



Image from Wildharvest Blog

Dennis Ross

Ghost Memories

Sometimes I am still running
through all the backyards
at night watching for low clothes-
lines and playing hide-and-seek.

I remember where the dangerous
dog lived and watching Curtis eat
a quart of olives with his pocket
knife, then being quite sick,

and the bank above a creek
caving off and my falling in terror,
unable to swim, into water

that mocked me, only waist deep.

Mother really did look out
with terrible sadness through
the iron bars in the upper window
of the mental hospital.

But what matter? Misty ghosts only.
All memory pales to seeing mouse
tracks, right now, in the skiff of snow
exactly like those of a tiny rabbit.

Dennis Ross taught and did research in physics at Iowa State University. He has published more than 240 poems. His chapbook *Relatives and Other Strangers* was published by Finishing Line Press.