

Ghosts

by a. b. mayo; October 31

**Not wisps of smoke or film or such
but beings that have gone to dust
and scattered to the stars that shone
on distant shores that once were home
to more diversity than can be recalled
from specimens, prehistory and all.**

**The cosmic doom that sucked them in
was more a gasp and very thin
as oxygen in less'ning supply
found its home to multiply
in greenhouse gases that sealed their fate
in smothering blankets discovered too late.**

**The turn that came, came oh so slow
as each one's turn gave forth its blow
without the complex pattern seen
kept each creature in its own survival dream
except for one who would be king
to build and rule, awe inspiring.**

**It placed its kind on top the hill
thinking for others to pay that bill
and though free lunch could not be had**

still hard work was not so bad
for making claim to one's right
to survive, reproduce, and fly one's kite.

Such dreams are not just for one
but for all creatures under the sun
or moon or waves or soil rock
that can but call and answer not
so their lives remained unheard
because their ways were not preferred.

Recent calls have been quite loud
and yet they still draw small crowd
from *Silent Spring* and Love Canal
to treasure seekers on the prowl
for feathers, horns, and leathery skin
many ways have brought bad end.

But livelihoods, so much at stake,
brought people fear for their own sake
narrowly considering events of the day
allowed West Virginia to be washed away
its mountains uprooted and sent to the sky
as coal dust and ash with nary a bye

To the oil spilt on Alaskan shores
now down south the Gulf shows much more

**and Sandy visits the MidAtlantic scene
with wind and rain in high such keen
where once the force of Nature balanced
disturbance overwhelming brings challenge
So, if indeed you'd not be a ghost
take your turn to stop this boast.**

**Take warning, then, from the remaining sheen
of wasted oil and gasoline
our lives, once full and so carefree,
are dreams turned jetsam upon some sea
of carcasses, ghosts yet to be,
and echoes loneliness from time past
as fellow creatures we outcast.**

**For in the end it will be
our own lives we give away free
and hoped for children never to see.**

**Happy Halloween,
abm**