

LUKE JOHNSON

Camp

If pain is enough, all stories are ghost stories.
The same man splits wood with an adze
and heavy hammer to loose whatever's bound:
the woman, the incident, the dog, that damn dog
the meadow and does lured
every spring before he dragged her
snarling back to camp. And now he's haunted
by the water dish in the breakfast nook,
the leash. He still calls. He leaves messages.