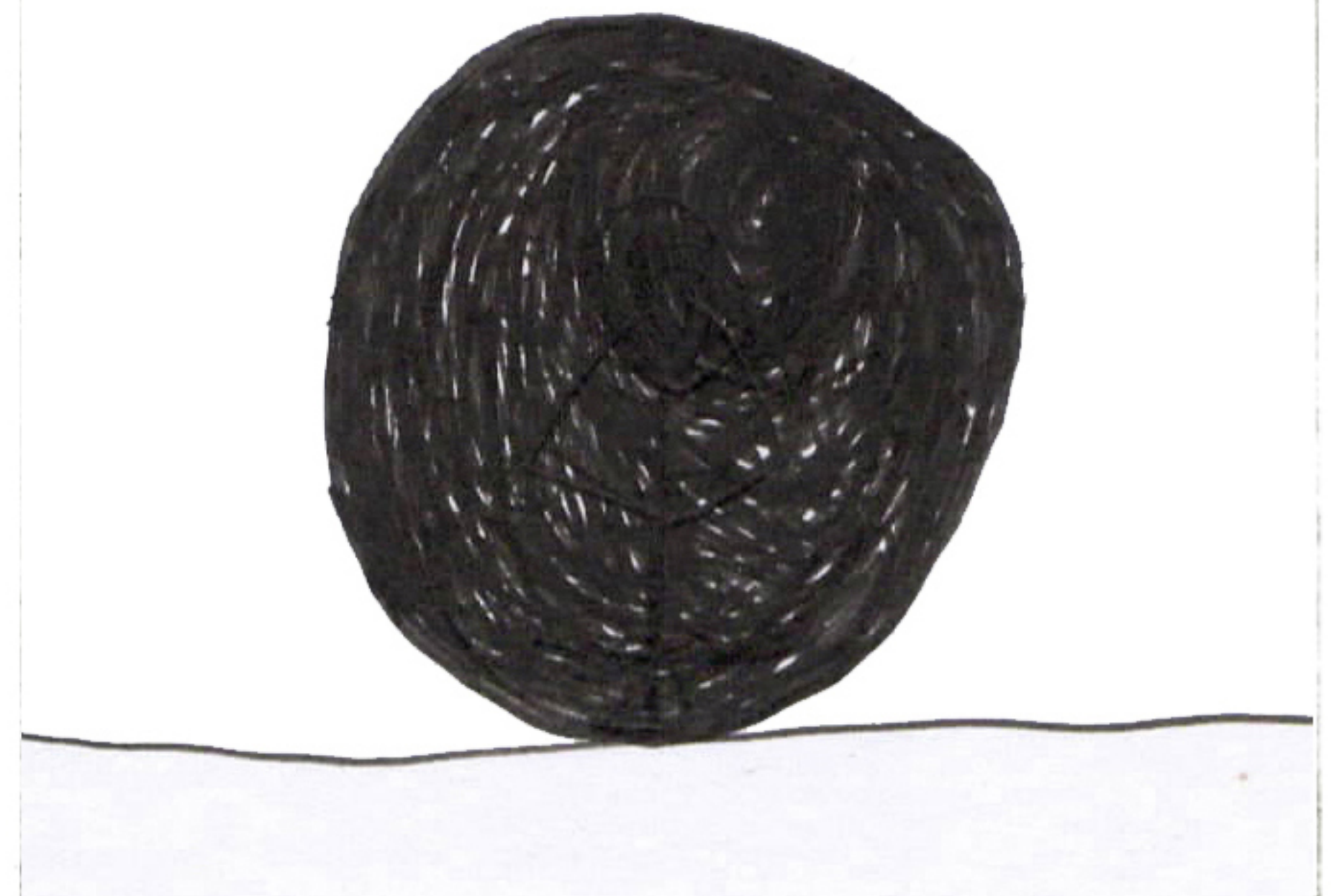


The Yearning

Loved ones so lost
they're almost impossible to find
Reduced to using communication channels of
ever increasing
obscurity

Seances
Ouija boards
Tea leaves
Tarot cards
Crystal balls

Alive they never listened
Yet dead they're desperate for us to hear
exactly what we've been waiting all these years
for them to say



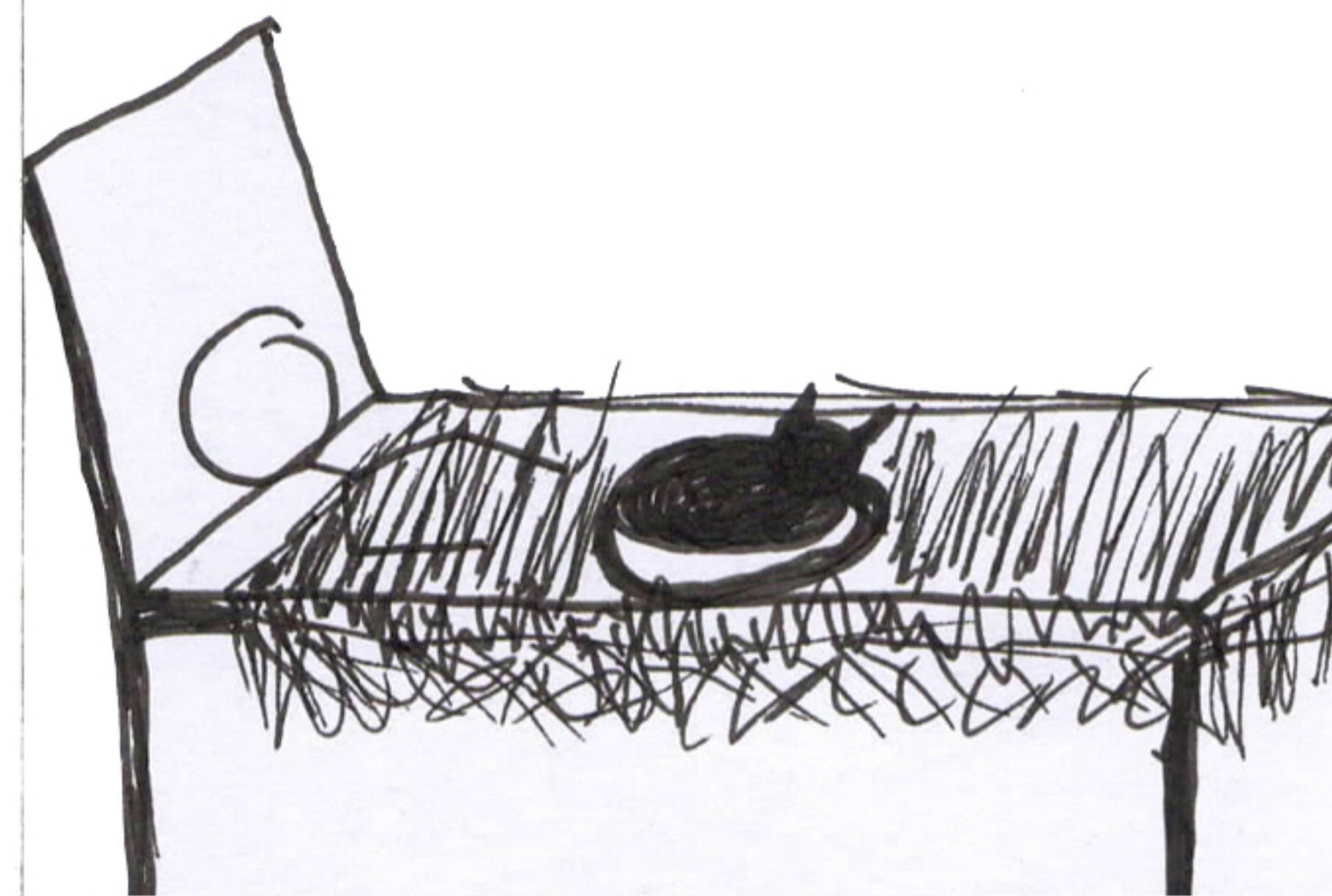
The Black Cat

The black cat is the only ghost
with measurable weight

Once it settles in place
it cannot be moved

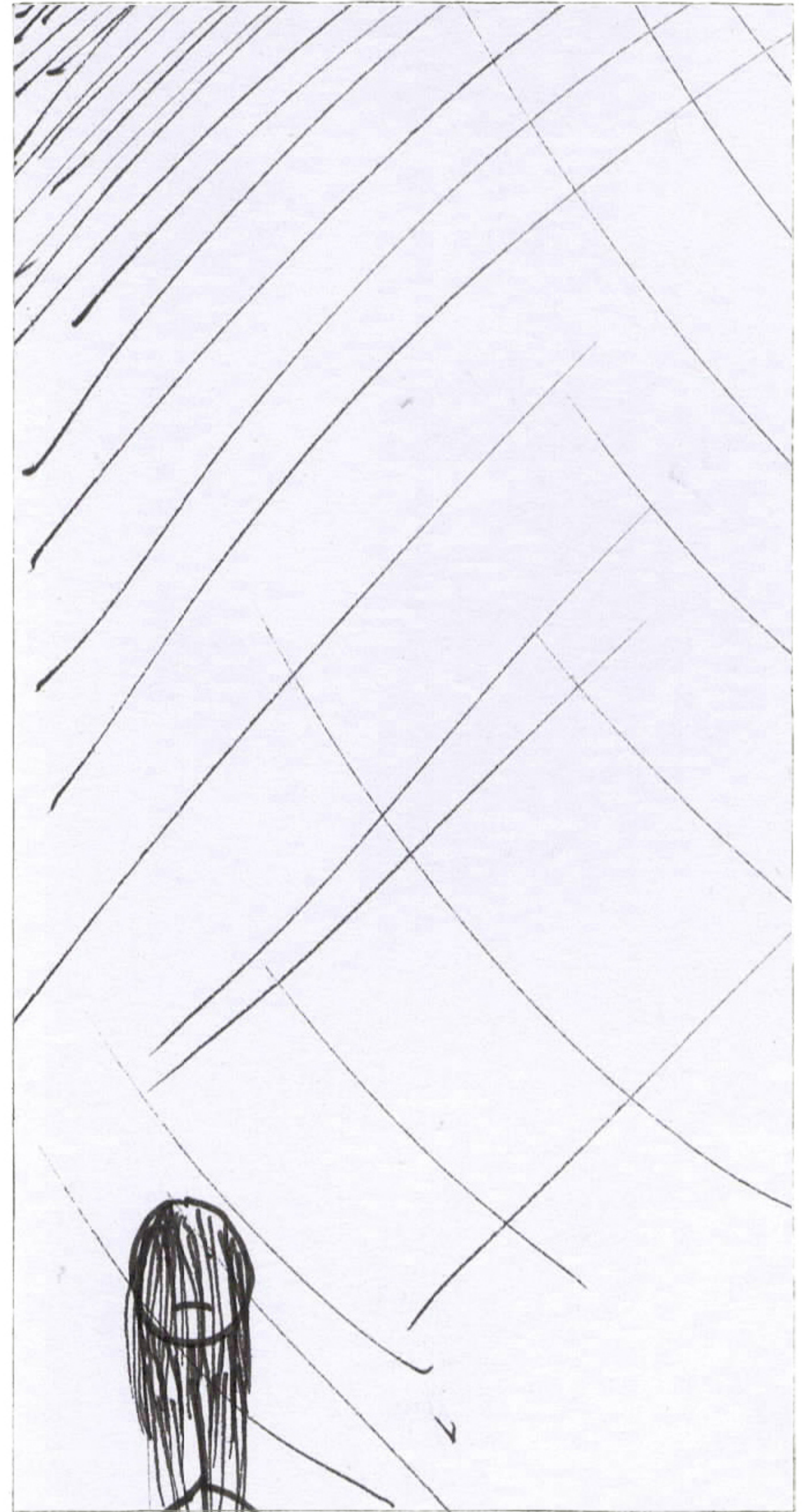
While it sleeps
it feasts on our dreams

And we let it
we let it



Veil

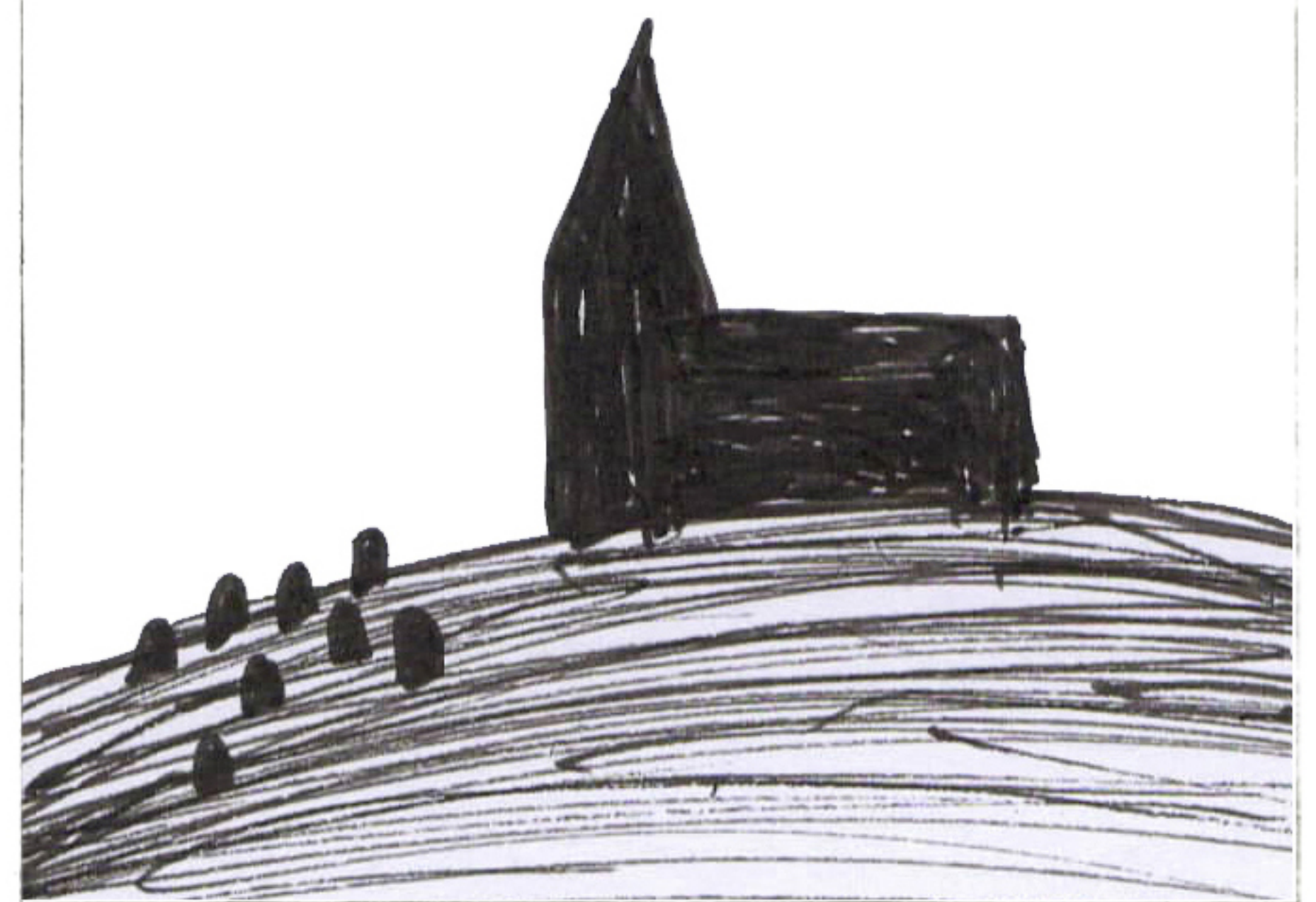
She prefers not to be seen.
But that doesn't mean
she's really not there



Morning

Ring those bells! Ring those bells!

