**Ghost Fire**

Lindsay Rockwell

Tell me

 about alabaster, how you have forgotten

the colors, though not the way

 the liquid consonants roll on your tongue. Silk. The Lord.

Tell me

 about surrender and what’s buried in the northeast

corner of your backyard, how it wakes you

 keeps you company.

Does thrashing in the night come quiet and sudden when fire fades?

Tell me

 if you don’t mind, what you live to die for, and why.

How the memories of all your kitchen tables

 and bedrooms, and toothbrushes, banish hope.

Tell me

 how you love sparrows, and all your flying dreams.

Just last night, I dreamt I was flying above all the backyards.

I think that was you, peering from behind the curtains.

A deliberate moon gave you away.

Tell me something reader —

 what is your unbreakable dawn?

Your pilgrimage not taken? Your broken wing

 shattered by that invisible glass pane?

Offer loam. Offer tender. Offer all the peace you hold so dear.

Tell me dear reader, is what you and I can hardly bear the same?