**My Ghost Wants to Make Good**

Linda Michel-Cassidy

My ghost wants to make good use of her time,

 no matter it is endless

 and without reckon.

My ghost wants to watch 80s movies

 because she loves, loves, loves the soundtracks,

 wants the huge hair, a ripped T-shirt,

 and a hot pink attitude.

My ghost wants a big sloppy bowl of migas,

 full of rice and beans with the fresh guac,

 because we're real, but also a little skint.

My ghost wants the Hatch green chiles

 in a rumpled paper bag, bought roadside,

 then roasted in the backyard in an old tin drum.

My ghost pinches my earlobe

 whenever some know-it-all tourist

 mispronounces our hometown.

My ghost will gullet a Margarita

 like a glass of water, because it's that hot out

 and she has some forgetting to do.

My ghost does not like being privy

 to secret information

 about my neighbor's boyfriend.

My ghost seems to have sent some emails

 in the small hours, angry and drunk, to a man

 who made assumptions.

My ghost holds the word *grief*

 up over the page,

 stares so long,

 that it starts to levitate.