

Whatever I have done that was good, I have done at the bidding of my voices

Twice in the night I woke and warned
the ghosts, *your surveillance had better be kind.*

But they know my uglies,
my egg-whites, how I glow in autumn,
comparatively, as the world dies about me;
how I tend to my five ongoing feuds
like candles in a church;
how I enter each room in my mind
like a soprano.

But once they reach past all this
shame is not the word, this
cold spaghetti, they'll find me at the table,
forks downturned, boiling a rock inside
to keep me safe like anyone,
so I have to admit I'm grateful
for the ghosts' surveillance. I want to be
good, always risking connection, love
and fauna, and believe in keeping still,
and grace, freshwater.

Twice in the night I woke
and thanked them.