

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/3

Todd Hunt

Ghost Hunt

-Two Story

I raise them as often as I hunt them.

Today, a private séance

A ritual that I ever allow.

Steeped in the echoes of the past,

I sit and wait for them to appear.

Repeatedly, I trace the path of my memory
until borrowed sunlight helps to shape the scene.

Warmly working its way into view,
the ghostly shadows of a father and son
begin to reemerge.

Together, they walk a private landscape
as one's life slowly ebbs away and
the other's heart softens from the heat

of paper turning to ash
as he is left to dig through the remains
listening for the whispers of the early dead.

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The Double

"I almost do not exist now and I know it;
God knows what lives in me in place of Me."

- Fyodor Dostoyevsky

When first my eyes met his
the blank stare he cast was caught
like a shadow interrupting my sight,
sent away with a few hard blinks
and a long rub from the palm of
each hand.

Seasons later
I returned to my bed,
in the hollow hours of grey morning,
to find him pressed into the sheets
dreaming maybe
that he was standing silently above himself
horror nesting in the web between his
voice and mouth.

We passed each other
the day I buried my Father
as he stepped to the grave
to offer a rose and I sank
into the shelf of my brother's lap.

I saw him last
with you at his side,
as if you could never belong
anywhere else
or to anyone other than him.

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The quiet glimpse of me
causing him to recall
the haunting image he sleepily imagined
in the passing silver blur of the train

which roared past him the other night
as he was coming home from work
later than expected.

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Cast/Witness

"The Burghers of Calais"

May the city sleep tonight.

How else but through
the surrendering heart of this circle,
where peels of constant motion
fold into a construction
without contact.

A rising fossil,
as if faith was a feeling
which could be planted
as firmly as their feet below.

As if belief,
could burrow into the Earth-
who's own brand of magic
will work against their weight
as rope meets skin
in final contraction.

Follow the distance from city to sea,
trace the long curve of willowy poses
and sinew carved bark
which form hands to cover mouth

as if skin and bone and blood could
silence the sounds.

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Deaf in the torment of
sacrifice without measure,
the warm divide
between bravery and
the curling drift of eternity

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forever

ghosts
buried within
the quickening hollow
that cold bronze could barely cast.

Together, their eyes
pitched to the ground
like falling night

their hearts
ascending further than
the fire of fatal sunrise.