

Ghost

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Looking at myself in the mirror the other night, I could see you standing behind me,
feel your long, dark hair brush against skin like grass on bare legs.

I knew for sure it was you when I caught your cologne inside my throat and held it for
as long as I could, trying not to look into your big, blue disappointment,

and when I blinked, you had gone, without leaving the vaguest of footprints to follow,
so switching on the lights, I wipe tiredness from me eyes, you from the mirror.