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We are a System of Ghosts III

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WE ARE A SYSTEM OF GHOSTS III

The moving trucks all came on the same day.
In Lakewood, California, in 1950, a new suburb began.

I imagine the trucks unloading, their leaving,
unpacking. People in new structures:

here we are. In the 1950s, single-family homes diffused
on treeless plots near highway. So many residents

could wake up and feel: *nowhere*. In an Iowa coffee shop,
on the edge of once-prairie, I write long

overdue letters to friends. A little girl approaches,
sticks her head in my lap. She taps a key on my laptop.

She types a series of *O's*. *This is a ghost story*, she says.
Is it scary? I want to know. She types *EEEEEE*.

I ask: *is somebody screaming?*