

DEBORAH BOGEN

What We Know about Ghost Images

1.

The mind's a mad cupboard, blackened silver, cups and thimbles.
The mind's a jerky focusing machine still stuck on the girl
who hung by her knees.

And within the camera [opening : closing] — fireworks.

I mean, within the empty box the light's frantic,
grappling with: *the monk, the match, the gasoline.*

The mind is likewise occupied, its light piteously stark, distorted
— but which of us can ever look away?

2.

Into the angular cranium levers lift cold light, but
how dark and small the box.
And hands must hold the camera still, so stop your breath.

[so stop your breath]

That's how you'll coax it into the box, something bloody or blood-lit,
a headless rooster or snipe — and your attention split.

Seeing the two worlds.