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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:

_When 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 EEEEE.

I ask: _is somebody screaming?_