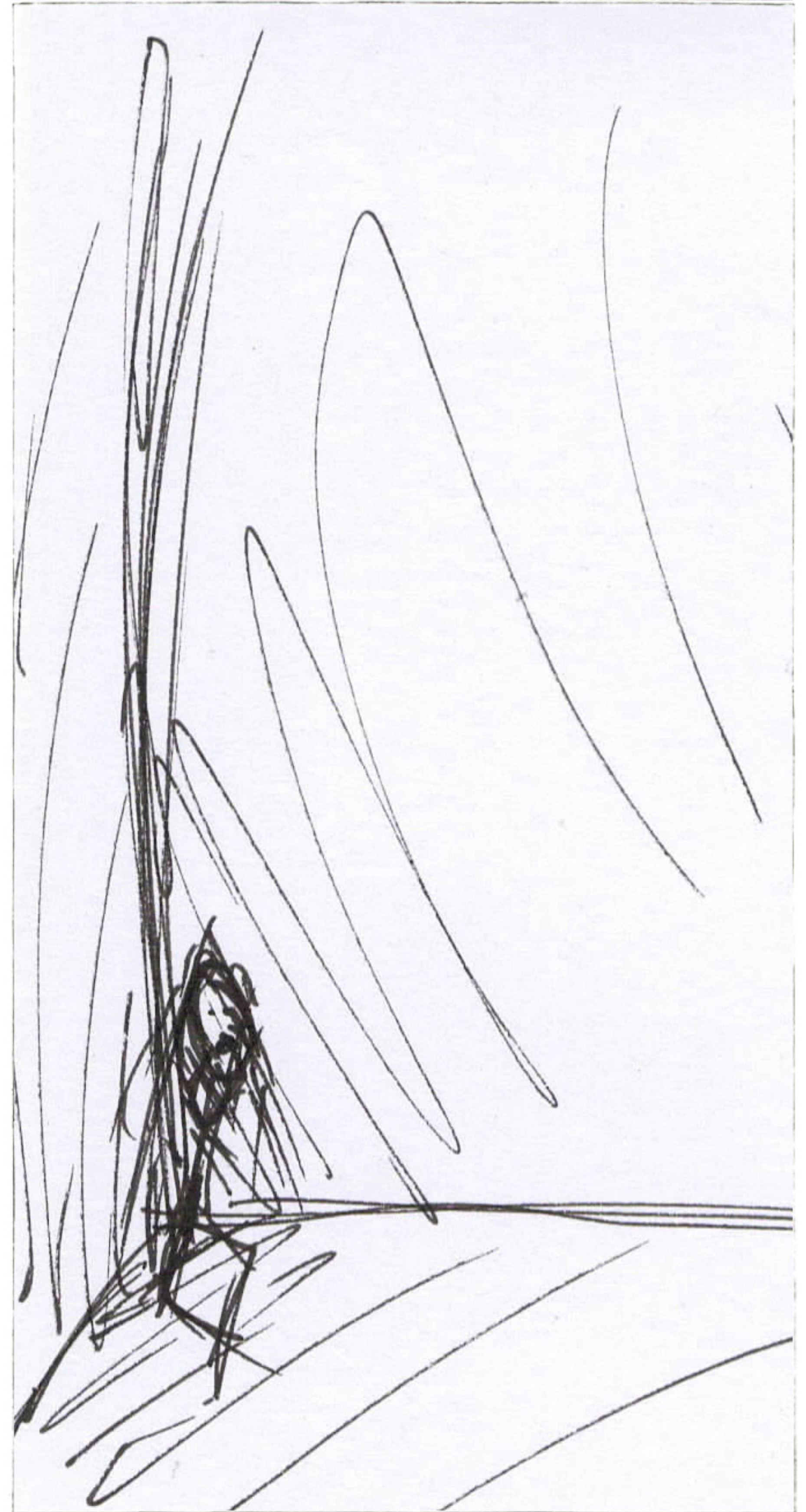
As if we believe that waking the dead
will ward them away



Miseria

In the corners of countless rooms
She gnaws at her wrists
at her ankles
at her thighs

A vampire of the self
an ouroboros of desperation and despair



The Twins

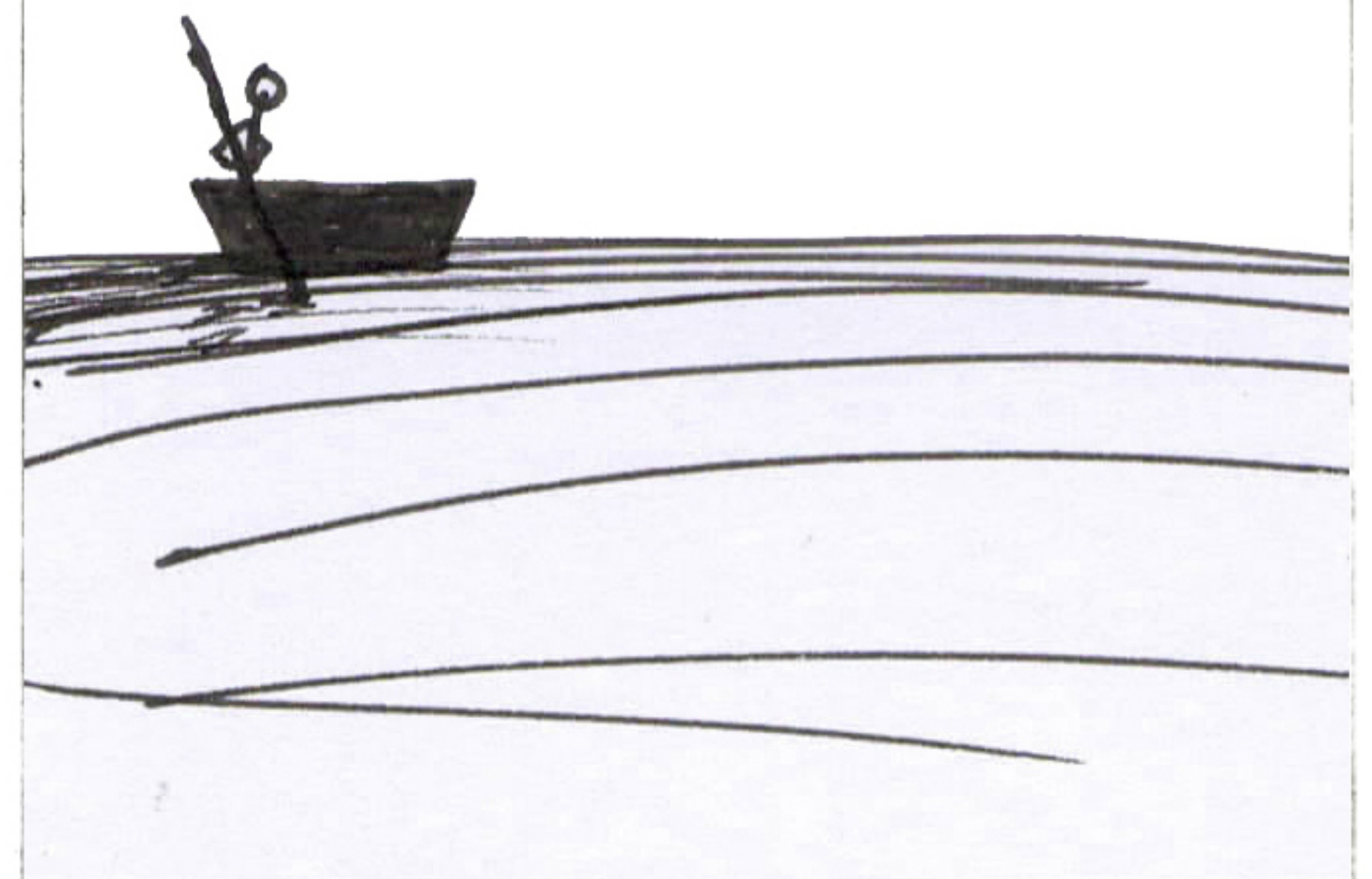
Rot
and decay
bring with them irrefutable proofs
of life

Cleanliness
and purity
bring only the endless desert
of death



Memoriam

Not even the boatman knows his past

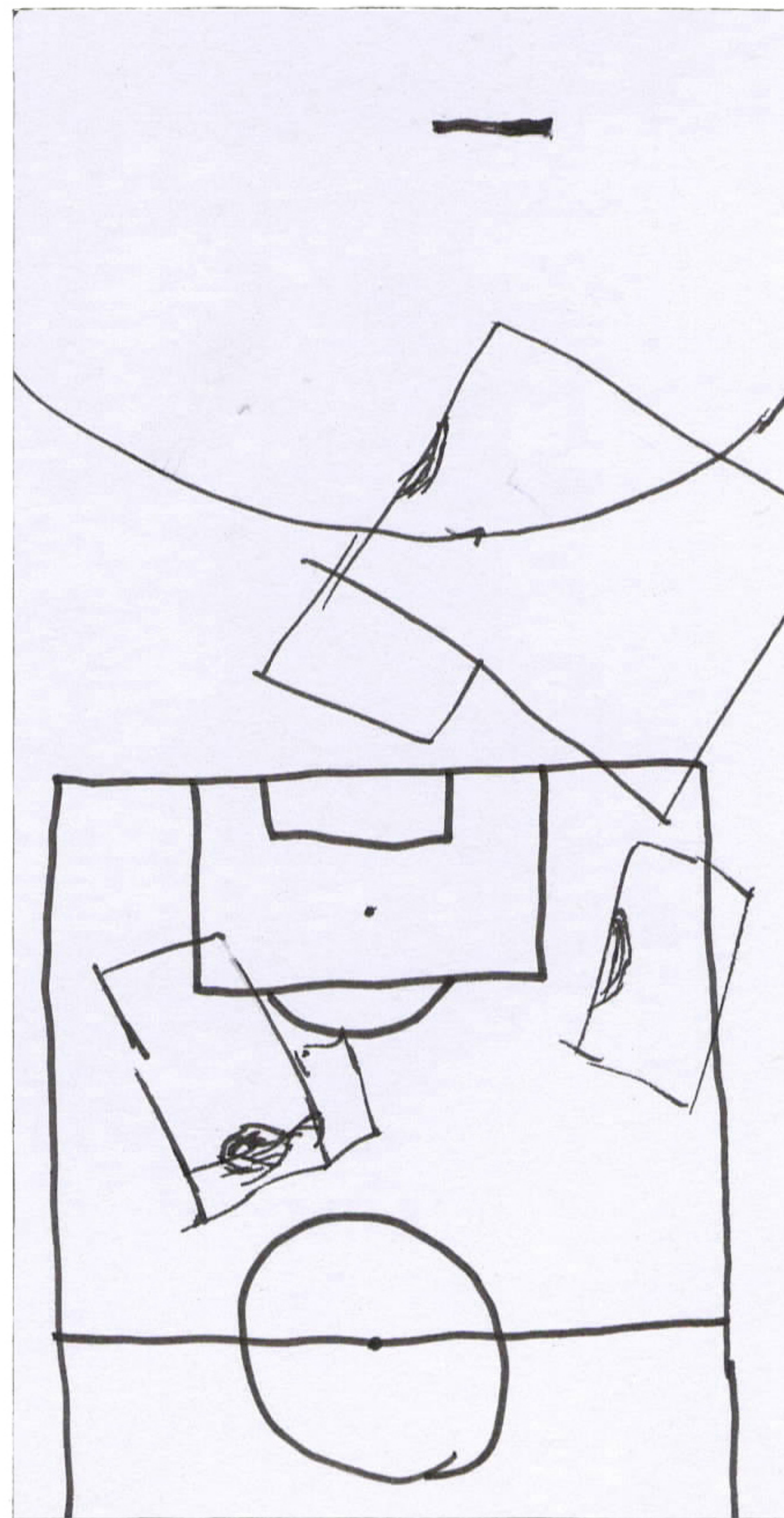


The Ghosts Of Summer

Beneath the football fields
and the cricket greens

Drought draws out emergent lines
of ungrowing grass

Echoes of buried brick and stone
from ages long past



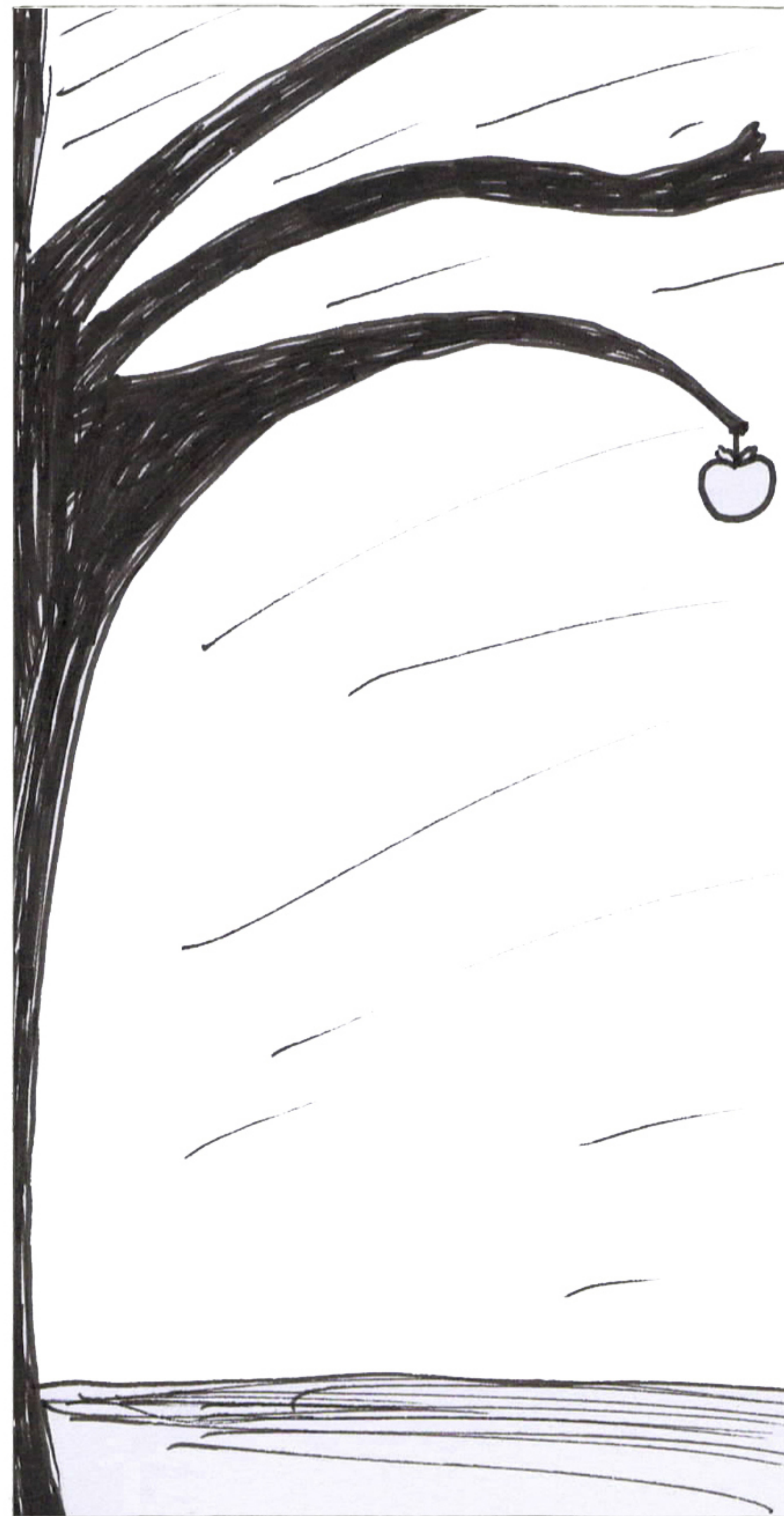
Cecilia

The roots of trees
grow through her grave

The wind in the leaves
blows through her hair

The fruit from the boughs
runs red with her blood

Eat me. Drink me



Restless, Nameless

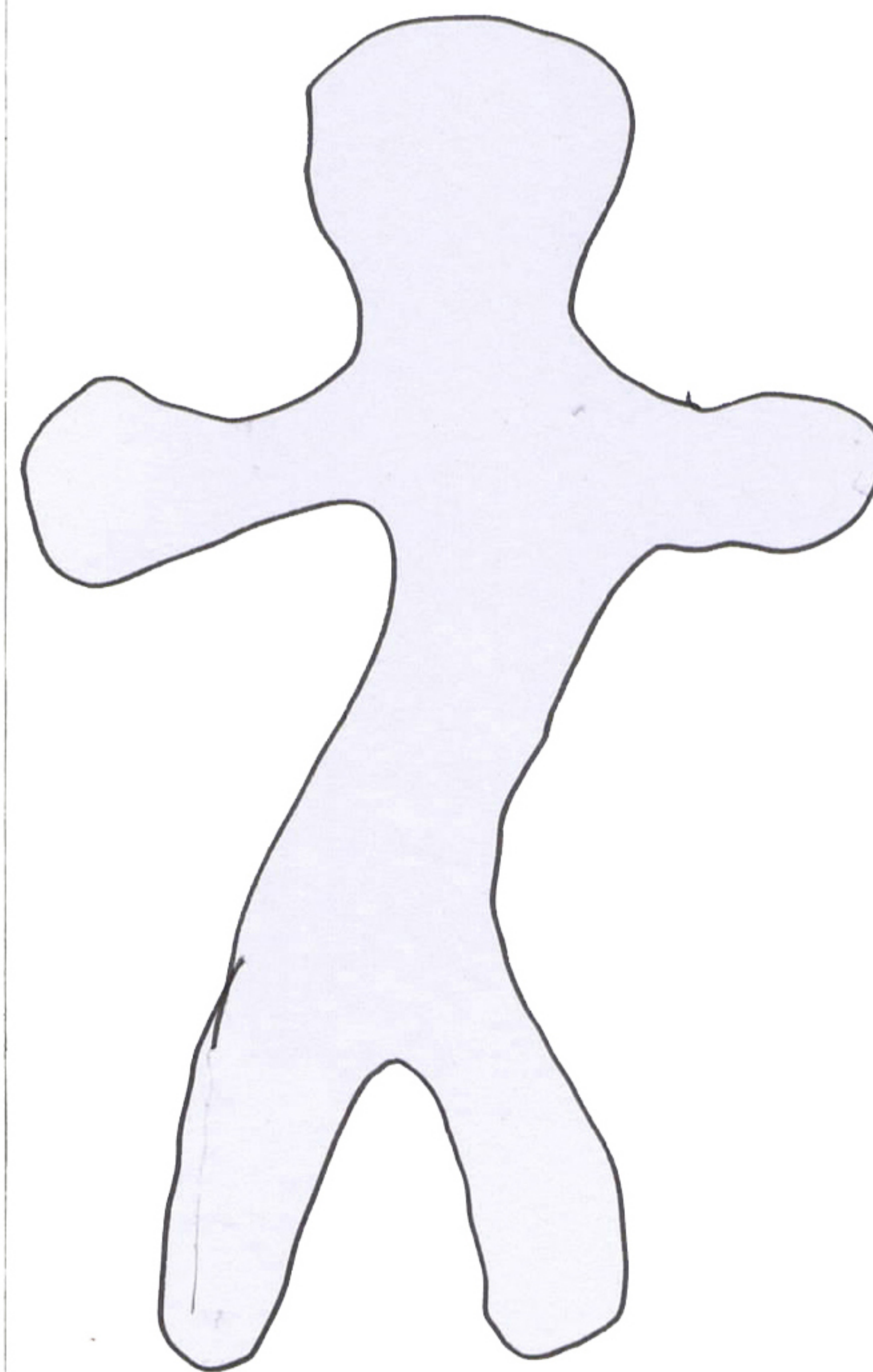
History negates the need for the remembered to remain
It is the forgotten who still stir



Chalk Figures On Distant Hillsides

Footprints and scuff marks on nearby paths.
The possibility of fingerprints
on gates
fences
knives

