Spring 2012

It's Said a Ghost (That I Have Never Seen) Haunts Here:

Angie Macri
It's said a ghost (that I have never seen) haunts here:

Prix Pagi, Paget, Piaget, at work in the mill he built, before the Kickapoo cut him apart and left his head in the hopper.

The school bus goes here last, down the hill to a place of ghosts, broken stores, trailers laced in vines, of foundations of another world, a time when a woman would knock coal off the passing train to keep warm (Mary her name), blonde children who never talk but get off the bus and walk across the tracks to a place that always floods. We turn around and return on the old pin and truss one-lane bridge, us in the last seat waiting to jump on the bump, the bus driver's backwards mirror frown, no need to see her mouth, just her eyes, for she rarely says a word.