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## Phantom

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## *Phantom* // Tracy Akers

I move in ebbs and flows. Not the watery kind. The kind that gives glimpses of memories. Wisps of air. I move forward by parting the scenes, one by one, drapery. The kind of phantom that moves through life like life isn't real. Like the memories are water, not mine, not theirs. Searching for a savior in someone, but someone isn't there. Part of the inside dies each time a curtain is parted to see only another, burgundy, flowing, gauzy gaze. A full time job not to lose my fate, face. I'll build a boat to sail the open seas. Let the memories that are mine and aren't mind stay inside the material flowing behind me. I'll move in ebbs and flows. The real watery kind, pantomimes.