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It's been decided. From here on out  
all exorcisms are to take place in reverse.  
The living will abandon the ghost houses,  
sign the divorce papers,  
leave behind all the shaking noise and every cat that didn't come home.

Then the ghost congress will pass laws against photographs,  
the department of ghost standards will declare that time is intrinsically  
connected  
to the amount of horses one encounters in any given plane;  
and distance just a fabrication of the old world,  
a relationship between two continents that don't believe in each other.

And the bones they pulled from that granite canyon,  
that bomb wound on the mountain infected with redwood,  
aren't actually human at all.

There is some debate  
on ghost news shows  
about the nature of this new species.  
Ghost scientists reassemble the specimen,  
put her in a ghost museum,  
ghost papers are written and dissected by other ghost scientists,  
but nobody can agree on where the wings are supposed to go.

Later a student walks into her mom's living room,  
no ghost helicopters are launched,  
no ghost dogs brought in to sniff out the departure.  
And then the talk shows are stocked with debates  
about which place imagined the other,  
about who is really native to this feral dimension;  
the lingering or the lost.

But that's your question now,  
this is your land.  
Please water the trees in the yard,  
and feed the ghost rabbits that come for the apples in the summer.  
And leave our porch light on;  
I swear sometimes I can almost see it glowing across all of these horses.