

On *Offerings I*

Offerings I is a photographic goodbye poem to a home I truly loved. Sometimes when a place gives so much, you must try to give back a little. Through collections of significant objects and my body in situ I earnestly try to say thank you. The walls (and spirits within them) are observers to my acts of reverence. In tones of sunset and blue, I pay tribute to a time and location that allowed me an abundance of love, I pray that my gift is received.

Poem For the 1631 Ghosts

Inhaling.

In.

Apparition's skin,
I'm flat on my back.

Tips of my pink toes reach off
the bed
and brush lightly the
floor.

Exhaling.

Out.

Crushed butter chenille
under my damp back.

*The house begins to
breathe with me.*

*Doors creak open, shut
keeping pace
with the pallid curtain's ebb, flow.*

In, out

Us all,
breathing together.

The ghost cat.

The ghost lady's pet.

I'm not startled,

I've met him before.

Purrs from an unseen room

He joins in with us.

In, out

The tepid pearly saltwater
on the nightstand

trembles in a clear glass.

In, out

Then,
the cream in my coffee
separates, rises to the top.
And now,
we're all here breathing, shivering, together.
This house, its spirits, and me.

In, out

I let my mind drift.

The breeze touches my thighs.
I think about you breathing in time with me.