

2011 chapbook from
Down in the Dirt

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GHOST



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Waking Dream

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The Killing Field

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Index

INSTINCT

Waking Dream.....	4
Talas.....	5
Neighborhood Cemetery	6
Where He Lies	7
The Killing Field	8
The Man in the Red House	9

DESOLATION

Frosted	10
Mr. Steaneq	11
The Old Lady	12
The Burning	13
The Widow's Daughter	14
The Widow on the Corner	15
Gypsy Shack.....	16
The Blind Woman	18
The Witch	19
The Bride.....	20

CORPSES

Murder.....	21
Her Death	22
The Body.....	23
Ghost	24
Poor Little Dead Girl	25

EXPOSED

Quietus	26
Death.....	27
Ghost in the kitchen	28
Sitting Alone	29
They Swear	30
Bayou Graveyard	31

INSTINCT

Waking Dream

All come rushing in
but they feel the break on the inside
in calm light,
the black hills emerge on darkened blue
skies and ransack emotions
tangling feelings of falling
the feeling of stumbling in a waking dream
quiet is undone by violent trampling
each thought breaking in reality

Talas

Now in the night, a slim moon sits high,
And now river mirrors through the trees,
Flowing slowing with an even pace,
And now the water is clear and clean,
In quiet soft night clouds pause
stars hanging silvery in the sky.

All the slow burning wet stars,
quiet lights heard over long distances,
And with new worlds form in low skies,
Let us look down on the world, and
Look up to the stars to count the days
And see memories of songs sung long ago.

Neighborhood Cemetery

For today, the sky streams into a black hole like blood.
There is no hope, we have given up.

Six black candles sitting against the fence
surrounding a red graceful doll..

It's eyes open, this is a wondrous thing

Smell the incense candles burn, they make
puddles of wax that slowly shape into words

Follow the fence flowers, they will lead you to a gate
open it like a beautiful woman.

The cemetery is your vessel,
the grass is fabric, worn and flat

And the men in dark suits are still,
stiffing up for the party here.

Behind the stone there is a shut-off
world of gentle bodies that hum the night.

Where He Lies

A tiny white church
holding a black Madonna

With white roses in her hands,

Red candles at her feet,

The grave she rests over;
A man who brought death.

The neighborhood lay his body
in all white, praying novenas

They danced and sang
proud of his death

The Killing Field

In Carencro, there is a field
where quiet shadows creep slowly
every stone is smouldered
and the wind refuses to blow

Walk through the grass walls
see how black it is
and beneath these thick trees
deep in the field is a headstone

There are no words written
no voice to question
only a vacant stone with
no etching

Once you hear the first
cricket shrill, be quiet
a faint and sad feeling
will fall over you

An innocent will appear
it's hair shines even
in the dark, it trembles
it cries, see the dark

It will glow blue
and whisper secrets
then there is a sigh
and its gone

This is a watcher
and you are the witness

The Man in the Red House

In the black of night, along a dark road,
far from neighborhood lights and eyes,
there is a home where an odd little man
lives

He is friends with no one, his home is
painted red, inside and out, with what
he calls “precious water” what we call
fresh blood

With the threats and gasp of passers
he slits the throats of goats and sheep
and offer them as sacrifices to his home

DESOLATION

Frosted

All night in the living room
they spoke all night of spirits
hunched down in whispered tones
we eavesdropped
we hear one man speak,
“I saw a blue dog last night.”

Cold air from overhead vents
froze our faces and hands
turning our noses red.

Linda spoke softly, “I want
to avoid those people. I can’t
stand some of those...”

The windows frosted and white.
The baby cried in back bedroom.
On the couch,
people sat awkwardly laughing
staring blankly at each other
smiling at each others quips
they only learn superficial facts
about each other, nothing real

“It’s getting cold,” Sarah spoke.
We should have remembered to leave
our faucets running. Don’t want the
pipes to freeze.”

Her brown eyes scanned the room.
She stared shyly at Oliver.
Mathis was always doing that.
Worrying at varying degrees
about the thoughts of others.
Little inside cries. She snapped
out of it.

A colorless expression, a dim
smile, speaking slowly, depressed
motions, Bill spoke of dilemma
ideas of visiting foreign lands.

People only ignored him and
turned back to their own
conversations. Leaving Bill
to thumb his own thoughts.
With a quick stand, Bill
excused himself to the
bathroom, no one knew

The increased volume of voices
in the living room and the
television muffled the shot.

