

MARK IRWIN

Ghost

Now your name's just a guest here, one that cancels
all hellos. Fleshless
you come & go through the mansion

of air. How
will I address you, small
weather? Sometimes your name's

a dress like an iron
bell the years
swing shadows from

longer that *home*. Can you hear
that word peal? I'm going
there now,

carrying the windows
from inside
all the vowels.