

Ghosts

What I hear today
arrives from the known or unknown voices of ghosts.
The voices are hidden
in the ruins of a gutted factory
where walls threaten to collapse.

This might be the factory's last autumn.
I see the beginning beads on the necklace of silence.
Bricks leap off every day.
Police cordon off the area.

The ghosts want to latch on to the bricks,
but the walls jut loose
and fall like autumn leaves. Ghosts cling,
sink hooks and claws, dig deep
their barbs.

Ruin is having its way with time. Gravity tugs
on places about to collapse. Crabgrass returns.
A small tree grows
where the boss's office used to command.

The ghosts of workers talk about
successions of failure.

I witness this death sentence.
Multitudes of ghosts
find somewhere else to go now.
It's nature's turn.

by Martin Willitts, Jr.

