



Haunted

Ten long years,
I have loved my ghost,
forced myself into empty arms,
wrapped him around me,
touched lips to shoulder blade,
and breathed him in.
All I could see was his beautiful eyes,
feel his breath on the back of my neck,
the touch of his skin.
Far away in cold dreams,
I have curled against a turned back,
yearned to be warmed, wanted,
held precious.
Remembered wrongly,
empty and sad,
I stop loving,
stop wanting,
stop missing.
I awake from nightmares,
exorcise my incubus, and
move on.