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The Ghost

Agnes Nemes Nagy

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Now they fall on their faces.
And with a white-winged, sweeping motion
the entire army rockets upward simultaneously
they rocket upward like a motionless illustration
they rocket upward like the resurrection of the body,
an eternity born of water
at the crack of a pistol.

After them nothing remains
on the meadow, only a calling motion,
and the grasses' dark-green color. Lake.

THE GHOST

This was the table. Its surface, its legs.
This was the cord. This was the lamp.
And a tumbler was beside it. Here it is.
This was the water. And I drank from this.

And I looked out the window.
And I saw: the mist falling slantwise,
a large heavenly willow trailing its boughs
in the dark lake of the evening meadow,
and I looked out the window,
and I had eyes. And I had arms.

I live among chair-legs now.
I'm knee-high to everything.
Back then I shouldered into the place.
And how many birds there were. How much space.
As the petals of a wind-blown wreath
of flame, shredded and streaming,
were soaring, sputtering in swarms,
and with one boom burst asunder,
as a heart would crack asunder
into bird fragments, would fly apart—
this was the fire. This was the sky.

I'm leaving. I would touch the tiles of the floor
over and over with my fingers, if I could.
I'm a low draft on the road,
drifting. I don't exist any more.