

Love Letter to My Imaginary Man after Pamela Alexander

CHRISTINE GRAF

Next time you walk by my bedroom
in your hulk of spectral dust
with a gust of Thor and thunder, stop
pretending you are Mars on a broken
axis with crusts of rock and bags of crockery,
next time you walk past in your husk
of tattered coats from your past, stop
talk to me, touch me
but don't look at me as if I wasn't there
while I lie there.

I'm the one who's real, you're just
a swaggering ghost, charming doppelganger
bone banger, chain clanger in the mist.
You could say hello, with your mack truck trundle,
dragging the bundles of chips you bet on red 23,
as you clop along in your clap trap trot
don't walk away you meandering, slanderous ghost
who spread rumors that you've spent
nights in my bed, you calamity of calumny,
you slag heap of hot air,
next time you walk past my bedroom
in your flash of thin skin, pouter chest, stop
you vaporous mole, don't
go undercover, get in bed under the covers,
lie next to me, speak to me in low tones, lie to me.