

haunted...

ghosts haunt the living
because

they are allowed to
come into our lives
just because

we let them
let in the ghosts of
our own past perfect
present with cause

they were inescapable
gifted once
we give them up
they can cause
us no more effect

Songs

With my eyelashes all in curl
I float as the clouds on air do—

Won't you walk up and down my spine
It makes me feel strangely alive.
(You've got to express what is taboo in you.)

And of course you can't become
If you only say what you would have done.

Well baby I surrender—
Give me one more chance
And you'll be satisfied.

More
More
More
How do *you* like it.

I feel so peculiar, I don't know what to say—

Does anybody have it any better?