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(For your info, you, the reader, this poem  
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## APRIL IS A CRUEL SEASON FOR GHOSTS

April is a cruel season for ghosts.  
Strengthening light attenuates them to gossamer  
pulled apart, bright,  
thready as thistledown.  
It hurt the woman that she laughs but she does.  
Death just keeps calling ghosts back  
deconstructing them into luminous handfuls.  
All they say is *white*.

What kind of answer is that?  
Does it benefit the fields?  
Does the coarse bristle of meadow grass  
grow sweeter, do the thoroughbreds in their blankets  
understand the universe better for white?

What's out there, anyway, beyond the round mouth  
of light that swallowed our ghosts and where  
do they come back from to pluck at us?  
Does it smell like cinnamon? Dust?  
Do trees lean black against the horizon at dusk,  
like here? Is there something graceful we're supposed to do  
in responses to haunting—offer chocolate or joss sticks,  
some kind of white thought?  
Is there something we're supposed to see  
through, like this muddy world with its homicides  
and sudden acts of sweetness?

. . . 2 (The number shows the poem goes over the page to page two.)

April is a Cruel Season for Ghosts 2 (Here's the title and page number, so if your poem selection gets mixed up with the thirty-six other poems on the editor's desk, s/he can figure out what it goes back with.)

This is a tough month for ghosts.  
They can't make themselves understood;  
against April-blue sky the woman watches  
them drop and flop like shot birds.