All other traces wiped clean from the scene of the crime

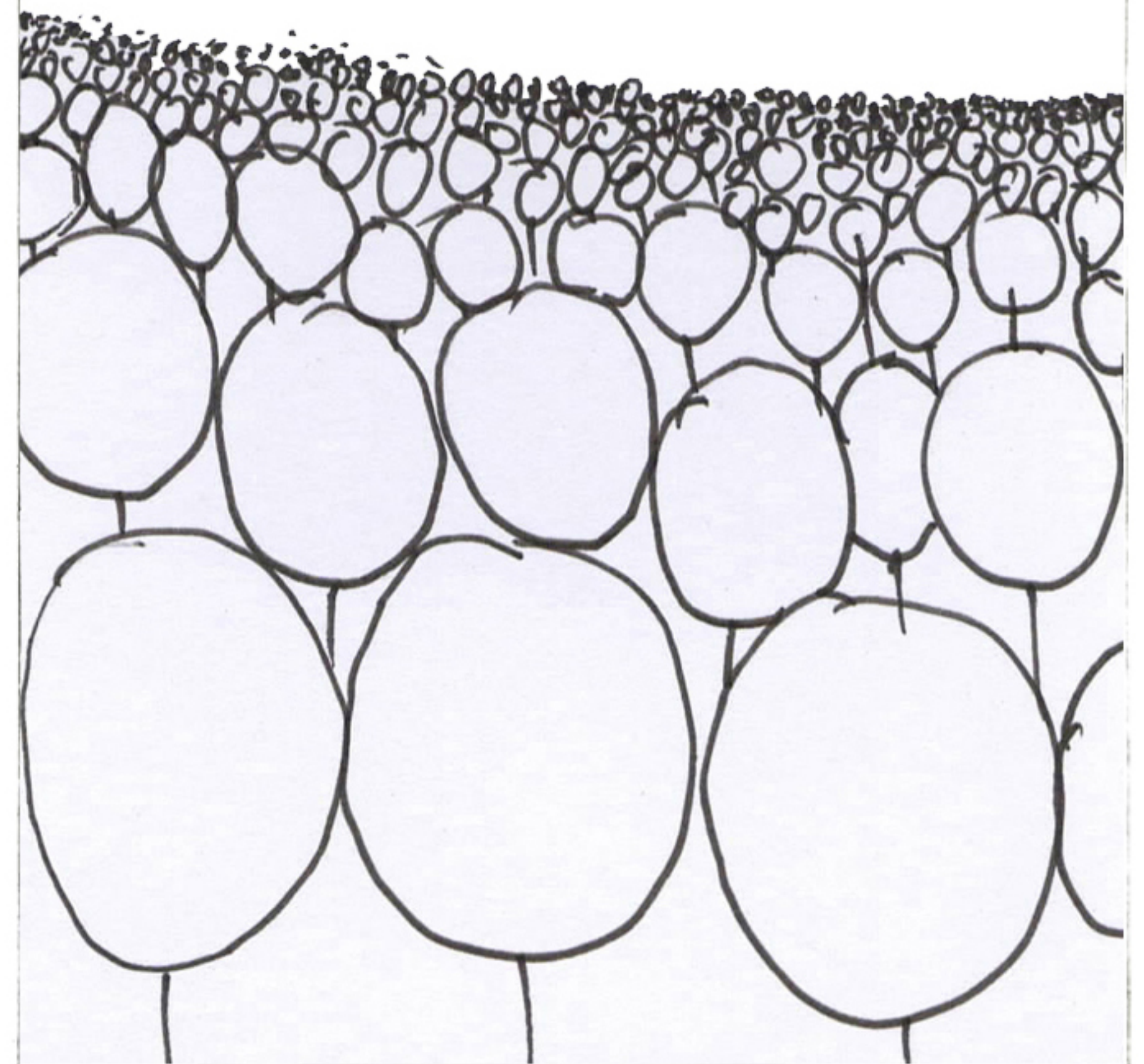


Mass

The abandoned
the betrayed

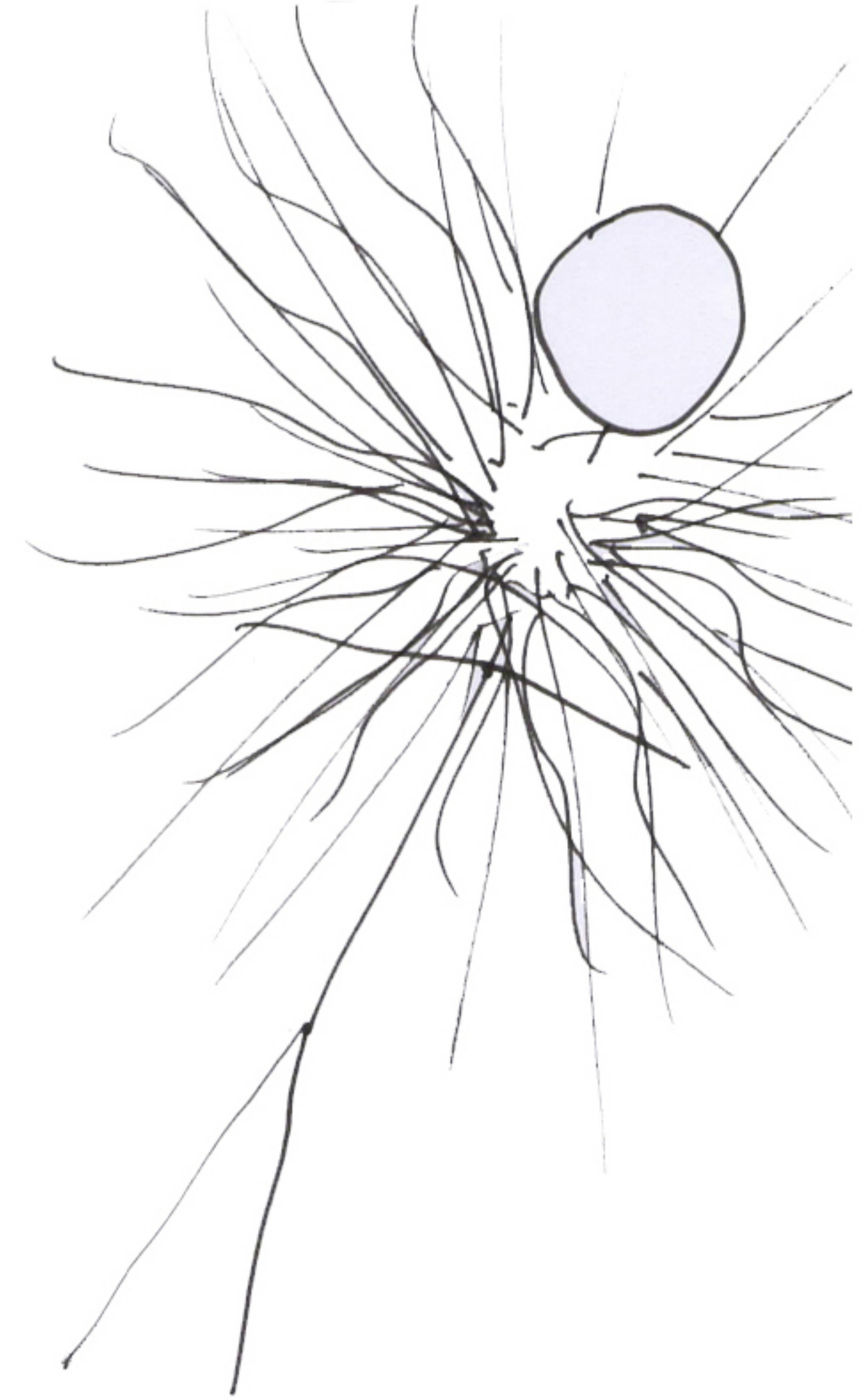
They don't need words
to make themselves understood

