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Ghosts

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Ghosts

Sabrina Ballin

the moonlight shines cold
on white bones scattered
all across the open field

it is confusing to me why these bones
never found a home
why these bones never
got to rest in piece

these people had families
these people had friends
yet here they are
all scattered amongst one another

this hand could belong to this leg
or this arm could belong to that femur
way over there

i can see it so well
it is as if someone
is shining a flashlight down
looking for something they have lost

i never believed in ghosts
but here i am
a ghost among my friends
that never got to carry on

they shine their light down
like a path
but no one knows
no one can see
no one will come looking
just like they didn't for me

now here i am
a ghost among bones