

The Moment with My Ghost

I awoke, sat up in ninety degree
to the left of me stood a ghost
she was transparent
her face detailed the most
she wore a nightgown
a veil like Mother Mary
white, blue, foggy black
she did not dare to scare me
I looked away, rubbed my eyes
looked again to see
her eyes were closed
she did not look at me
her arms rested at her sides
hands lay open a praying time
what is she why is she here?
why is she so high and divine?
I turned again, stared at the wall
to see if she was in my head
I looked back at her she was there
I felt like I was dead
I wonder if she was real
and also after life
I wonder what her prays are
and her mission in the night
I stared at my feet, and the wall
I looked again to my right
and still there to the left of me
she stood there in her light
I threw my right arm through her
she opened up her eyes
she stared right at me
she was the one surprised
her hands went to her cheeks
in her disbelief
then she dissolved into the air
her moment with me brief
was she my guardian angel?
did I mess up her prayer?
I wake up night after night
to see if she's still there.

—j.a. cummings