Mr. Steane

I am the most unfortunate of men. Rich, respected, fairly
well educated and of sound health — The Moonlit Road

Mr. Steane grew up very poor for many years of his life
After many years of hard work
He achieved a comfortable level of living
All the money in the world
Everything he ever wanted

Mr. Steane commanded business and fortune
After his day was over he goes home to his
Beautiful wife,
smart, loving children and
Wonderful servants
Everything he ever wanted

This day Mr. Steane bought some rope
Mr. Steane wrote a note
Mr. Steane tied a noose
Mr. Steane whispered goodbye

Everything he ever wanted.

The Old Lady

The old lady lived in a rust colored house
no bigger than the coffin she would soon
be inhabiting. This frail woman creeps about
at night, staring at old photos and reliving
memories that she holds tighter than a newborn child.

She wears her age like old stretched fabric. Her sons
and daughters have long since passed. The seaweed grass has
overtaken their graves that she no longer cares for.

A crow calls and the old lady takes short breaths.
She knows death will knock soon. She no longer answers
the door at night.

The Burning

In their younger years
her husband wrote fire letters
in blood cut with ink on cloudy
paper that would make her grin and
tear her eyes.

Love was not subtle to them. It grew
from a grain into a wild bush leading
to a sandy beach that licked their
feet with its fiery tongue.

Her finger thumbed the letters dully
She thought her husband must be in a
good place now. The bend and cringe of
the paper scrapped her hands

The candle burned brighter as she lit
each letter. The paper folded and melted
to black ash that swept the kitchen table
the smoke released the lover words to heaven
at least now she had a sense of immortality

The Widow's Daughter

She sat in a corner altar,
praying for the sins of others

No one has ever loved her
She does not fear loneliness

The pain she has is for those
around her, not her own

Her heart is pouring rain
She hates her way of life

She does not know a way out
She thinks she has a way

She walks through her neighborhood
draped in a white gown

She arrives at the bridge,
The water is a way out

The Widow on the Corner

I heard she was from Brazil.
She prayed loudly in Portuguese and cooked feijoada daily.
Beans and pork stained the air.
Her husband died young.
He passed with no warning leaving only a daughter as a testament to his wife.
The girl resembled him.

Small frame, smaller nose, a beautiful sad girl.
As a teenager, something terrible lived in this girl.
She threw herself off the bridge leading out of the neighborhood.
She left a single note saying, I'm finally out.
The widow knelt before a statue of St. Cyprian praying silently.
We could hear her mumble verses, with pity on those who are housed there,
to sustain them in disappointment, and salvation to those engaged.
She lives alone.
She prays and watches the hands on the clock.
She hasn't been here before and now here she stands, alone.

Gypsy in the Shack

On a tiny stool sits an old black gypsy woman
her head wrapped a faded tignon
grey tinted granny glasses
corn pipe on her lips
a double-barreled shot-gun sat on her lap
a jug of cachaca to her side
some times she and the old widow woman
would drink and smoke late into the night
they were not afraid
her face weathered by time
wrinkled from the drink
her eyes, elegant, youthful
bright, she could see past you
She was not some card cutting bone reader
she would rather drink tea leaves than read them
to her palms are for shaken, stars are for gazin and numbers
are for figurin how much you owed her for spending her time
explaining the real world versus nonsense

she was born with a veil over her face, an extra finger and thir-
teen toes. she has a gift. People would praise her to
which she would reply, every gift is a curse.

We, in the neighborhood, called her Madame Jeanette
They say she know spells
We know she can sweep her floor and weave tales
Sometime you would pass her
and she would be drunk
She would look at one of us and say something bad bout to happen

and we ask why

she would only say, i saw a black cloud over your left shoulder out
the corner of my eye

one night she was crushing shells and touched the sideways
she say don't miss her
instantaneously
the street lights switched
streets went suddenly black
and she was gone

The Blind Woman

The blind woman knew in advance
That ours was two star-crossed lives divided by life and death
I said goodbye to her
and then
Continued my journey

Love heavy on my heart
This is my cross to bare
Danced through the streets
And the black bird lost their way
And the homeless smiled

We knew she was damned
But hope of love in the grave
Made me think
What the blind woman saw

The Witch

The old witch that sings of ancient love,
of good days gone by, the old world.
Her head flutters and her foot taps.
The words bow from her lips.

