



“The Morning Routine of a Ghost”  
by Alexa Wicklund  
1<sup>st</sup> Place, Poetry 16-18

1st

PO-126/16-18

The Morning Routine Of A Ghost 1

my tongue is heavy

i have nothing to say.

i slip out of covers

-undercover-

the matted carpet rising

to meet my bare feet

they carry my body

to the bathroom sink

used toothbrushes and cosmetics

my eyes lift to the dirty reflection,

detached;

hair matted

lips chapped

thin fingers brush my skin

tracing the wrinkles

i turn away in denial

if you don't see it

it didn't happen

my soles pad down the stairs

cold blanketing the steps

airless bones

levitating

toes barely brushing the floor

am i even here?

## The Morning Routine Of A Ghost 2

hand reaches

for the

tasteless coffee beans

liquid milk

cascading through

the bottomless mug

down to the floor

-i don't bother-

pause

how long

have i wandered

into vacant mornings

and

through dreamless nights

inanimate

lifeless

as if

i have already fallen

into oblivion

already a ghost

before becoming a skeleton

already gone

with breath still in my lungs

already wasting away

with flesh still attached

be a good steward

my mother told me

steward the time you have

before you don't

fulfill your calling

before your grave does

with gritty dirt

over your wooden coffin

inhale your air

my son

deep breaths