

## **POEMS**

### **Don't Look Now: Reading Aloud to Ghosts**

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“You ever seen a ghost? No  
But you have heard of them.”

The blind side, they say,  
is what hits you by surprise.

It can drive you  
to your knees,  
tap your shoulder,  
caress you gently.

The sudden smell  
of smoke  
upon the air.

Milk  
poured on cereal.

Water  
on the soil  
in a flower pot.

Cream  
poured on coffee  
in your coffee cup.

A place of one's own,  
they say, too.

How was that  
on the blind side?  
And when?  
And just that?

Sometimes the blind side  
is a mirror.

Or conjures up a phrase  
from Bob Dylan.

“You give something up  
for everything you gain.”

Sometimes the blind side  
is not there.

Never was.

How can you take  
precautions against  
what never was?

“So pay for your ticket  
and don't complain.”

A ticket delivered

from the blind side  
can have exorbitant  
handling fees.

It can admit you  
to the blind side  
in the mirror.

To see the father  
fallen short.

The lover  
confused  
by love.

The person  
placing belief in  
what is  
no more.

And maybe  
never was.

In others.

In oneself.

A deep breath  
is calming, they say.

It takes  
the blind side  
into the spirit  
inside.

Like light tendrils  
of cream  
spreading through  
strong hot coffee.

Like water  
disappearing  
in darkening  
soil.

Like milk  
that makes cereal  
float  
or sink.

Like the caress  
that had  
no meaning.

The touch  
that called  
attention  
to nothing  
apparent.

The force

of a  
sledge hammer  
upon  
a  
spike.

A whispering  
scent  
of  
smoke.

What's that?

Don't look.

But you  
already  
have.

And you're  
"left looking  
just like  
a ghost."