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Autumn 7

Meg Hurtado

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it crosses nobody's mind,
but spread out the soapy stripes,
the amaranthine negatives, and you
will find that a string of autumn mornings

goes missing. one sunburned chrysalis,
banished out of the salt world, while I
faithfully locked up the darkroom,
and I do not believe in ghosts

AUTUMN 7
Meg Hurtado

- as Helen of Troy does not believe
in ghosts, or they would crowd
in her hall, and lay waste to her carpets,
she must not give them an inch –

therefore, not ghosts. but I do
attest to what isn't there: a set of mistakes
soaking in their death, more perfect
than all the unshaved pearls dangling in the Lethe.