Their silent stares
are recrimination enough



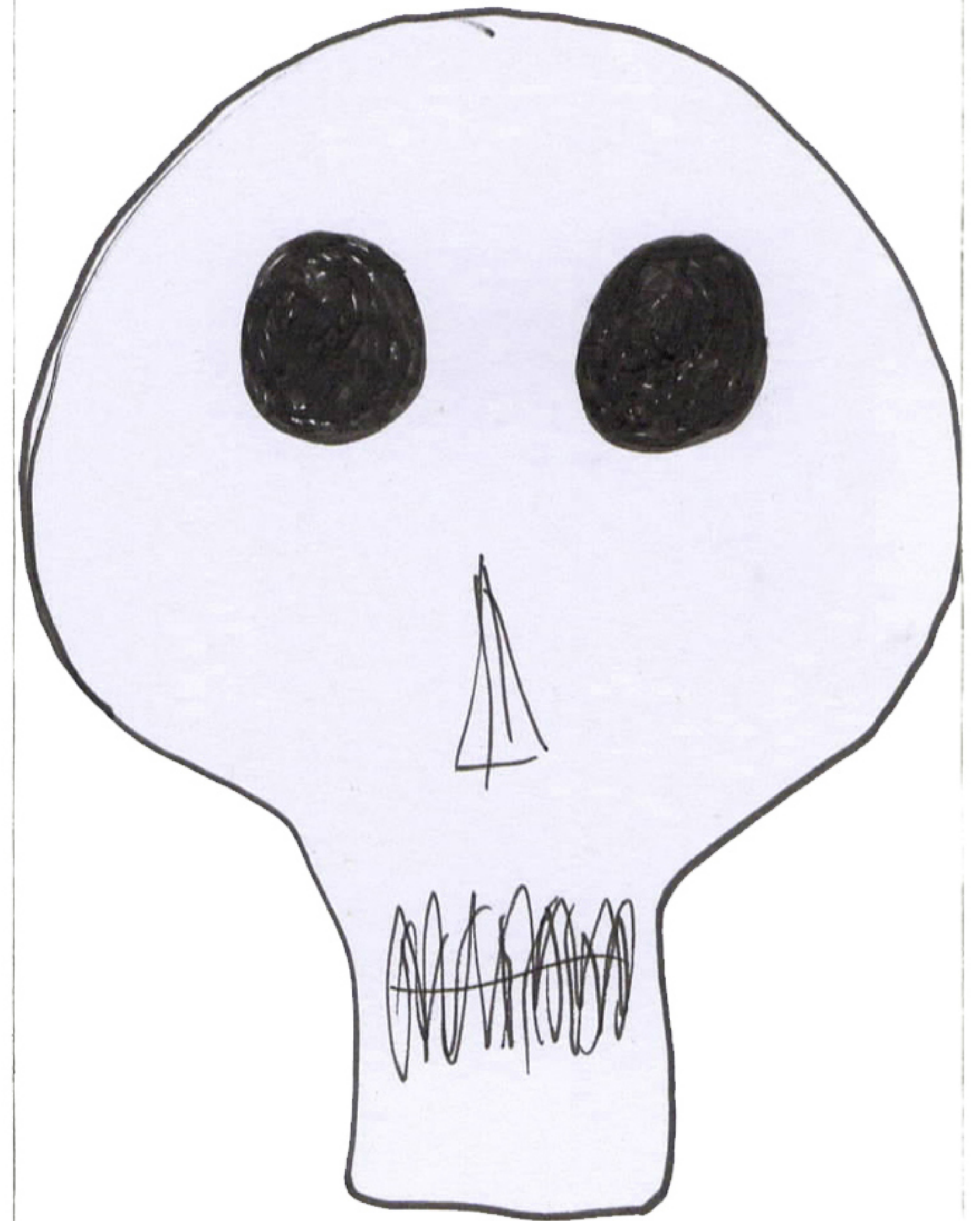
Guilt And Guillotine

Heedless in life
headless in death



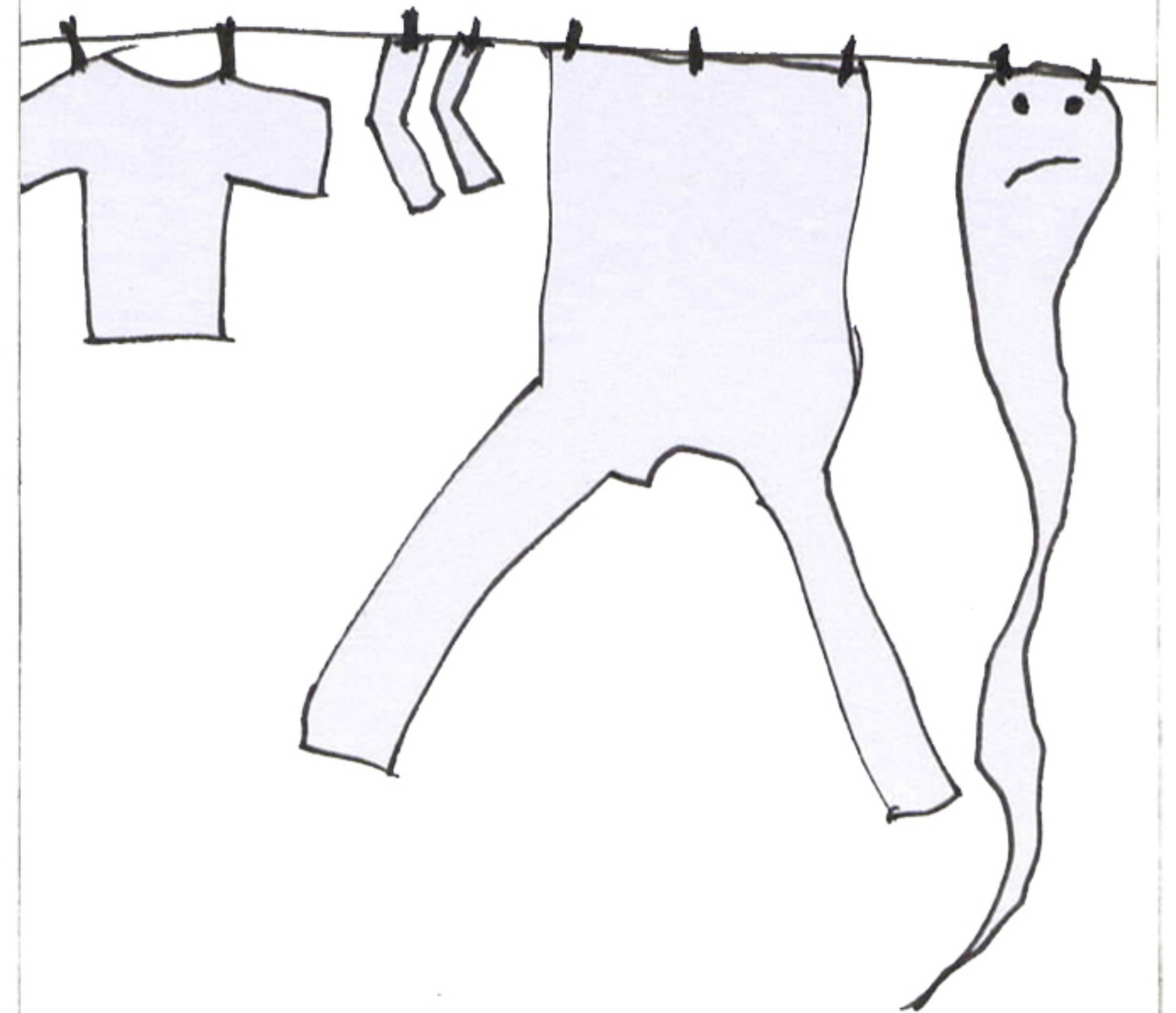
Skull

We finally see the depths of their souls
in the absence of their eyes



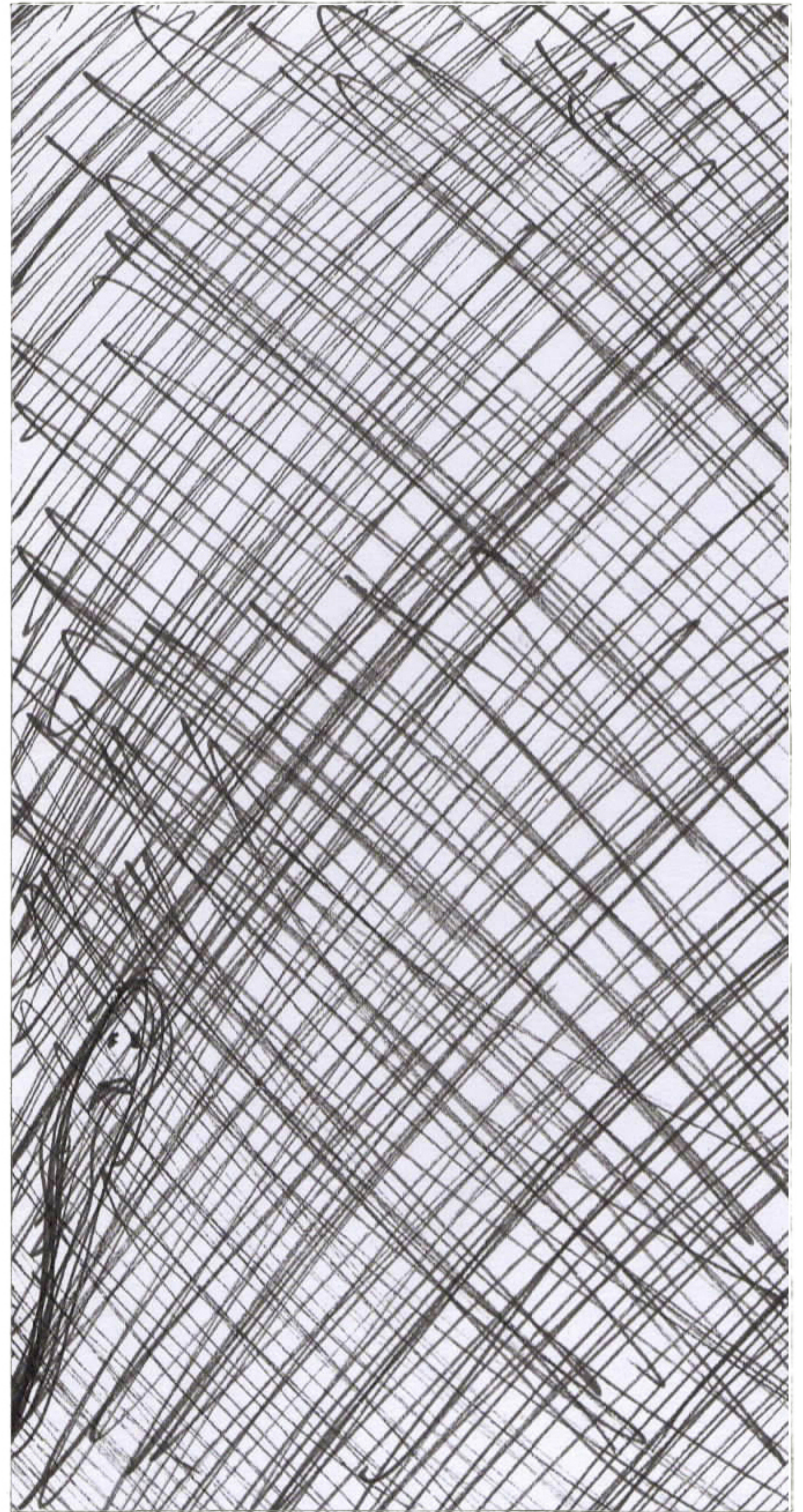
Lurk

What better place to hide
than among the washing on the line



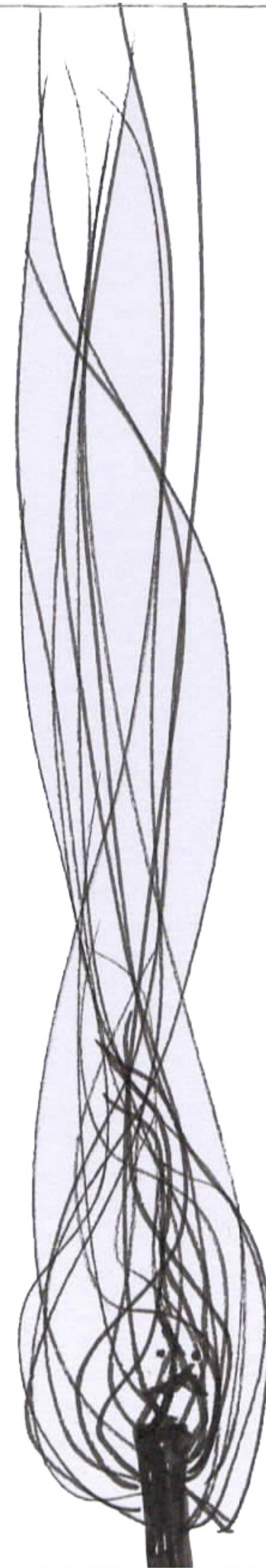
Mist

Ghosts live in every cloud
but only in the fog
do they ever get close enough
to see us for certain



With And Without

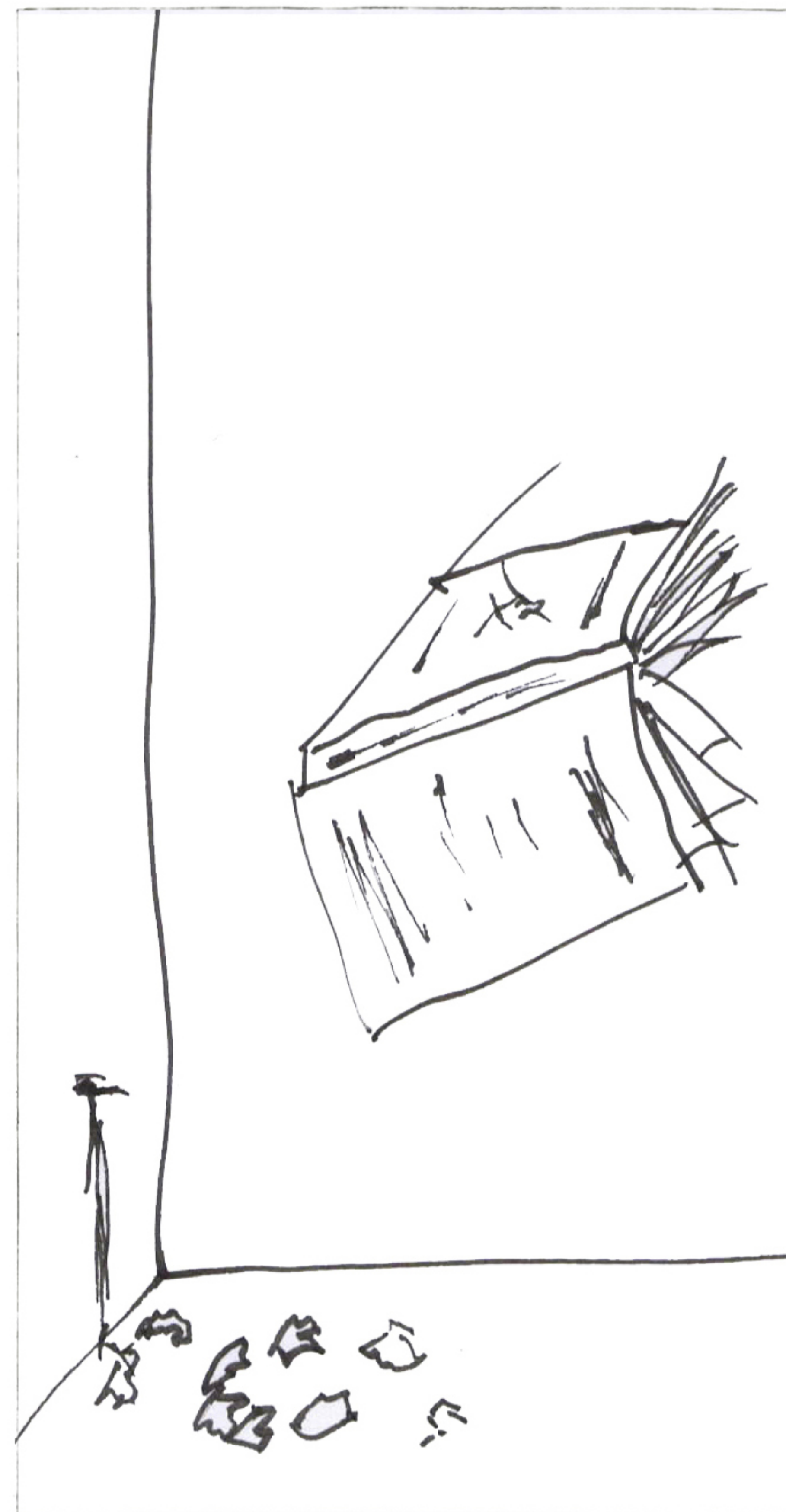
Smoke
the ghost of flames



Echolocation

Poltergeists as memorials
to frustrated fury

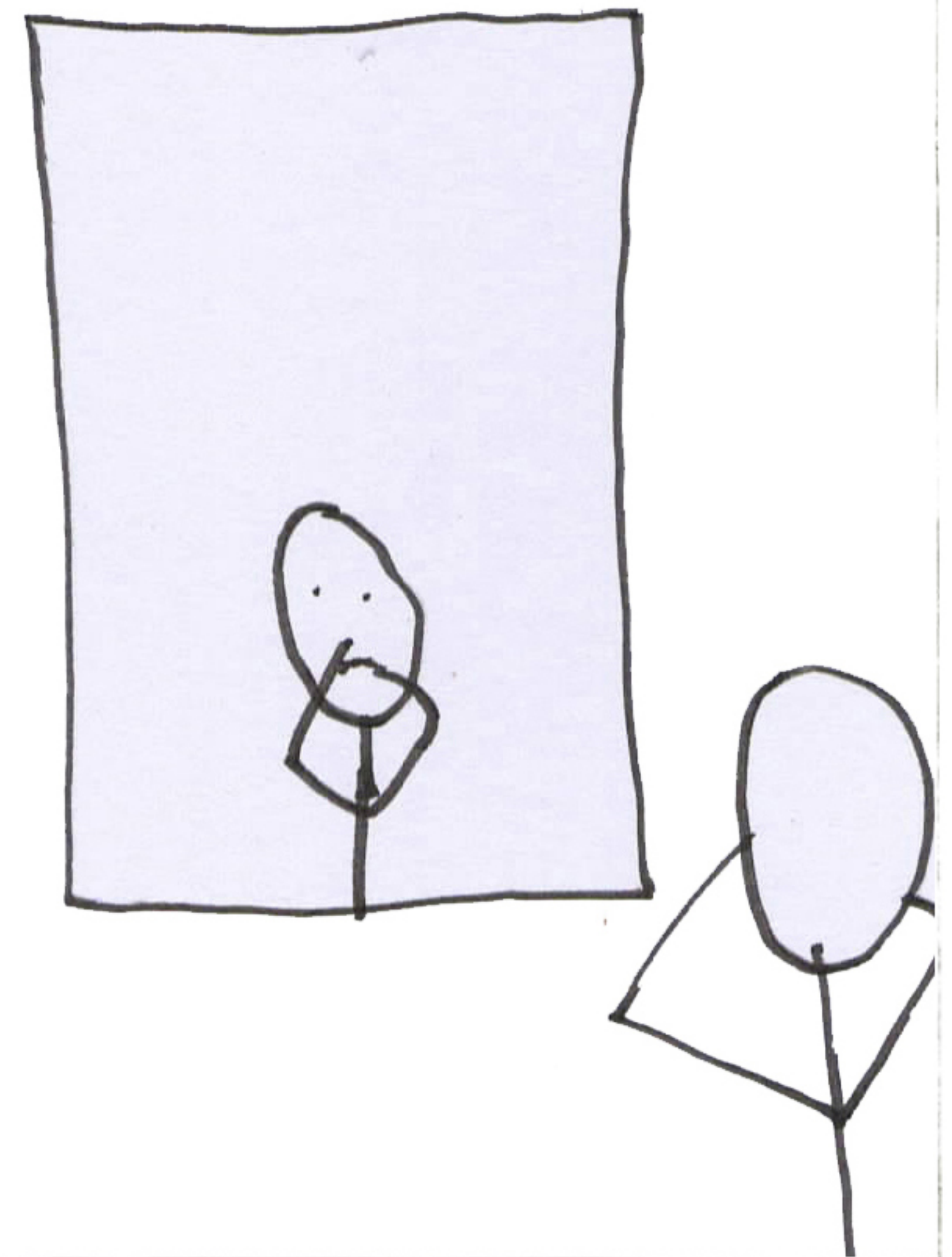
Plates rebroken, books rethrown
in still empty rooms
after long forgotten fights



Reflection

Three ghosts in every mirror

the past
the present
the days soon to come

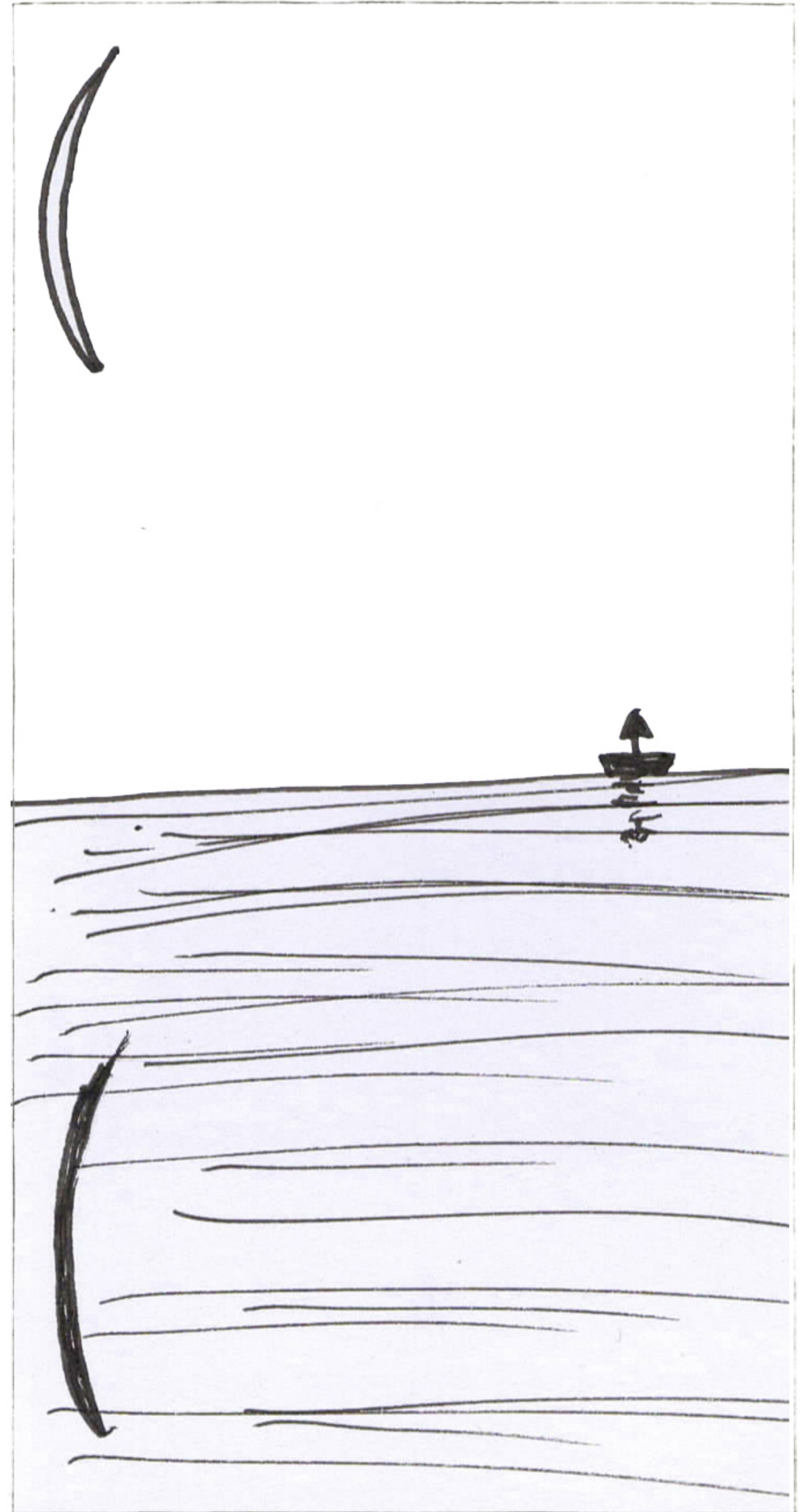


Moon

The moon was a planet once

Alive
now dead

A cold reflection of our own



Home

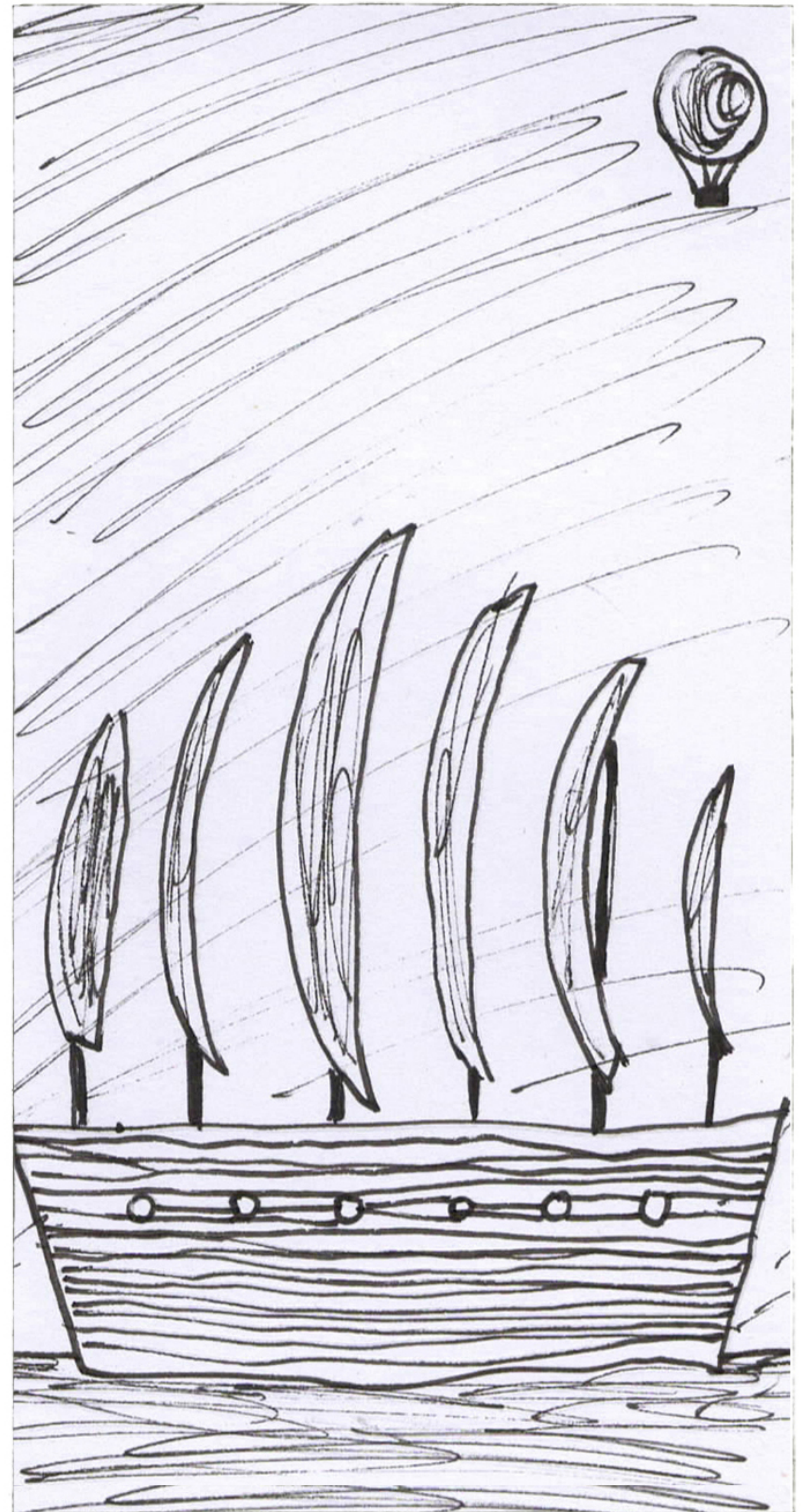
Tethered in place
to the precise location of his demise
the ghost watches the earth
as it slowly recedes from view

