

Keeping the Ghost at Bay

Detail Photos



mande the
broken

Moments of peace
by an pierced are
assailing haunt.

Agitation
is inevitable and
pacification
is hindered.

My ghost won't let me







...and a glutton
for hunting
Every opportunity
is seized





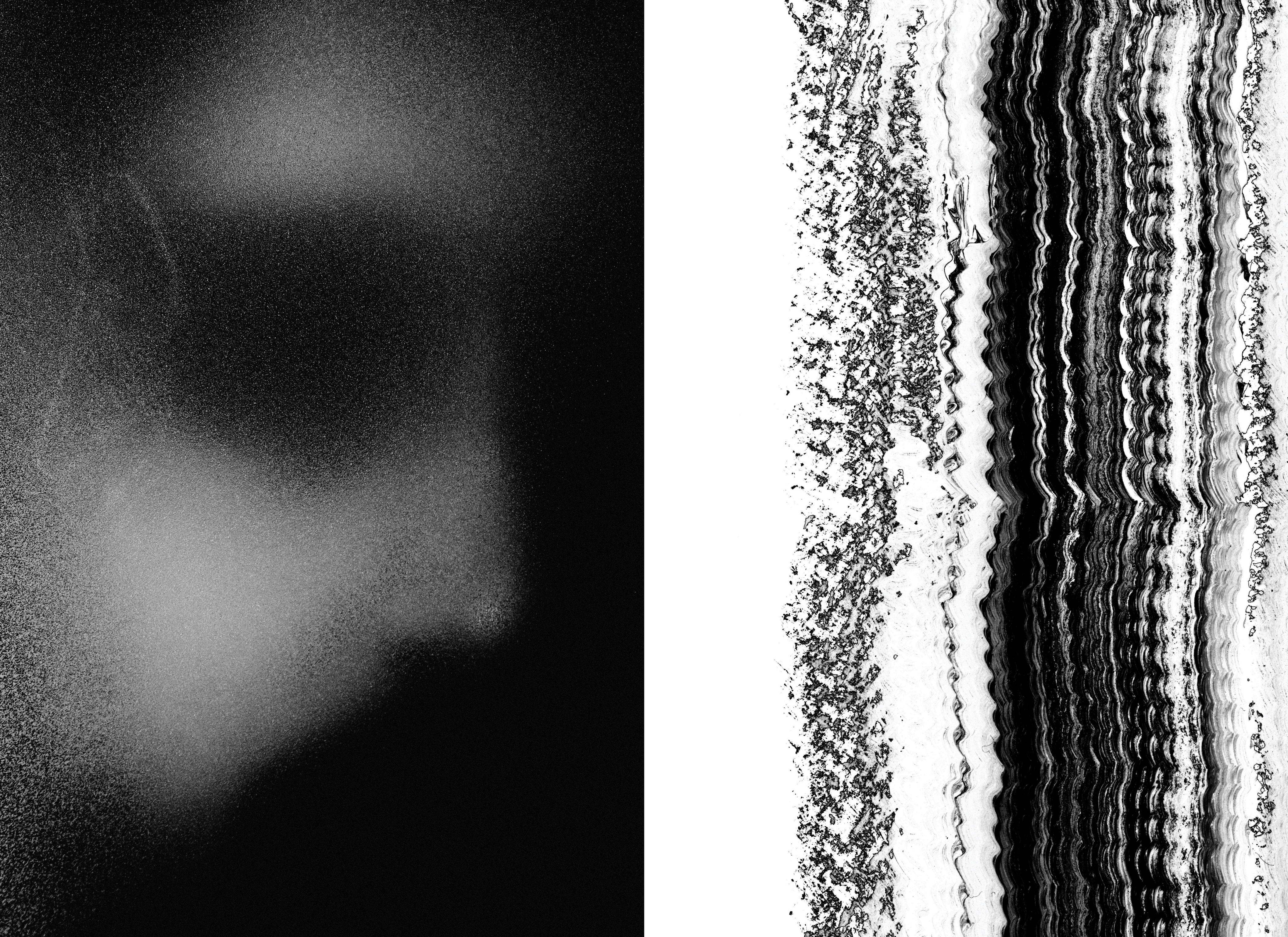
Keeping the Ghost at Bay

