

DEAN YOUNG

Ghost Gash

They were working from the wrong cross-sections.
Two procedures: same results.
My mother was a wolf.
Sometimes they tied her in green leaves.
Who wouldn't want to be raised by a wolf?
Apparently a lot of counselors.
The tying in green leaves — I'm not sure
if that was to protect her or us.
It didn't.
It was all spelled out with red bulbs.
Maybe when you get to oblivion,
the car lights sweeping the motel room walls,
you'll never know who you are again,
or what you've done or what's been done to you.
You'll have about forty dollars,
maybe a road map of Vermont,
only an inkling of what you're escaping,
what you're trying to find and what's calling you back,
what you've stolen and what you must return.
Hello frozen river.
I like your lipstick.
Hello big gray coat.
Can't talk now.