He'll miss it when it's gone
even though he hated it
when he was there



A History Of Haunted Transport

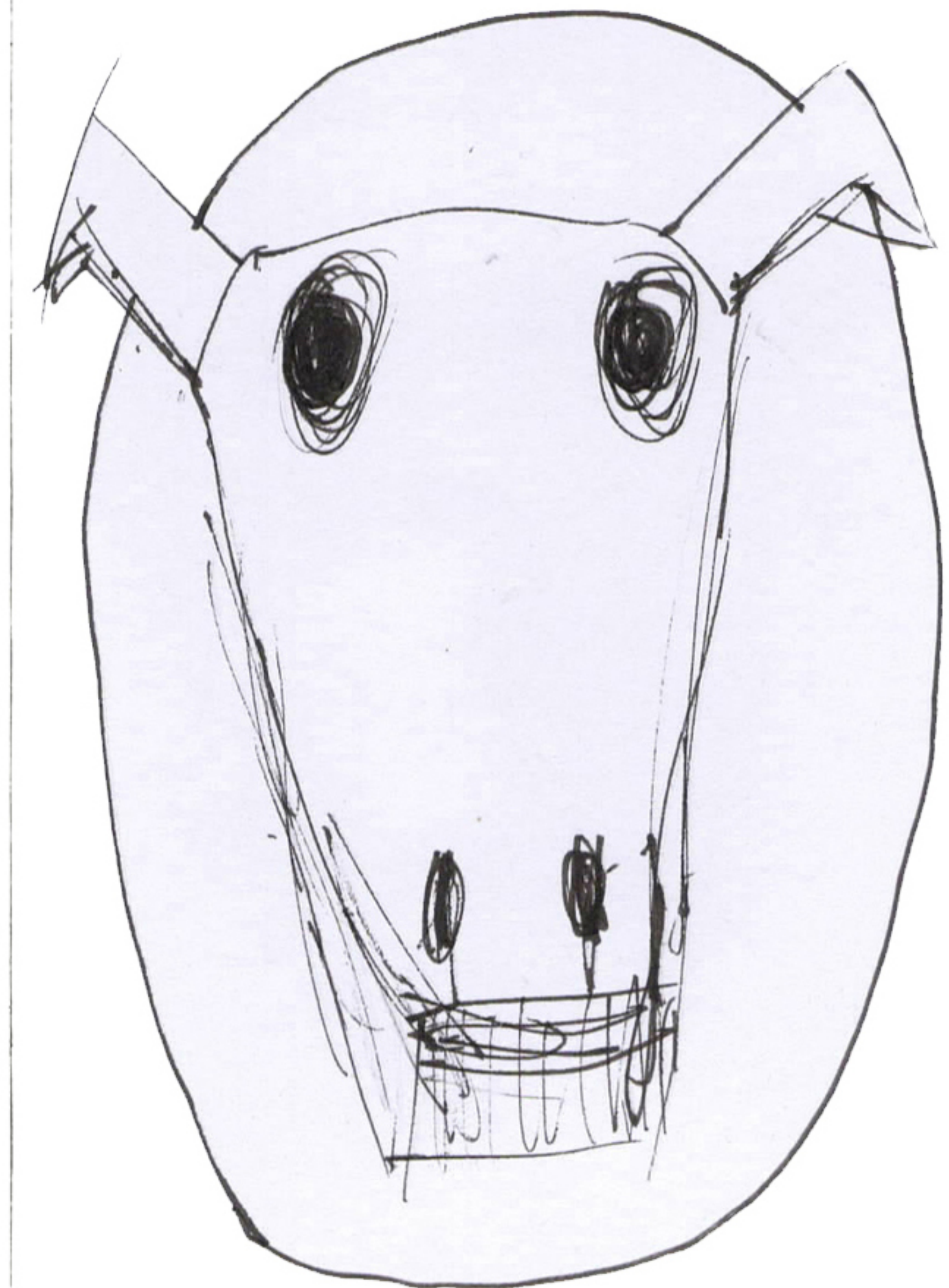
ghost ships
ghost trains
ghost trams
ghost cars
ghost planes
ghost helicopters
ghost motorbikes
ghost bmxes
ghost scooters
ghost skateboards
ghost sleds
ghost segways
ghost wheelchairs
ghost hang gliders
ghost hot air balloons
ghost submarines
ghost tractors
ghost trailers
ghost combine harvesters
ghost elevators
ghost escalators
ghost travelators
ghost rollercoasters
ghost dodgems
ghost ferris wheels
ghost monorails
ghost cable cars
ghost funiculars
ghost rockets
ghost space shuttles
ghost space stations
ghost teleportation chambers (pending)



Atrophy

On the wall
the skull still dreams

Don't mistake its silence
for an acceptance of its fate



Ex Machina

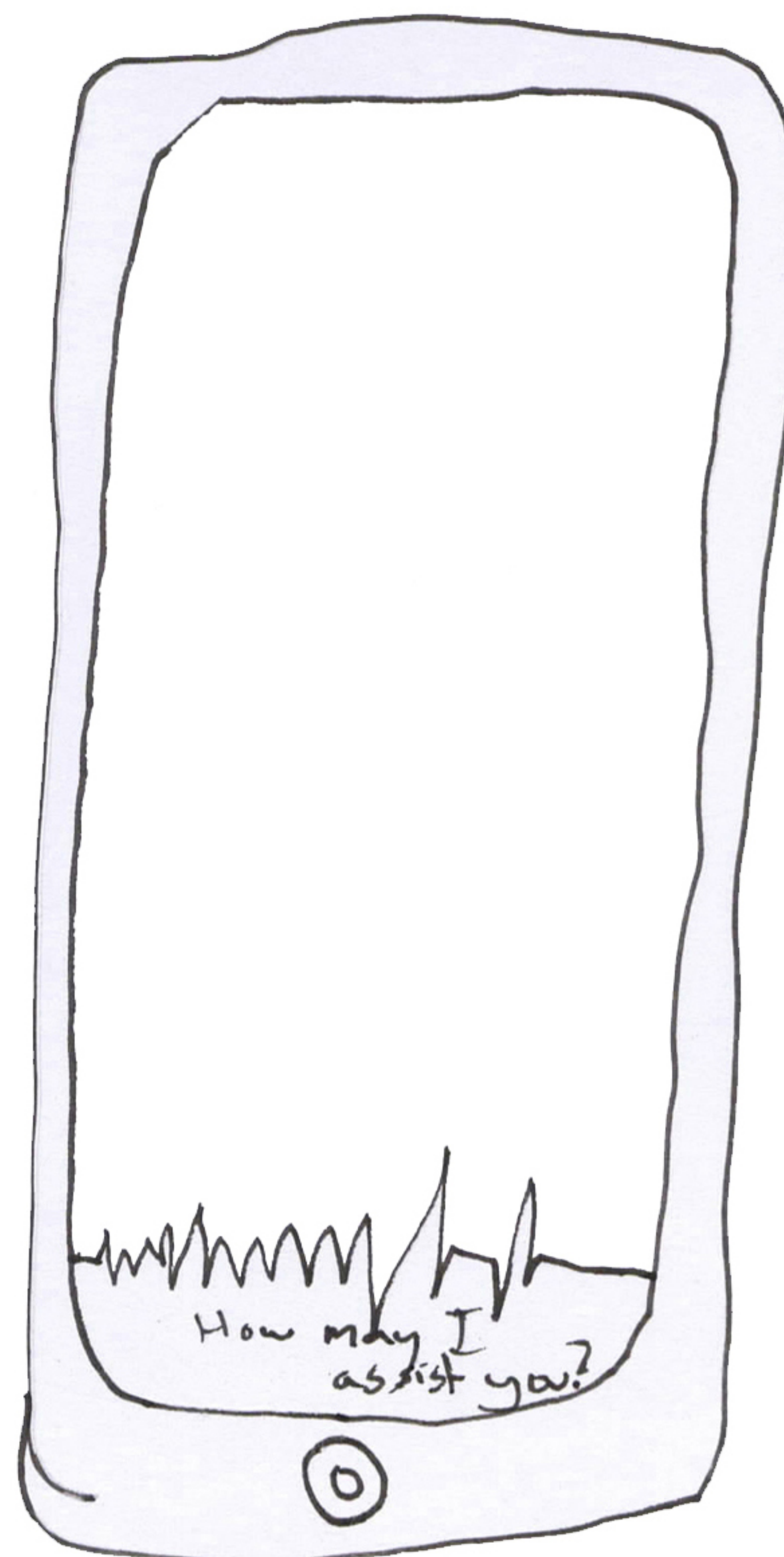
For centuries ghosts lurked in every machine

photographs
phonographs
radio transmissions
telegraph wires
tv signals
cassette tapes
holograms
x-rays
videos

But no one ever worried about a haunted smartphone
despite our every attempt to animate them
with artificial life

So we pretend the lifeless voices
and the undying minds
we've stretched over skeletal structures
built from the moans of the dead
aren't uncanny at all

But natural assistance
necessary extensions
to the mortal limits
of our souls



Coven

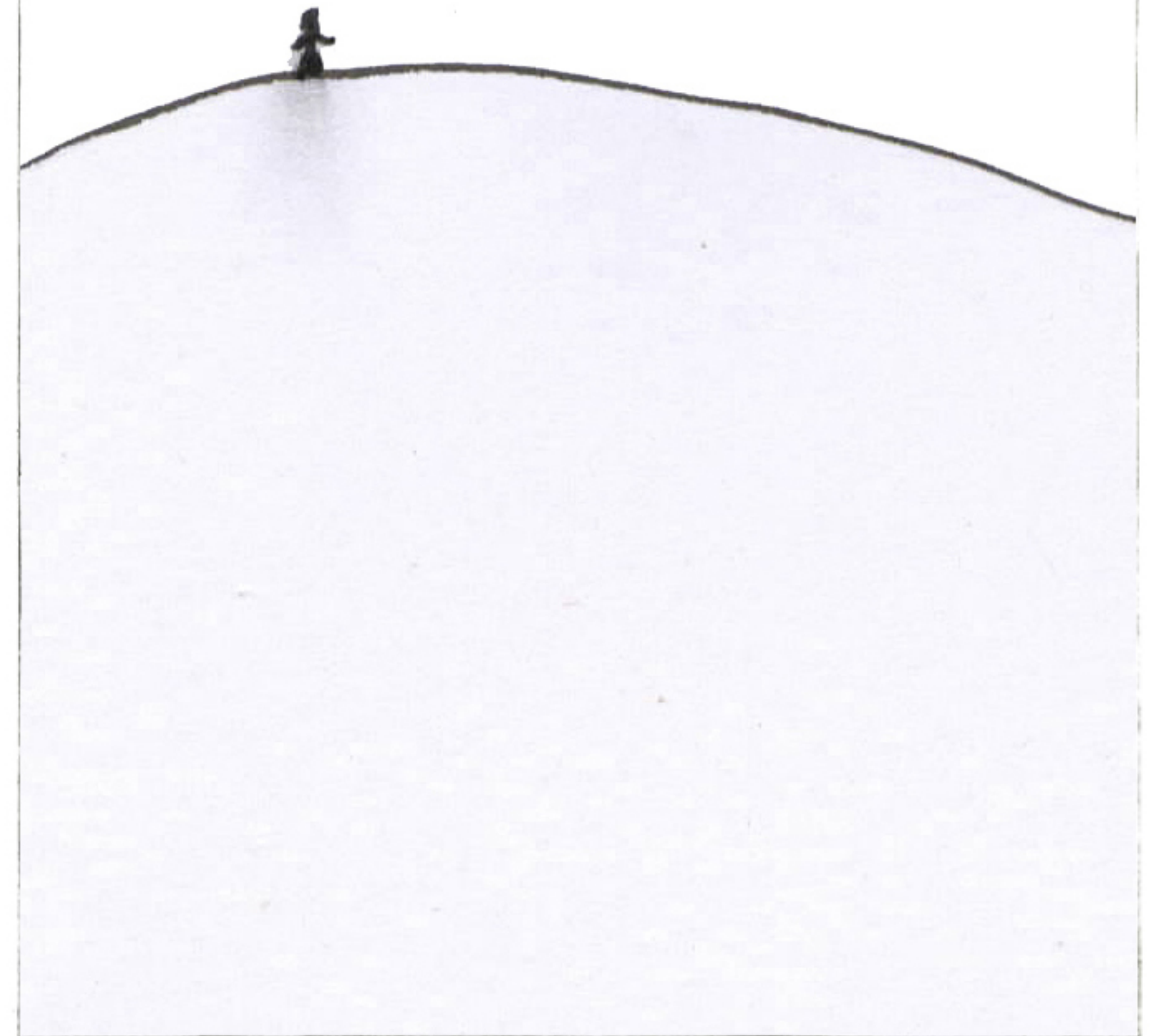
In the woods the witches wait
They'll have their revenge
however long it takes



