

## Ghosts

by mazaher  
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There is us:  
silent, unmoving, stony with patience.  
Here and there a chest collapses  
in a brittle crush of bones.

And there is them: the ghosts.  
Few in comparison to us, the innumerable crowd  
wrapping the planet  
layer after layer.

They stay on the surface and scare us  
with movement.  
They are fast. They move things.  
They get old.

They can't hurt us, but  
the fear remains  
of something  
we once knew.

They want, and we don't know for what.  
Some appear to try and talk to us,  
sometimes.  
Sometimes, one of them almost makes it.

In time,  
sooner or later they all stop.  
Some make noises, before.  
Then silence.

They say that ghosts are  
the maggots of the future.  
They say that ghosts  
become us.

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image from: File:Dead horse mongolia.jpg  
by Stan En, 2007  
at <http://commons.wikimedia.org>