

The Ghost

by Max Sparks

You cut eye-holes
in a pillowcase
to make a costume
Not a bad idea
except
it was a
Star Wars one
The crowd of us
in the dark
knocked on doors
They gave us money
we bought cigarettes
and smoked them
on the wall
I dressed like
The guy on the
Halloween albums
the pumpkin was heavy
Goodbyes
one-by-one
waved from cheery
bright abodes
We two, stopped
at your darkened house
at the end of the night
and you drifted inside
alone, invisible