Judgement

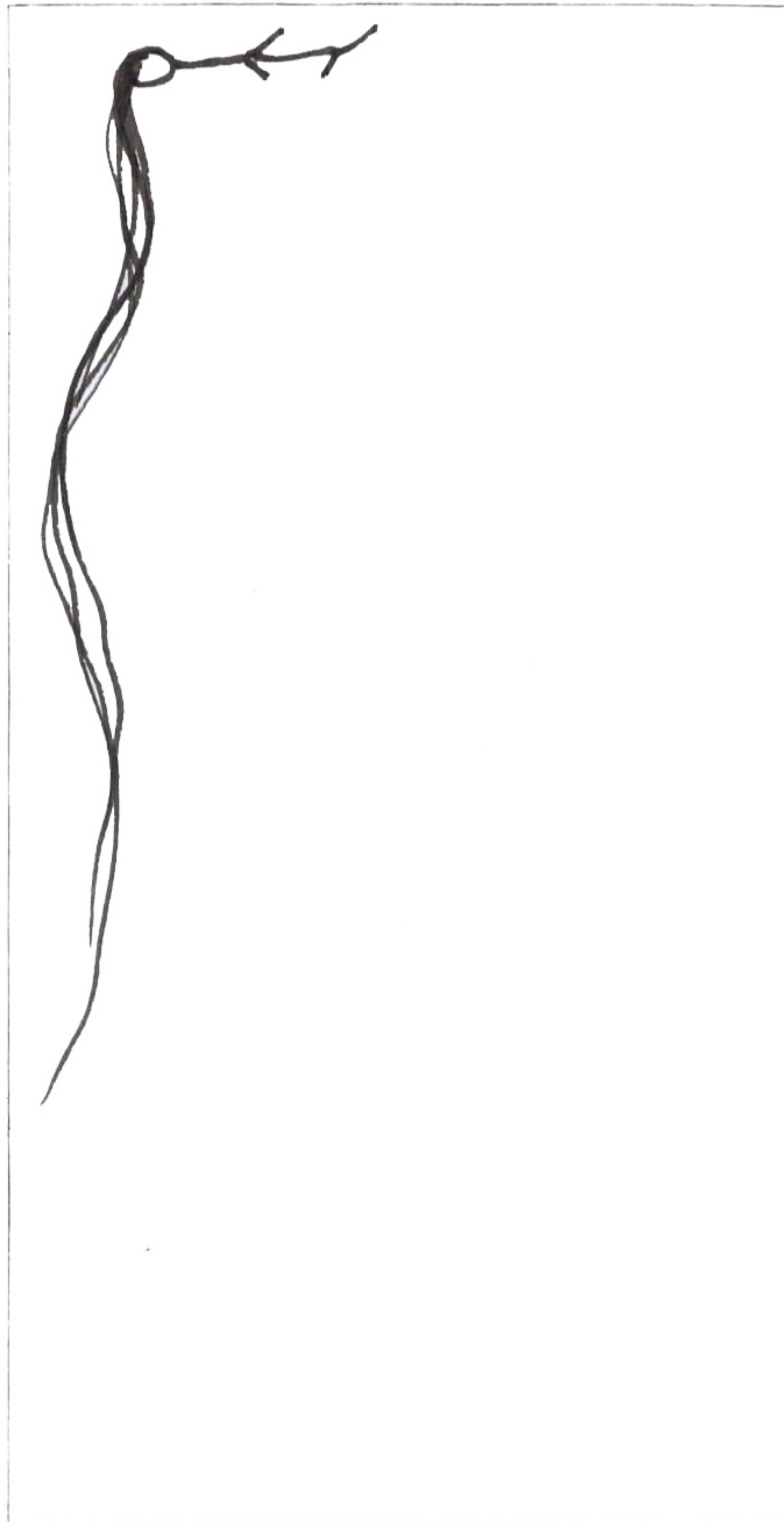
Always alone
he stands
and he stares

We yearn to be free
of the gaze of the past



Insomnia

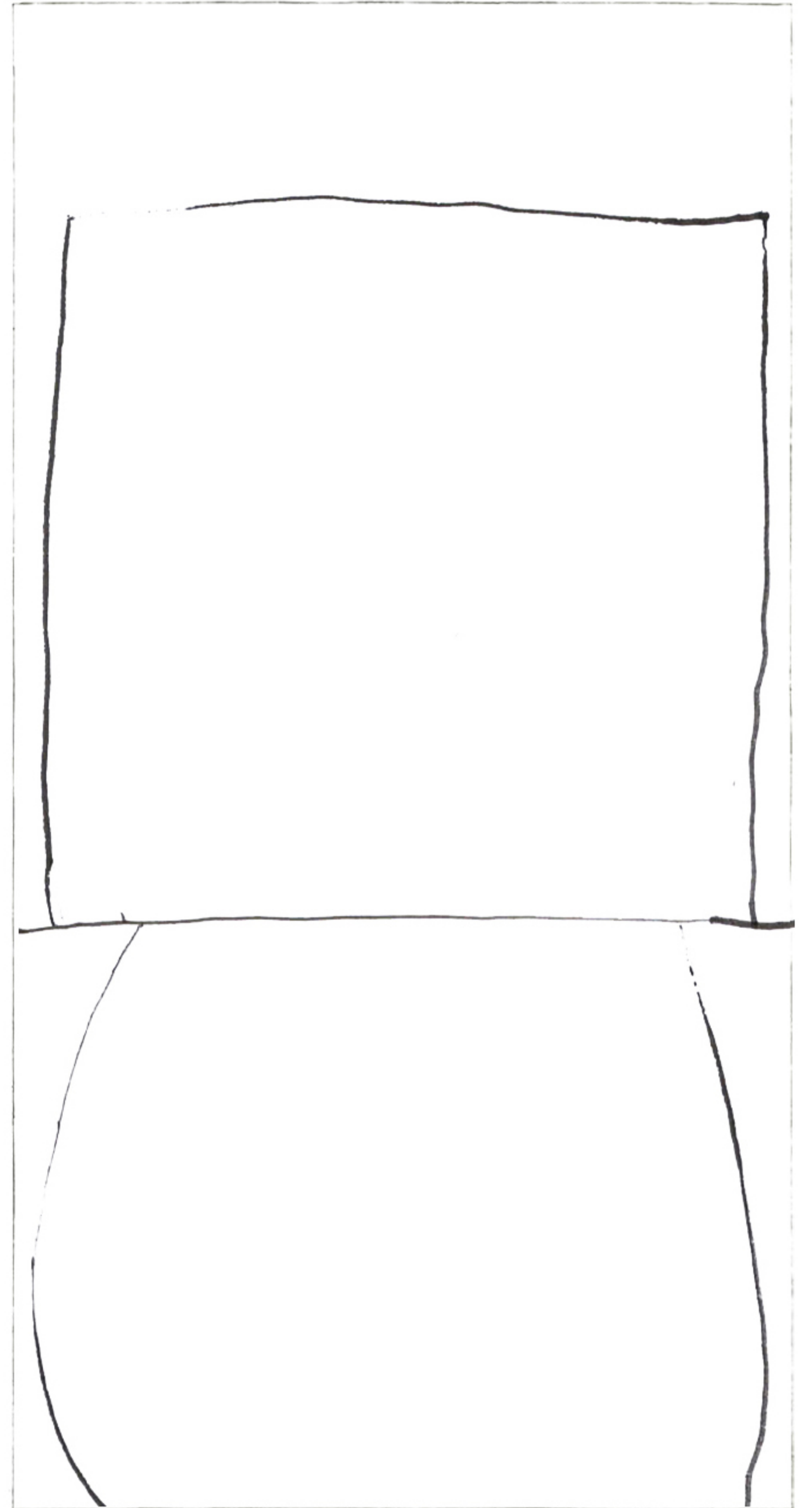
She sleeps on the ceiling
entirely oblivious
to the fact you're not sleeping below



