



...october 11, 1994..

name in a name i write again  
to speak the ghost  
inside a photograph –  
i was born in fifty-three –  
mary died in fifty-four –  
my middle name  
was named for her –

when young i spoke to her in clouds  
forgetting slowly as i grew  
the whispering inside my ears  
that carried me to sleep –  
mary finished nursing school  
in twenty-eight –  
i became a nurse in seventy-five –

different in similarities  
we both walked independent lives  
questioning ourselves –  
everyone who knew  
said that it was strange  
how much we were alike  
in personality –

i left nursing in the year  
my uncle died – and from him  
received a writing folio  
given to mary when she left nursing  
back in forty-eight –  
we both had nursed  
for almost twenty years  
before we left –

yesterday a letter in the mail  
wrote of a photograph  
found sealed a homestead wall –  
it was decided that  
that this nineteen-twenty-eight  
framed photograph of mary  
should come to me –  
i am no longer sure  
if she is ghosting me  
or i am ghosting her.