

Bette Lynch Husted

Ghost Memories

We have done the heavy lifting. Now we stand
beside the emptied trailer, cheat grass foxtails
stabbing through our shoes, our faces

lined with stories. Last night she heard footsteps
in this trailer. Then something falling. Later,
in the dark, she felt a hard push

from behind. Sometimes, she says, people pass
the window but when she circles the house,
searching, no one's there.

Late summer crickets. Behind our backs
the evening canyon breathes. *We are joining
not just two people but two families.*

Blanket around their shoulders
blue as the stone moon on their silver rings.
Clouds swelling toward spring rain.

Now this empty shell, ghost memories,
silent owls. This wounded land. Full moon
washing stars out of the sky.