Alone in the shade, wrinkled by time,
she sits with the old shepherd watching
the fields and crops, sloping pines
cutting wooden sticks, a poor rich life

She no longer has faith in magic, only
grief for those around her, weeping
She is an old wretch with care,
with an old soul and cryptic wisdom

The shepherd, her friend, her lover,
Was spared her relentless fate,
They have never been torn or separated.
She wanders aimlessly as a bug

Looking in the field which is serene and empty,
Nowhere, nothing makes her happy or sad
She finds that relief is no help;
With tears sinking and heart torn, she is lost

The Bride

In a cinnamon colored house
at the front of town

You can smell lemon grass
scented air on the porch

A young unwed bride in
a tattered satin wedding gown

Three years had pass
and she still holds on

Clinches old faded pictures
of her love her groom to be

Died the morning of
the wedding, distressed

She no longer recognized reality

CORPSES

Murder

Yesterday, a girl
was found dead by gunshot
to the head

Today, another girl
was found dead in her bathroom
drowned by another hand

Tomorrow, another girl
will be found
hanging above her bed

Her Death

Since she is dead
she is now good
silence is her will
to speak no more
the living will not
bother you

A fair sky at
dusk, and the
headstones all
in a row
day wedding night

The closing flowers
The faint lights
The growing hours
Have no claim
On her stiff corpse

A cry, a stare
flickering candles
whispered prayers
for souls that
were lost

Make them hear
the falling eyes
dying to see them
again

The Body

In the deep secluded waters, a body decays,
Freshly fading and pale in the evening moon.
Its dimming eyes hide the secret of their death,
And its skin stretched, spreads like blue butter.
This is vain beauty taken from the world.
Who can speak for this dead? Who knows?
the winter will come, freezing the air,
And withering the plants, it will preserve the corpse.
Plants have chosen to take root in the belly of the body.
From this winter body moves the summer of new life.

Ghost

The ghost wore
polished black shoes.

Her arms stretch
in the wind.

Her long dress flows
in the wind.

with a cold body,
she swings in the night.

Her eyes spoke to the sky,
“No one told me I died.”

Poor Little Dead Girl

A small thriving garden
full of wet roses
in a small grave, under
the bushes, lies a tiny body

with soft, sad brown eyes
and a pale plain face
no voice to bare her grief
only a mad serious glance

sleeping gently in her
little dress, she watches
over the yard with waxing
love of a poor little dead girl

it rains outside; the trees cry
in the shadows, there are little
blue lights, this is our girl
playing in all her glory

EXPOSED

Quietus

Dissect the body
Cut along the chest
When you reach the
navel: Stop

You can see the heart beat
It is a marvel to watch
Do not spoil the moment
They will die soon

If you cover their mouth
their eyes become expressive
Watch them closely for
soon their life will cease

Death

I will walk slowly.
I am barefoot in the mud.
Death is a little white man
with a smirking smile dressed
in a professional cheap suit
that would be awful on any
occasion. His sweaty heart
wrapped in bacon flesh,
smelling, faintly, of rotten
garbage. His gaze is dark and
shallow. Sleepy timing and
lost look could hide his hand
motions and cold breath as
he walks closer to you.

Ghost in the kitchen

Grains of rice scattered across the floor
you will hear the cracking and watch the tile
on your lip— I finally touch them
they are cold and metallic to the taste
in your eye, a lost look

In the fridge, there lies salvation
an empty baking soda box and mold
crumbs in a styrofoam box, an answer
A broken door is the enemy

I know where the ice tray lives
there is a constant tug from the popsicle

Sitting Alone

A little girl
studying the absolute

She sits, alone with
flowing white hair

She waits under a lamp
in an empty house

She longs for the rain
to come and transform her

Under the porch,
a man, quietly, watches

He is her demise

They Swear

Old men swear that late at night you can hear
the cries of the girl in the woods, horrible
cracking voices that burn the ears and scatter
the birds. The night air dries and stills.

Under a full moon, they weave tales of what
happen to the girlfriend cut throat word of
mouth gossip stories about how she was a
witch and she laughed when they tried to
drown her. They say they cut her hands off
so she couldn't bewitch her. Her eyes saw fire

The men started to burn her fleshpot watched
her bone turn white in the flame, her howls
pierce the trees and creeper up their spines
in the morning, her ashes were washed in the
river.

to this day, the old men swear when the moon is
full and water is low you will hear her screams
while the river tints red in the glow of stars

