

Ghost Nets

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I was tall for 14 when the bombs dropped like spider bites
along the shoreline. Our thatched huts and boats flew
in pieces, bone fragments, body parts and humanity
hurdled through the gossamer of politics.

My father sat holding a few scraps of paper and photos
that survived unscathed as miraculously
as our own survival. Nothing moved
but the smoke and steam weaving between the stalks
of blasted boat dock supports and dead fish. There was no one.

Everything in that moment became ghosts. Even us.
I lost my mother, aunts, sisters, brothers, and most of my father
but we knew we would survive. We already had.
It was the devastation that hollowed us like pigs prepped for roasting.
My father stuffed himself with ghosts.
My emptiness became a boat and I fished for souls
I made nets to cast until I caught new dreams to live.