

# *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.