Winter 1957

Ghost Story

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and looked upon their creations
and read their thoughts
yet he could not understand
he asked me to explain the souls
of the tall men
and i
i tried in one dimension to explain the soul
of great artists
he could not understand them because
he knew only his four tall men
and shut his mind to others
and came no more to us
he sat and looked at the volumes
he had purchased
and would not open
would not know
he hated my tall men

... Max Steele

Ghost Story ...

Haunted, haunted, my house of bone,
Cluttered with your absence.
The not of you is memory,
Marking your unpresence.

Clouds and vapors shaped like you
Flood the airy moment.
Separation must be sensed;
My skin is drowned in torment.

Dream awake or dream asleep,
The nightmare is perception.
Desire sees but cannot gap
The hole that is the ocean.

... John Murphy