

## GHOSTS

Gone  
No warning  
They must think it  
Cool, mysterious, easy way out  
I think it  
Rude, infuriating, ultimate cop out  
Vexed, I drift off to sleep

Sun rising, phone rings  
I glance at the screen  
Surely, they want to know  
Where did I go?  
For just a week ago  
Inseparable we were  
Explaining seems a burden  
Like those I condemn  
Silently, I am them