

# THE BREATH OF A MOURNFUL GHOST

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I dismiss questions of metaphysics,  
but metaphysics does not dismiss me.

This morning the sea is a scene of wonder,  
its edge designed to entice a tide

to the place people and aesthetics meet,  
a kind of intelligence lending theory

to belief. Sand is a line on a field  
stretching to infinity and only one

small boy dragging a kite to allow it  
to step into real. I pause and consider

possible and realize we are somewhere  
else. Where could that be? And, how?

This is the aftermath of a blue blood  
moon, and we can attest to what has

eclipsed. The boy is now a dot against  
the gilded sparkle of turquoise

and not a moon or a scientific law.  
Listen to the wind envelop the breath

of a mournful ghost and contemplate  
happiness. It is gone and gone.

The beach, too, taken away. Sand sails,  
a veil in the gusts, dismissing inquiry

as a road we will have to follow someday.  
By now the boy is swallowed into his own

prolegomena, not a kite but a wheel turning,  
tragic, haunted, preface to an ocean of *light*.