Bayou Graveyard

This land holds
a dark secret

deep in fields
bones of trees

a brown bayou
glazed in mud

out in the open
lies crosses

down through the
years they come

mirrors of memories
worn out stone

forgotten lost times
water stamp graves

old pine roots
tell their story

GHOST

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Books: *Hopa Chest in the Attic*, *the Window*, *Close Cover Before Striking*, (Woman), *Autumn Reason*, *Contents Under Pressure*, *the Average Guy's Guide (to Feminism)*, *Changing Gears*, *the Key to Believing*, *Domestic Blisters*, *Et cetera*, *Esau Versus, L'erte*, *The Other Side*, *The Boss Lady's Editorials*, *The Boss Lady's Editorials (2005 Expanded Edition)*, *Duality*, *Seeing Things Differently*, *Changy/Rearrange*, *Death Comes in Threes*, *Moving Performances*, *Six Eleven*, *Life at Cafe Moha*, *Creams*, *Rough Muses*, *The Entropy Project*, *The Other Side* (2006 Edition), *Stop*, *Sing Your Life*, *The Beauty and the Destruction*, c&d #1&7.5 (Writing to Honour & Cherish, editor edition), *Blisters & Burns* (the Kaypers edition), *S&M*, c&d #17.0.5 (Distinguished Writings, editor edition), *Get in Class*, *Silent Screams*, *Taking It All In*, *All Comes Down*, *Rising to the Surface*, *Golgothas*, *Chapter 38* (v1, v2 & v3), *Finally*, *Literature for the Sooty and Elite* (v1, v2 & part 1), *a Wake-Up Call From Tradition*, (recovery), *Dark Matter: the Mind of Janet Kaypers*, *Evolution*, (sweet), *Get Your Buzz On*, *Janet & Jean Together*, *po-em*, *Talking Poetry to the Streets*, *the Came-Disa* *Cit-town Union*, *the Written Word*, *Dual*, *Prepare Her for This*, *Unocert*, *Lying in a Big World*, *Pulled the Trigger*, *Venture to the Unknown*, *Janet Kaypers: Enriched*, *She's on an Open Book*, "40", *Sexism* and *Other Stories*, *the Stories of Women*, *Give What You Can*, *Down in the Vint* v084, *Come Fly With Me*, *Clearing the Debris*, *Sectioned & Sequestered*, *Six Six Six*, *Skeletal Remains*, *Out of the Web*, *Don't Tread on Me*, *Lines of Intensity*, *Entering the Ice Age*, *When the World Settles*, *Into the White*, *Along the Surface*, *Life... from Nothing*, *the Line to Power*, *Fear the Forsaken*, *Down In It*, *Falling Into Place*, *Wake Up and Smell the Flowers*, *Unknown*, *Looking Beyond*, *Forever Bound*, *See the World Burn*, *Exploding on the Scene*, *America the Lost*, *Moving the Earth*, *Catch Fire in the Treetops*, *Solphur & Swardist*, *Slate & Morrow*, *Blisters & Burns*, *Rinse & Repeat*, *Survive & Thrive*, (not so) *Warm & Fuzzy*, *Torture & Triumph*, *Oh*, *the Elements*, *Side A/Side B*, *Balance*, *Chaos Theory*, *Writing to Honour & Cherish*, *Distinguished Writings*, *Breaking Silences*, *Unlocking the Mysteries*, *the Book of Scars*, *We The Poets*, *Life on the Edge*, *Revealing all your Dirty Little Secrets*, *George's Remains*, *Charred Remnants*, *Hopa & Creation*, *Bending the Curve*, *Lovers of Creation*, *Dark Matter*, *Survival of the Fittest*, *Crawling Through the Dirt*, *Laying the Groundwork*, *Weathered*, *ink*, *ink in my blood*, (bound) (4 editions), *Enriched Poetry*, c&d *Enriched Prose*, *Enriched with Dirt*, *An Open Book*, *Literary Town Hall* (2 editions), *Prominent Poet* (2 editions), *Infamous in our Primes*, *Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art*, *the Electronic Windmill*, *Changing Women*, *the Swan Road*, *the Significance of the Frontier*, *the Svetosvetlara Unpunished*, *Harvest of Gems*, *the Little Monk*, *Death in Malaga*, *Memento Mori*, *In the Palace of Creation*, *R.I.P.*, *Bob the Bumble Bee*, *Remnants and Shadows*, *I Saw This*, *the Drive*, *Thomas at Tea*, *Crushing Down Nineteenth*, *Blue Calla Ballet*, *napoon*, *In Your Heart* *the Apostrophe's* *Tearsdrops of God*, *the Adventures of the Key to Believing Bear*, *Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art* (second printing), *Deardard Kinder* / *Charlie Newman*, *12 Times 12 Equals*, *a Marble Node* *Pauline Borches* with *a Marble Apple* in her *Marble Hand*, *Challenge of Night and Day* and *Chicago Poems*, *Lighten Up*, *Not Far From Here*, *Watershed*, *You Have Finally Won*, *Avenue C*, *Suburban Rhythms*, *Down Syndrome*, *the Dark Side of Love*, *The pill* is a man's best friend, *Angel's Syllable* is *Good Boss* of *Devil's Spine*, *Poems and Stories from The Blue Calla Book of the Dead*, *Cat People*, *Death of an Angel*