

## The Ghost

By James Dye

He failed; he ceased, to fade away.  
Breathing out of his soul, the ghost  
is giving up to Sheol, the host  
to death to perish for escape  
to the place of no escape. To wait  
for nothing as the light becoming  
an apparition on an eternal stroll  
to the deaf pillars and the whipping posts,  
from the blade, to the roast to the grave  
to the coasts wandering along gray shores.

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