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Mother Ghost

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Jennifer L. Holley
Mother Ghost

At night I lay my spirit
down, daughter, into your body.
Our widow's peaks align,

my fingers slip into yours
as into buttery gloves,
my toes stretch to your length.

Asleep, you do not notice
how gently I lift two fingers
and rub their smooth pink tips

against your thigh to feel
the slightest flesh on flesh
on you, the living body

closest to what I was.
I tremble inside of you,
our two hearts beating as one.

Another move might wake you,
or make me fall in love
with touch, make me forget

I don't belong in you.

*"Mother Ghost" originally appeared in Tattoo Highway
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