

# Ghost in my arms

The door creaks like a crow's call  
As it opens, exposing her silhouette.  
That smooth black image on the door,  
The straight, shoulder-length hair of my brunette.  
Her body moves towards my bedside.  
She's covered in moonlight, her body the same.  
Her lip gloss smells of strawberries  
and still shines like a growing flame.

She crawls between these sheets and me,  
I wrap her in these arms of mine.  
Her body as warm as a summer's night,  
Her hair, the smell of a lilac wine.  
A slow caress of fingertips on my cheek.  
I kiss those lips as soft as snow,  
The cricket ensemble performs for us,  
Our romance stands in as the acting maestro.

Suddenly moods in the bed grows sad,  
She leans towards me in the bright moonlight,  
She whispers close, "I don't have much time,  
Please, just remember this night."  
The water in my eyes trickles like rain  
As I hold her closer against my heart  
Her body feels lighter as it thunders outside  
A storm is coming to tear us apart.

The outside wind crashes violently

Against the colored leaves of the night.  
The faded streetlamp through my window  
Flashes on her body like a beacon light.  
The leaves cast their shadows upon her,  
My warning signs and subtle alarms.  
She fades away softly and never returns.  
I fall asleep nightly with a ghost in my arms.

—*Ben Jolliff*