

*Victoria Nicolau*

from BETWEEN

2.

There was a ghost  
in the attic—covering its hands  
with masking tape—covering its eyes  
in maple leaves from the bulkhead.

Sometimes I run my hands over the upholstery  
caress every stitch, the thick sewn floral, and  
I grasp for the ghost who  
left bullet holes in the drywall.

When I drink my tea, the ghost sits with me,  
a heavy and ashen charred blanket.  
Sometimes, I hear it weaving ivy into the walls  
splintering the doorframe—emerging—  
I let the steam rise;  
the ghost inhales.