The Magician

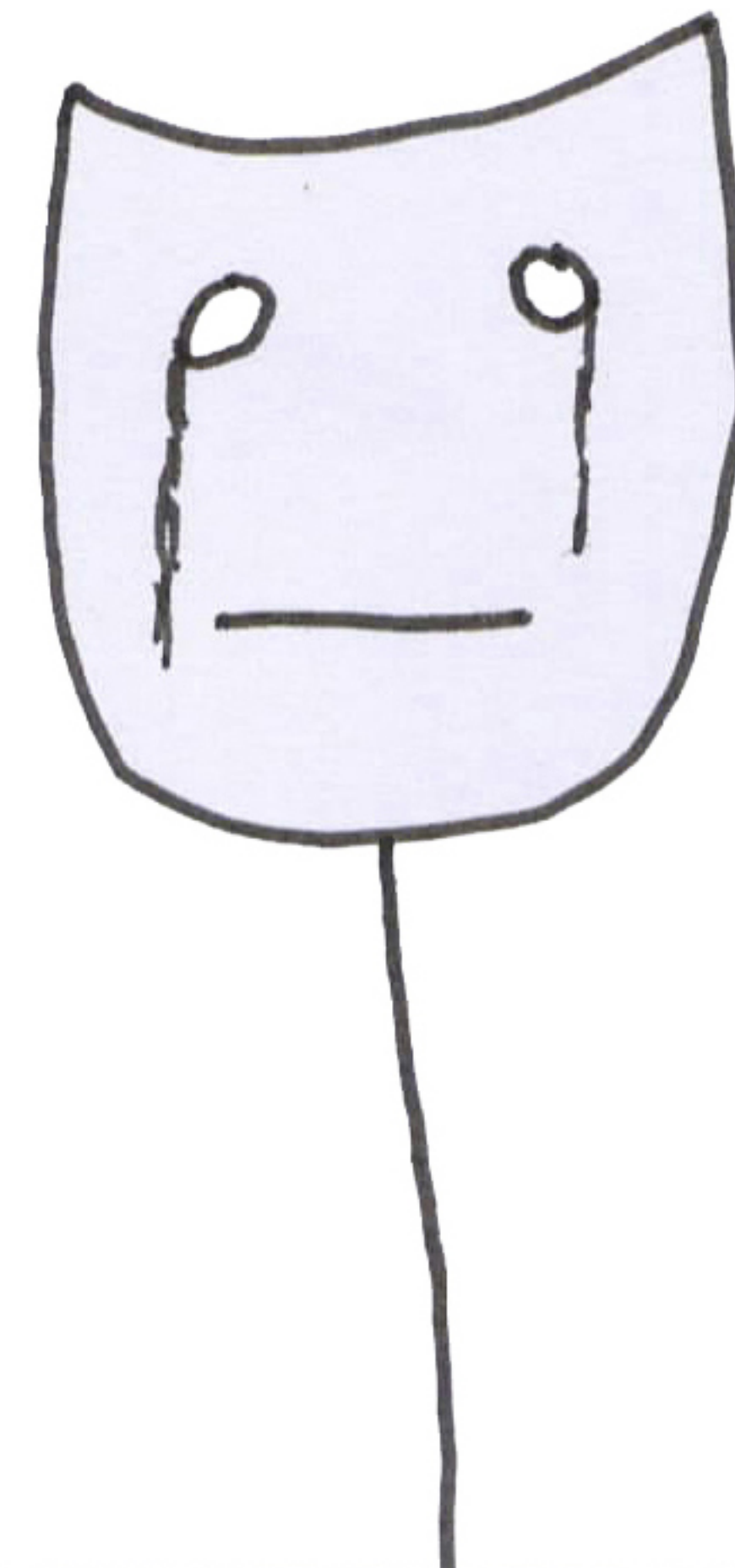
All hat
and no face

The magician revels
in his role



The Living Mask

Centuries of stoicism
betrayed
by the rust of its tears



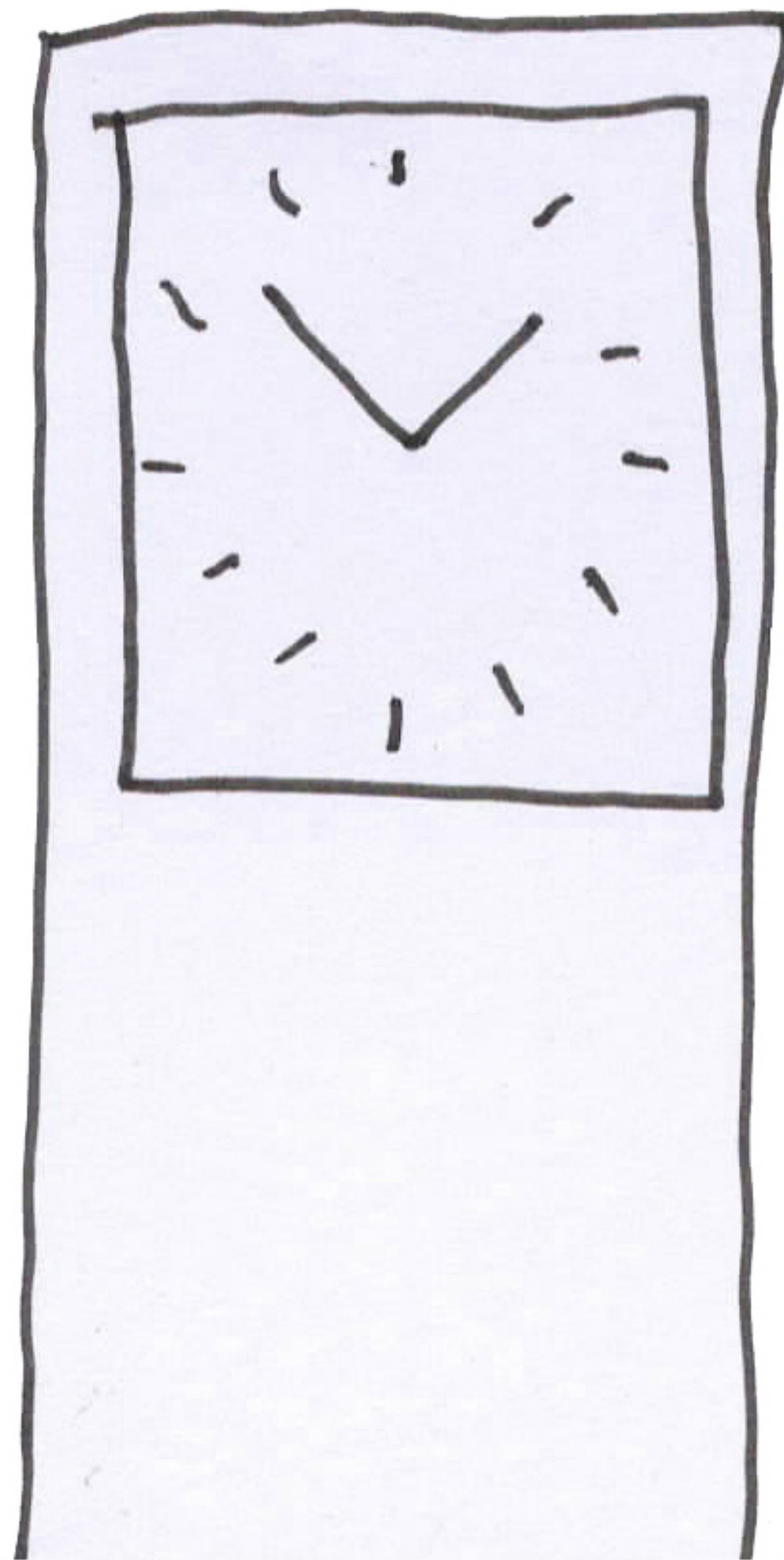
Poor Thing

It's more frightened of you
than you are
of whatever it is



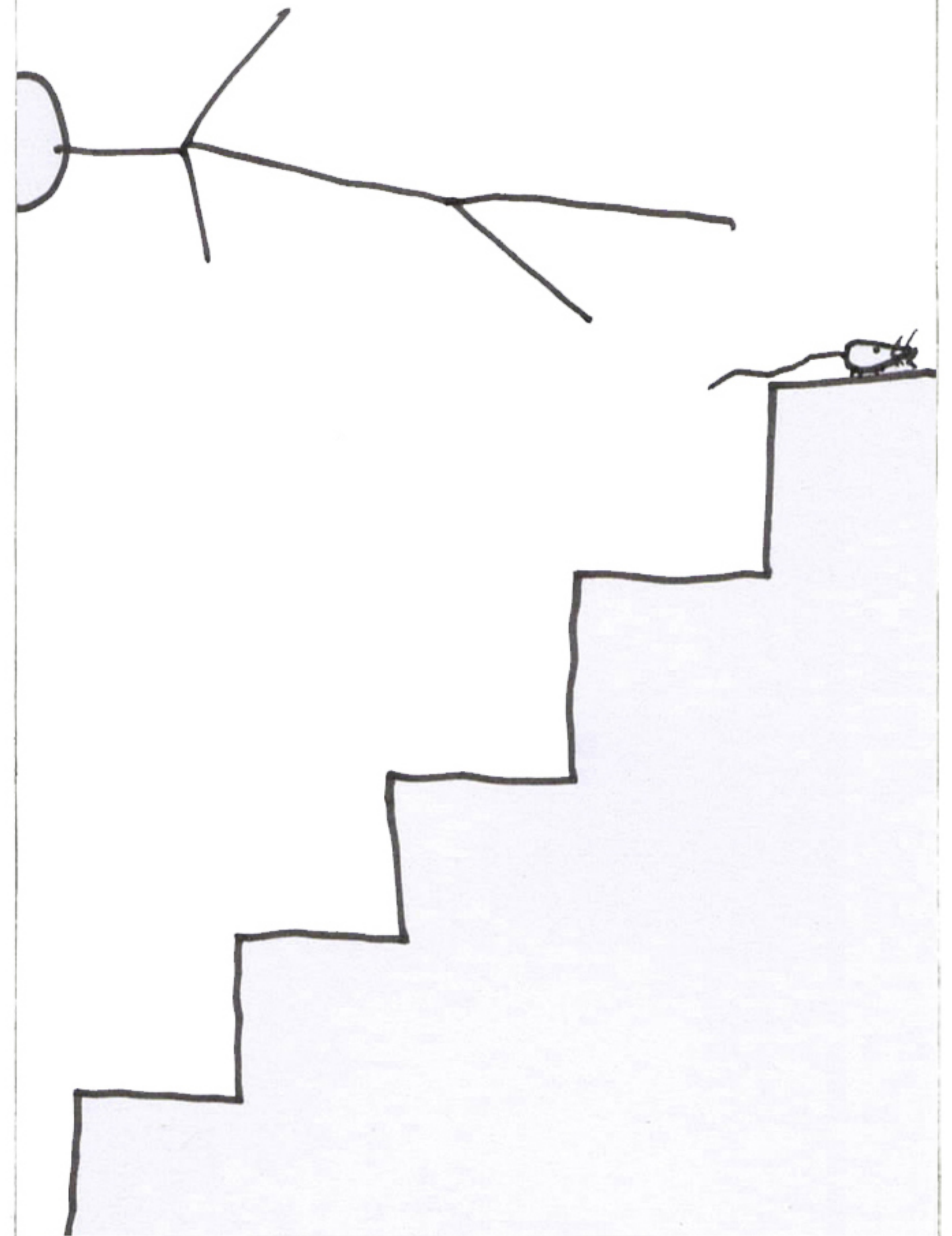
Grandfather

Every tick
and every tock
reveals its enmity
and its spite



Night Mouse

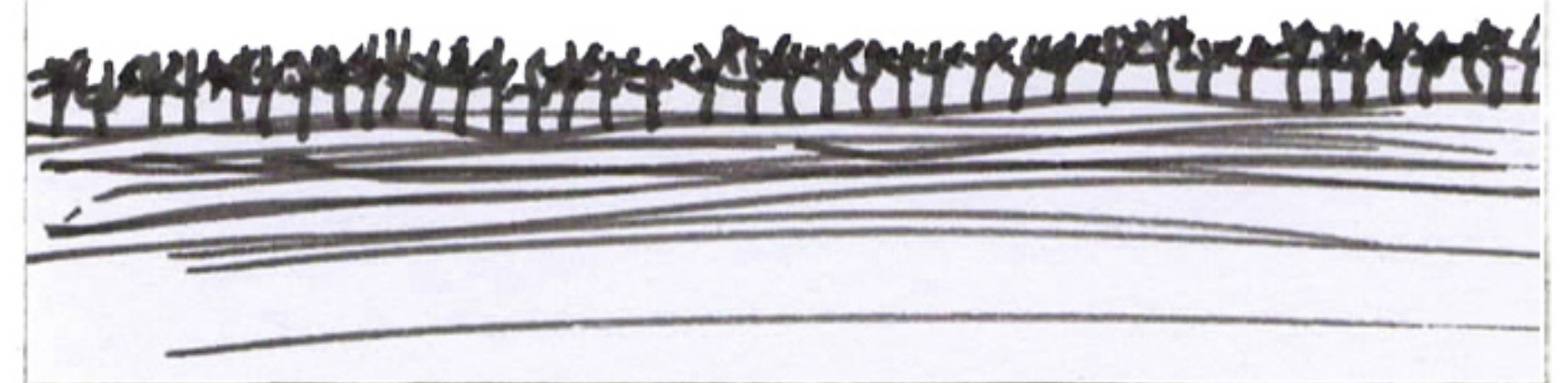
Eek
Squeak
Creak
Shriek



Copse

A ghost of forest
a memory of wood

The copse a last reminder
that before this was all fields
it was wild
out there



Castle

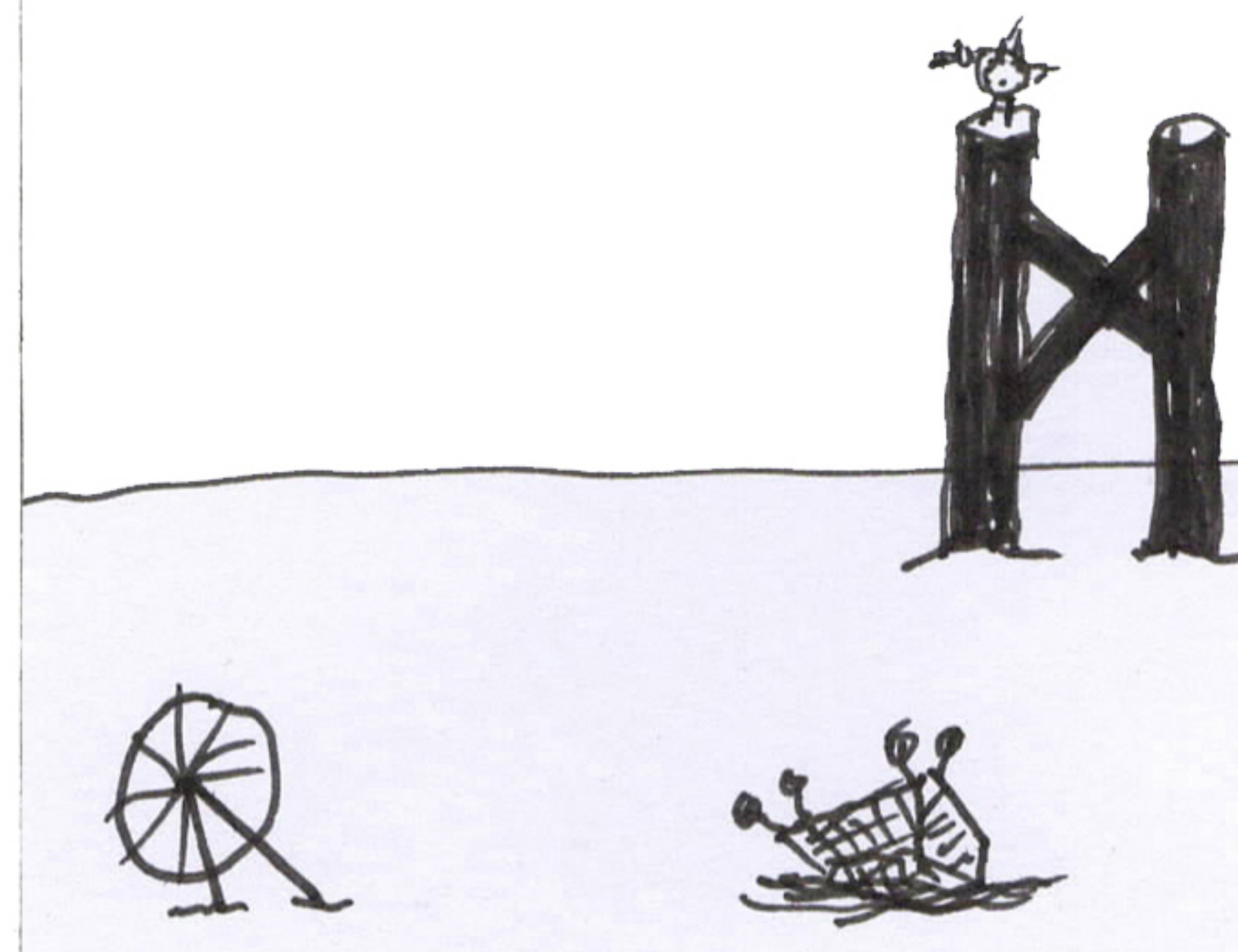
The ruins themselves
as much a ghost
as those that
still stalk
its walls



The Beaches Of Essex

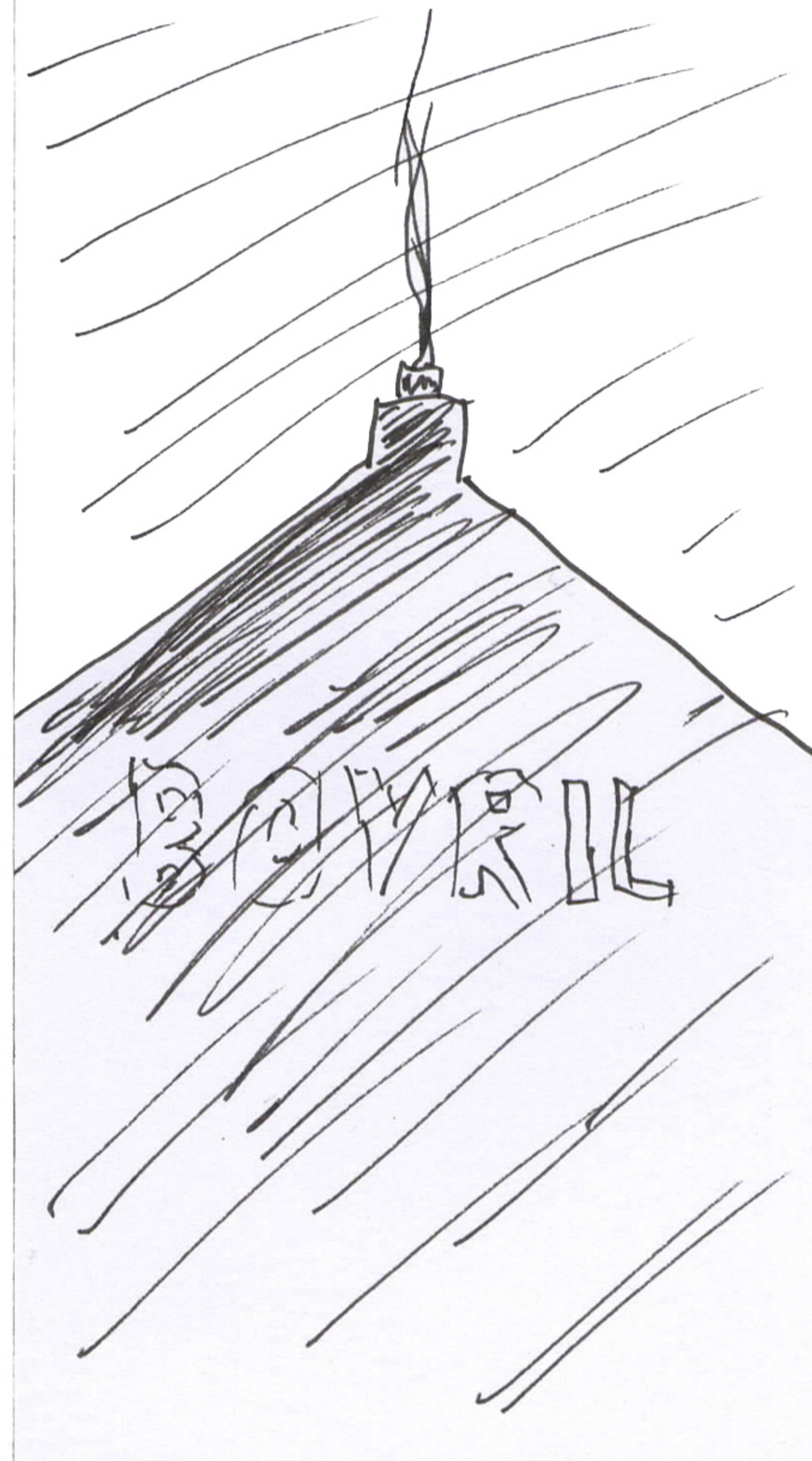
The back wheels of bicycles
half submerged shopping trolleys
Rotted wooden poles more reminiscent of gibbets
than whatever it was they actually were

And beneath the surface of this estuarial ooze
battlefields of broken glass
waiting for a chance to draw blood
from all the bare feet they can



Inadvertisement

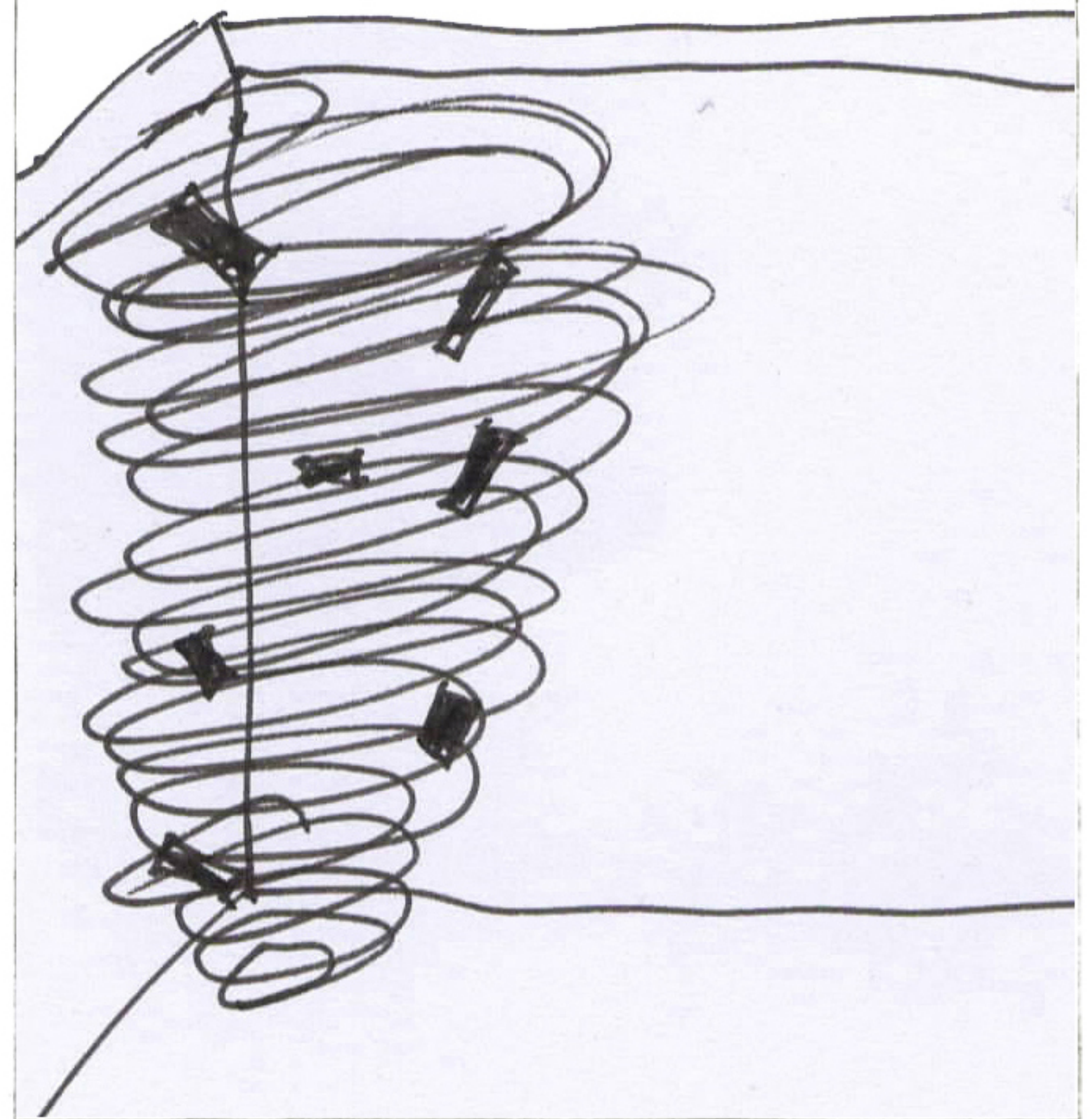
Forgotten and faded
on inaccessible walls
Arcane old powers leached away
by a century of sun
Obsolescence through time



Debris Field

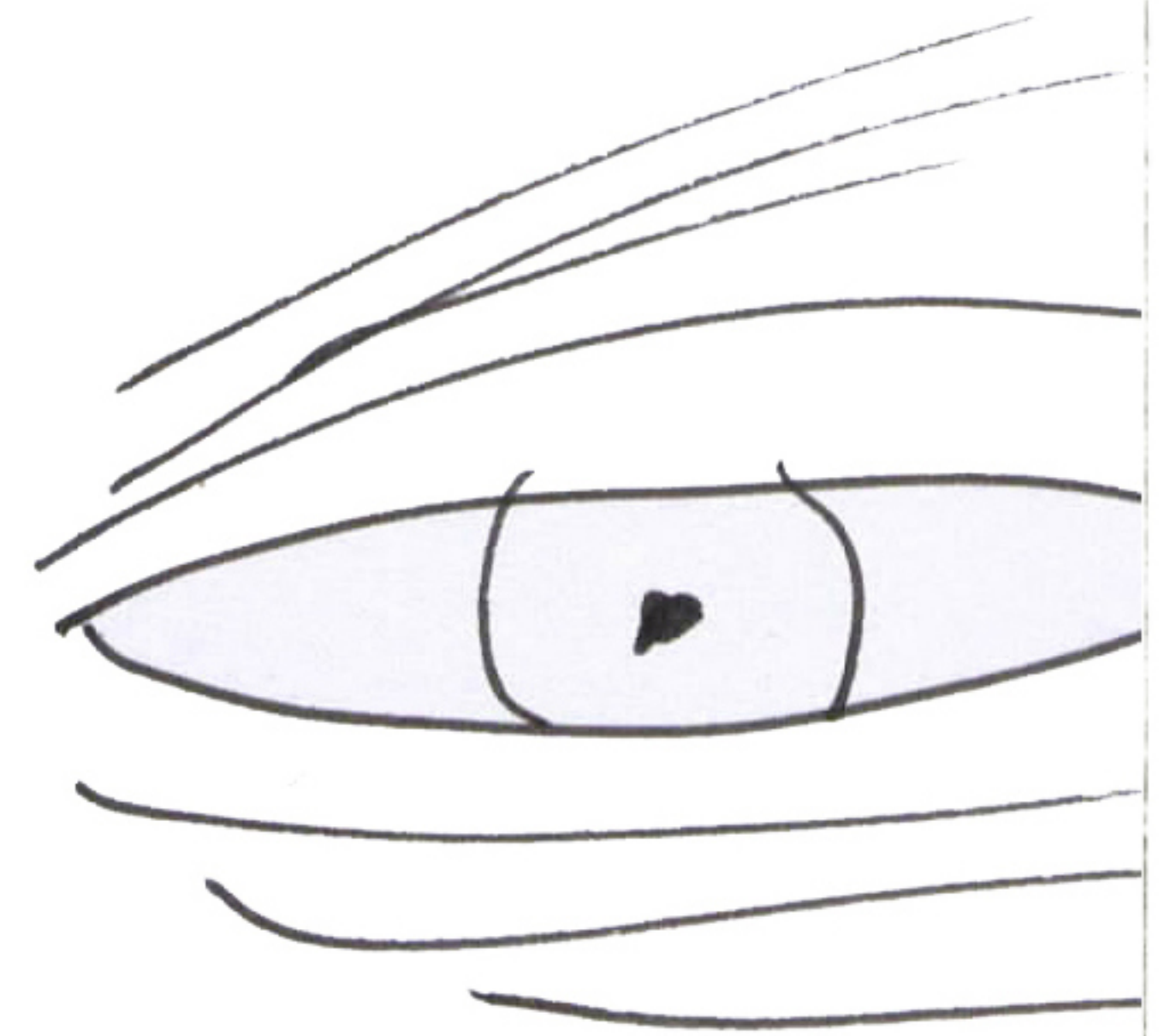
A tornado of rubbish
in the corner of a playground

