

# Visitation

Ghost of my wife's father  
smells of a pipe, sharp  
in 3:00 a.m. air, still by  
our bedside. Used

to scare me before  
I realized no one can  
be dead, for death is not  
to be. It must be longing

instead, I decided; to be  
dead: it's to want  
what you can't have  
any longer when you are

not here. Sad thing  
about this ghost,  
whom I lose sleep over  
no longer, is he can't

sense smoke, not being  
here; doesn't rouse us  
often yet nightly still  
we dream of him.