



Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine

Volume 21 *Voices*

Article 9

5-1-2015

Ghostly

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Recommended Citation

Farache, Rebeca (2015) "Ghostly," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 21, Article 9.
Available at: http://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol21/iss1/9

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They do not see you.
You blend in,
With your meekness and your
downturned head
With your asphalt skin,
 which matches the filth underfoot
In their eyes.
When you step back up,
To continue the walk of shame,
You hear the accusation.
Your heart drops into your stomach.

“How dare you mar our path!
What do you think you are?”

I think I'm human.

You say nothing.
Breathlessly -
Listlessly - You keep walking.
Past the voices, yelling after you,
Yelling after what they see:
The animal with the asphalt skin

And they watch in a sort of morbid
 fascination
As the dirt from the gutter drags across
Their sparkling pavement

And stunned, they part for you
Like a river for a stone,
They part - for the asphalt in the cement
For the dirt in the pristine
For the darkness in the light
For the Black among the White.