At times we all hunger
for the snacks of our youth



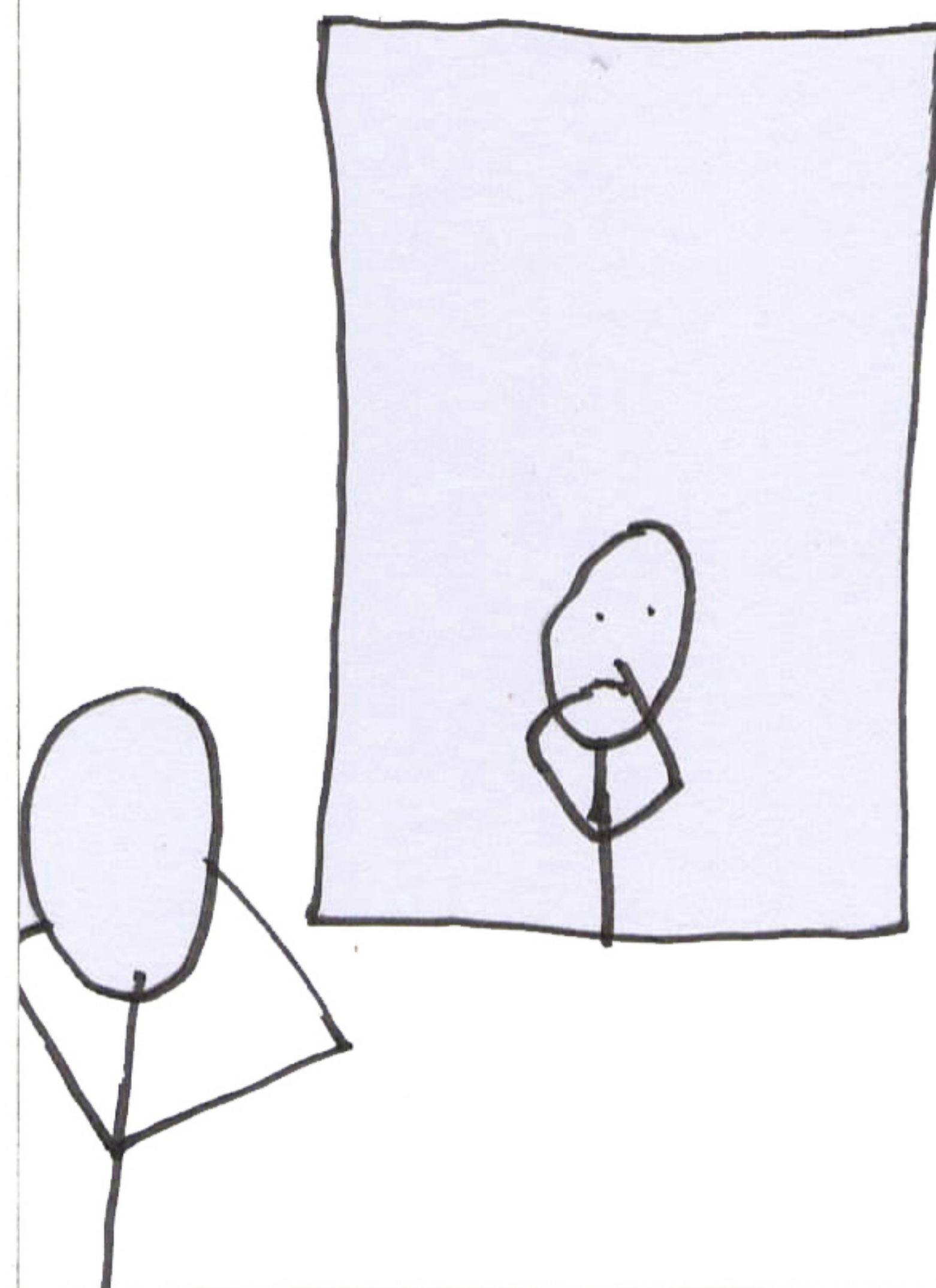
I

It watches
it waits
It knows
it remembers



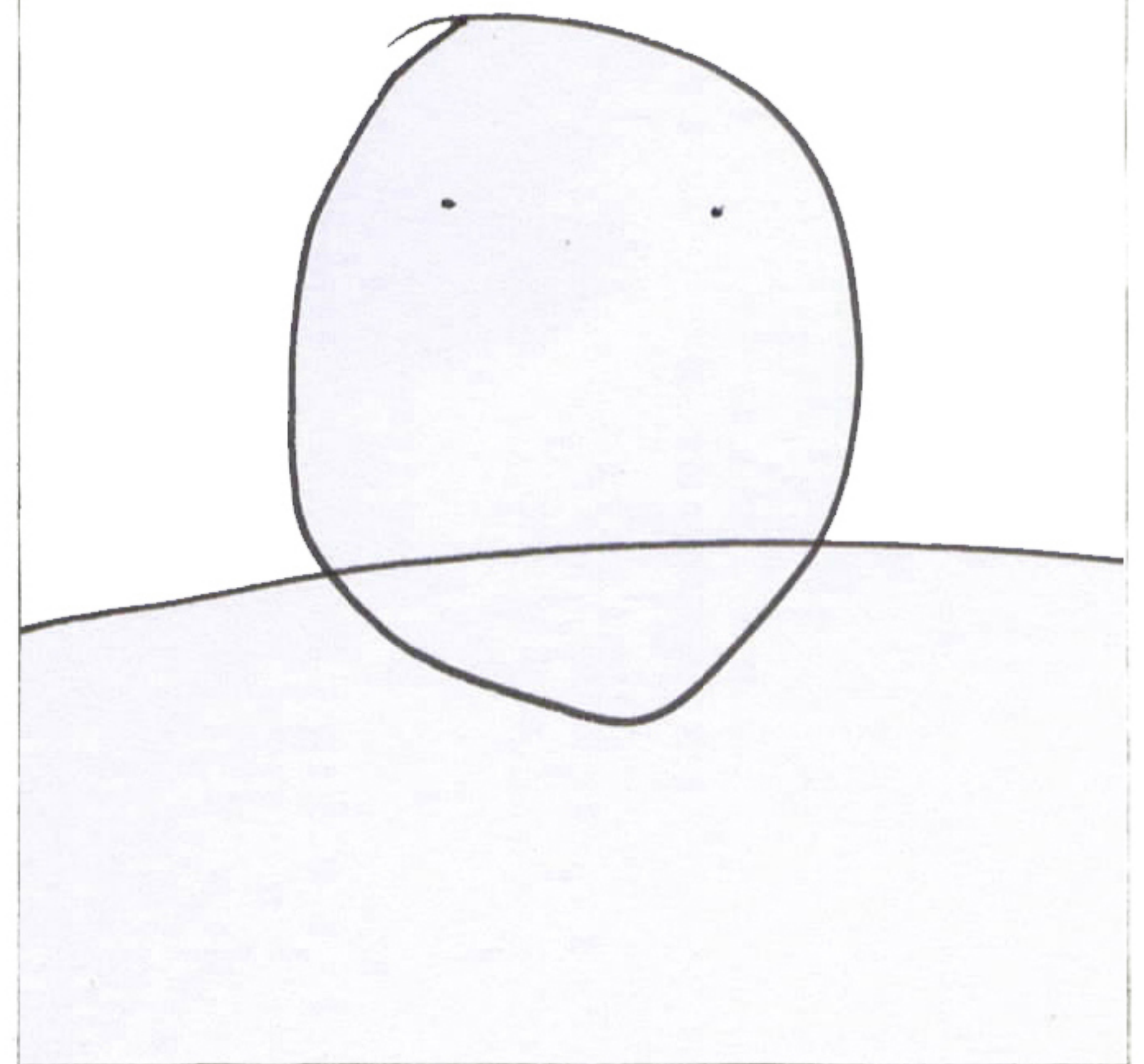
How To Create A Living Ghost

1. Breathe onto a mirror
2. Draw a face in the condensation
3. Whisper into it all the secrets of your soul



Simon

You would not know
that he still lives



Ghost Story

For sale: baby's feet, no shoes



Eurydice

She never turns to face you
she always looks away

Can you blame her?



Aglow

Cigarettes floating in the dark like fireflies
will o' the wisps of rumination
and reflection



Mutuals

The ship calls to the siren
just as surely
as the siren calls to the ship.



Marion

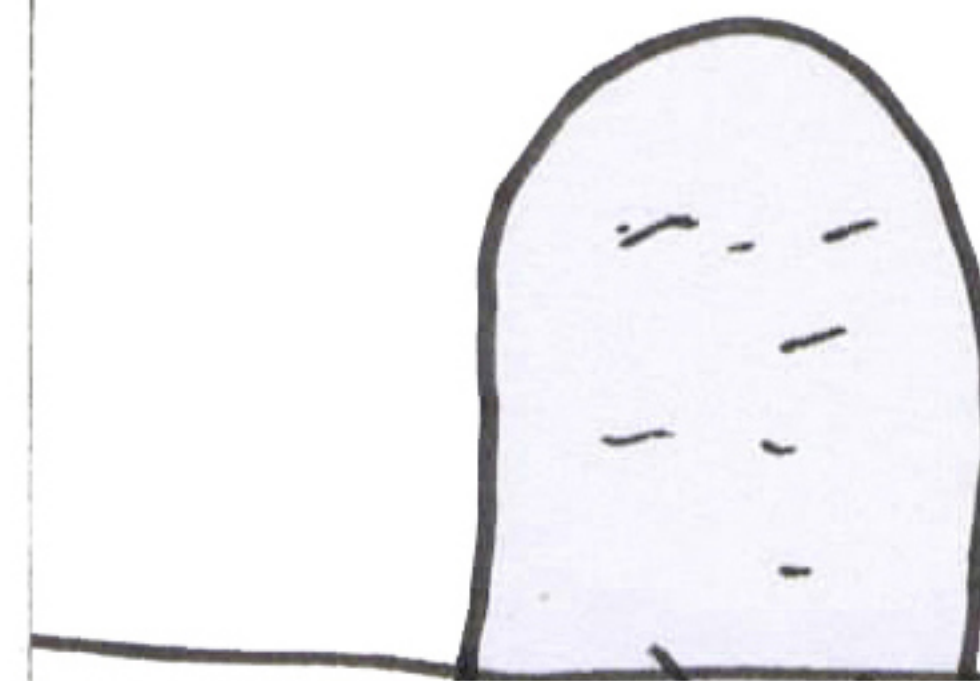
She strains at her strings
in opposition to whatever way they're being pulled

If she can't have freedom
the least she can do is rebel



Soil

Beneath the gravestones
the bones of memory
and time



Blood

Family
Old friends

Maybe
you're too busy
to see them

But they're still there
Like the moon behind clouds
Like the stars beyond the blue sky
of endless summer days

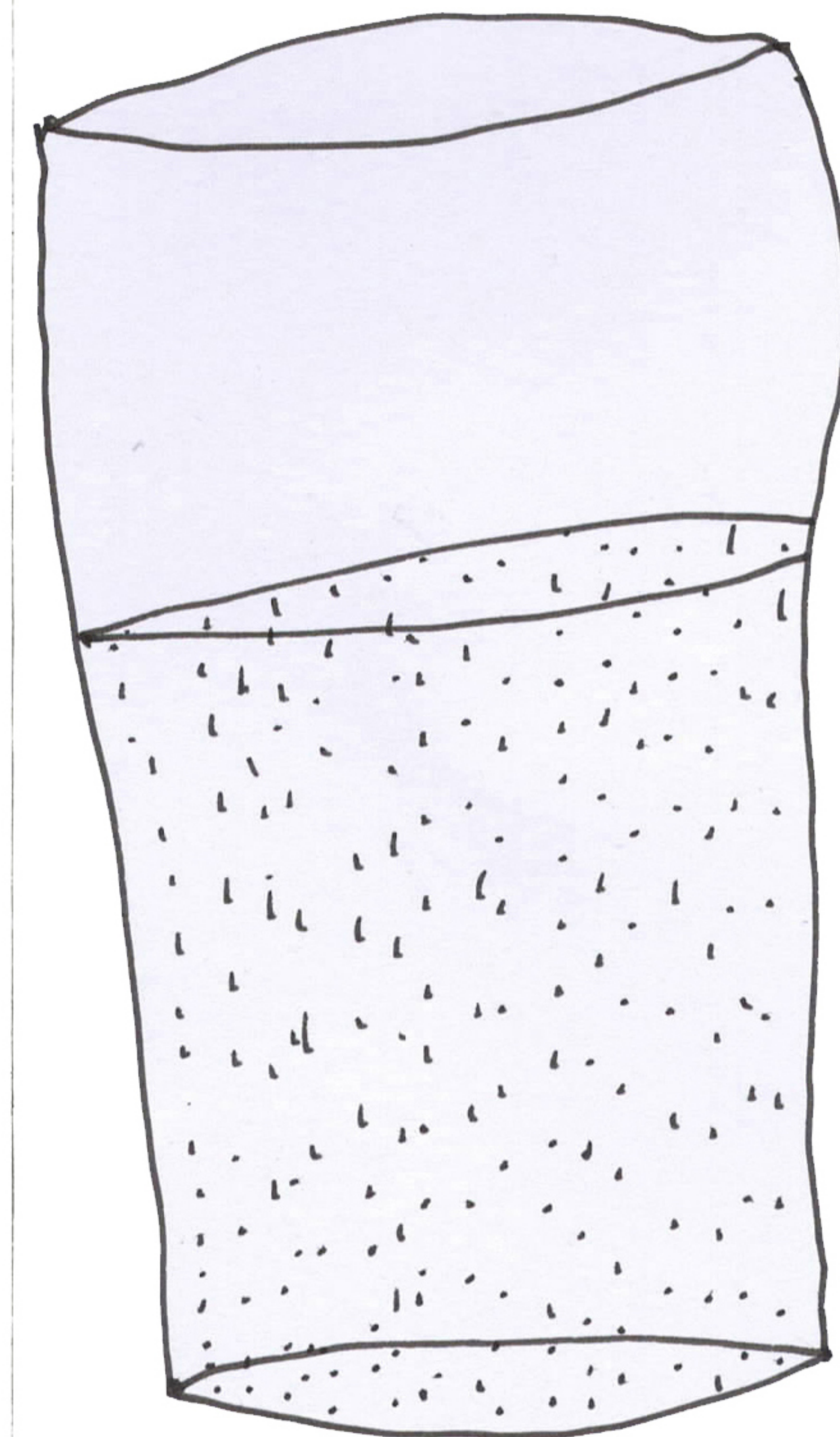


Self Exorcism

Drink!
Drink!
Drink those ghosts away!

And it works
for a while

But they always come back for more
every bubble a memory
of some past shame

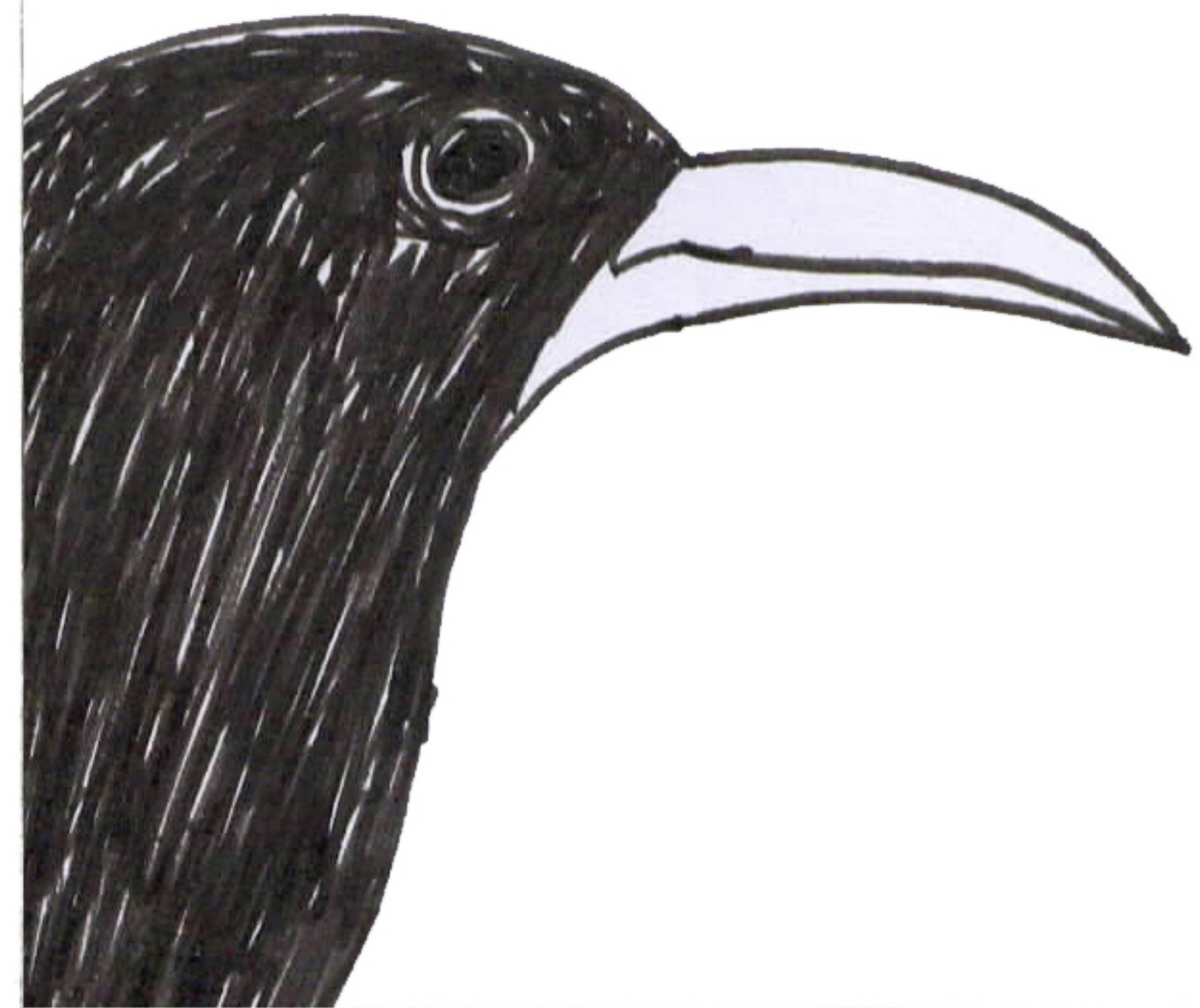


Ravenous

The wisdom of crows accumulates
through the flesh on which they feast.

Memories of man
woman
child
beast

It's only because they do not eat their elders
that they don't contain within their hearts
the souls of the world
of all history
of time



The Black Dog

The black dog knows exactly what it will do
when it catches us up
makes us its prey

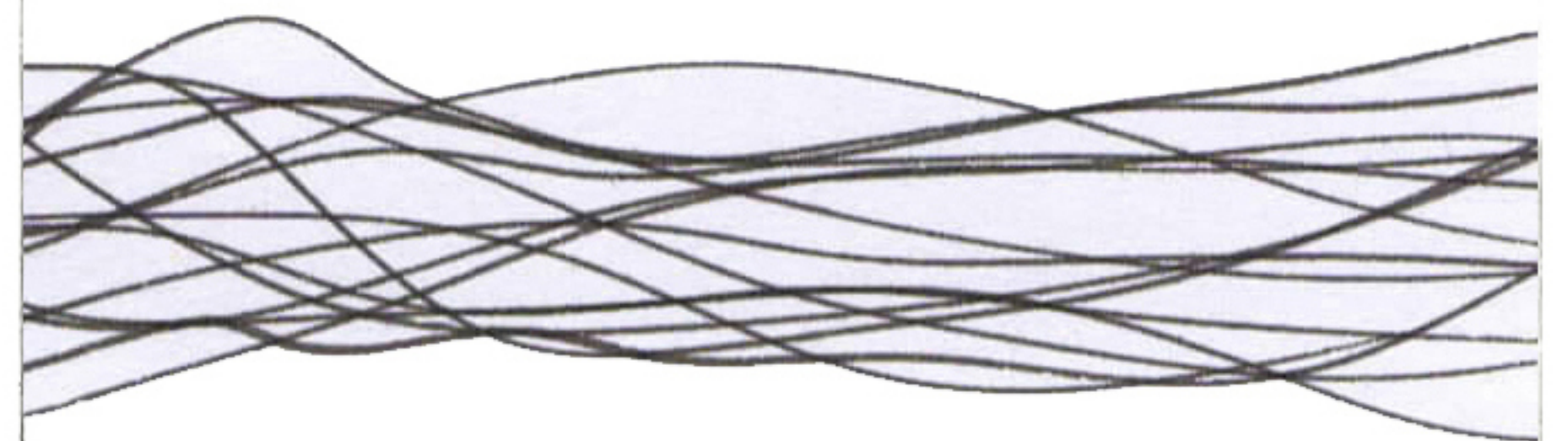


Wisp

To become a voice
without body
without mind

Memory
unmoored
from moment

Sighing wind



Folk

Moths as manifestations of decay.
Sparrows as newborn spirits.
Rain a reflection of sorrow.
Snow an endless sadness.

There are ghosts in everything
eventually



*The trouble with ghost stories
is they're all the same*

*How can you be scared of the dead
when the living
still live*