

The Ghost

Under the dense forestry, in the cold and wet soil, lies the decaying body of a girl.

The perpetual silence echoed through the forest's branches and leaves as The Ghost stared at her rotting body.

The whites of her eyes were showing all too well,

the mouth gaping open,

the skin fading into an ominous shade of gray,

and flies and maggots occupying every inch of dead space.

She looked at the knife the corpse held in its torpid hand,

the silver blade now mercilessly colored red,

and questions if this shell of a human was indeed her.

What is a woman if not made by a man?

Doomed to live as an everlasting canvas for male fantasies,

she had been taught not to scream while her skin was pulled from all directions,

and cannibalized through the eyes of a Humbert Humbert.

She watched her skin be devoured as soon as shark noses smelled the first drop of blood,

demanding that she be remade into a toy for carnal pleasure.

They came from all directions with their pitchforks and knives,

roaring for a taste of that fresh Lolita body,

their eyes crazed with lust for innocence.

She visited the graveyard of deceased girlhoods and heard the screams of unjust crimes thrown at their naive minds.

She saw the purity carved out of their skin and served messily into the mouths of gluttonous men who,

when their bellies were full,

ostracized them for no longer being the untouched lily they once were.

For what is a woman if not made by a man?

Does she exist?

"So please," she spoke when she walked into the forest, knife in hand.

"Place the dark veil of eternal emptiness over my eyes to blind me from this place I despise.

Cut the pain from my veins and watch the grief of a woman bleed until it stains.

Slip the sweet mask of peace over my lips and allow my oxygen to become an apocalypse."

"So please," she begged when she pointed the blade to her heart.

"Stop the wretched cry of past violence that echoes in my mind.

Let me escape those who haunt me so unkind.

My suffering knows nothing between the real and the fake.

In my sorrow, my body aches.

'The past is not the present,' they say,

but these treacherous memories are here to stay.

They stole my innocence with such brutality,

leaving me questioning my morality.

How do you ask me to stay in a place where I am considered the convict of my demise?"

The Ghost takes one last look at the morbidity of her gory body,

says a silent goodbye to the complexity that was her life,

and walks away sullenly.

Herein lies the body of a girl who was too young to understand the unrelenting cruelty of man.