

Apparition

Chelsea Reynolds

Decatur, Illinois

Your hands were calloused and covered
in scars from missed nails and dripped solder
on our ghost hunts through frigid downtown.
My small fingers pressed firm in the palm
of your left hand as your right fumbled
with matches to spark up the menthol
that slept in your mouth. You spoke slow
of speakeasies and bootlegged whiskeys
and how once the best restaurant was a brothel
with whores. As we crept through the foyer
and up through the French doors, you noticed

the blood on the banister,
the walls still littered with holes.