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Laura's Ghost

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Laura's Ghost · *Frannie Lindsay*

Laura passes through the light
in the hall, a draft.
Pushes the pins back into her hair,
walks with me
back to my white door.
I am taking away
my belongings. My hands are slipped
quietly out of my skin,
placed over amethysts
as they vanish
into the dark purse held in her fingers.
I want to stay and blame her,
but a weak wind stirs the curtains.

My appetite is back,
her bones barely show through my cheeks.
Oh I wanted to get thin, make someone ask why.
I have grown sketchy and nervous,
a bad contrast to the line at the edge
of her eye.
I hate Laura.
Look at me:
her portrait comes unpainted,
she is a pencilled nude.
The rustle of silk clings to chair and bone.
I am an invalid posing
for a rich dead thief.

There must be some real hills near here.
I am tired
of sitting for Laura.
She has locked the windows
onto my face. No view
of the jewels I lost,
and the hands I opened,
and the wind grazing my thigh under Laura's
nightgown, and the grace of the leaves
flowing under my ankles.