Digital Layout

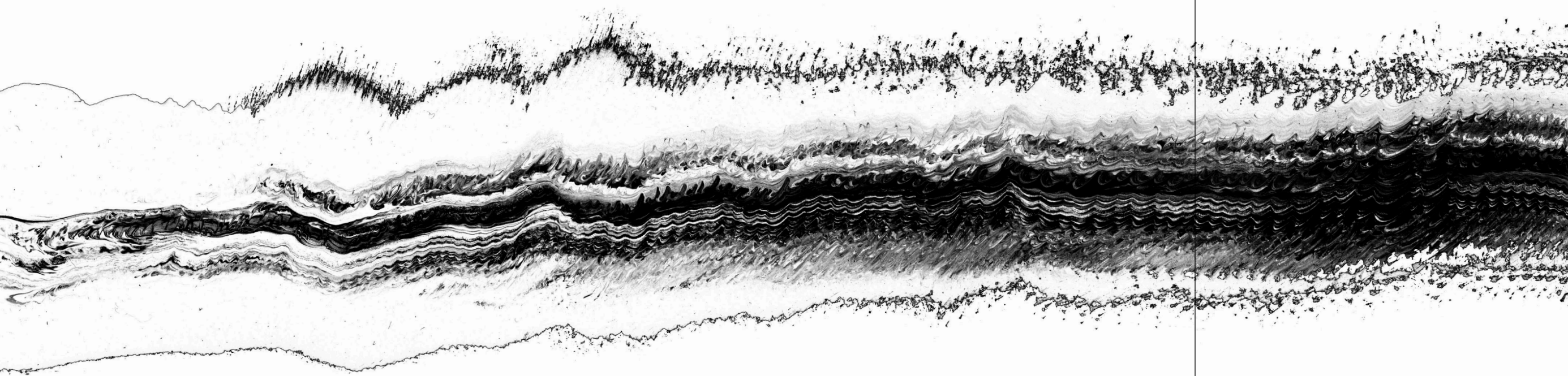
Keeping
the



at Bay

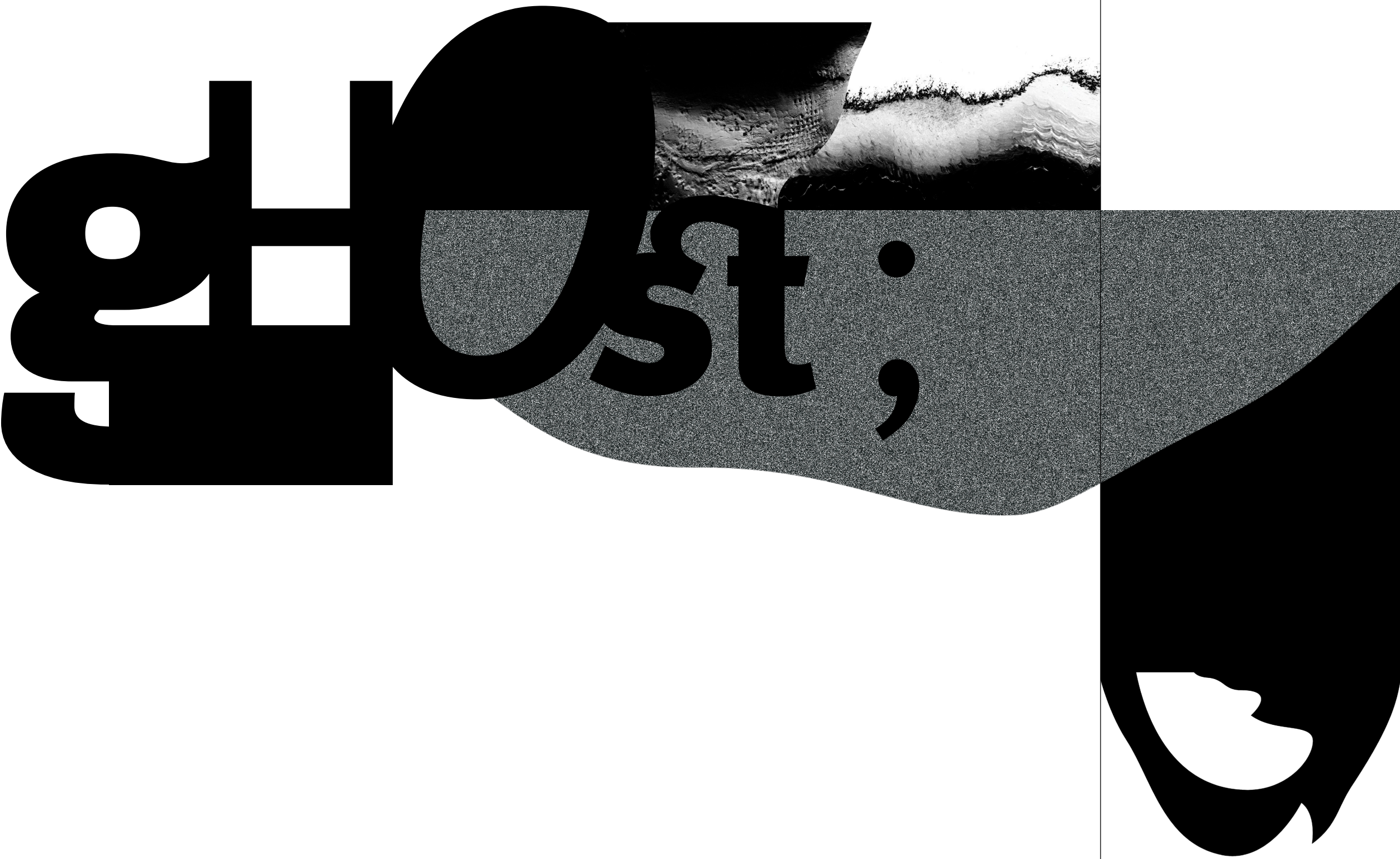


Keeping the Ghost at Bay



Haunted

I have a



we're bound for life.

Always present,
always haunting.
It lives within,
invading
every
woken
moment.

Never alone,
in an isolated margin
my ghost

is

maddening company.

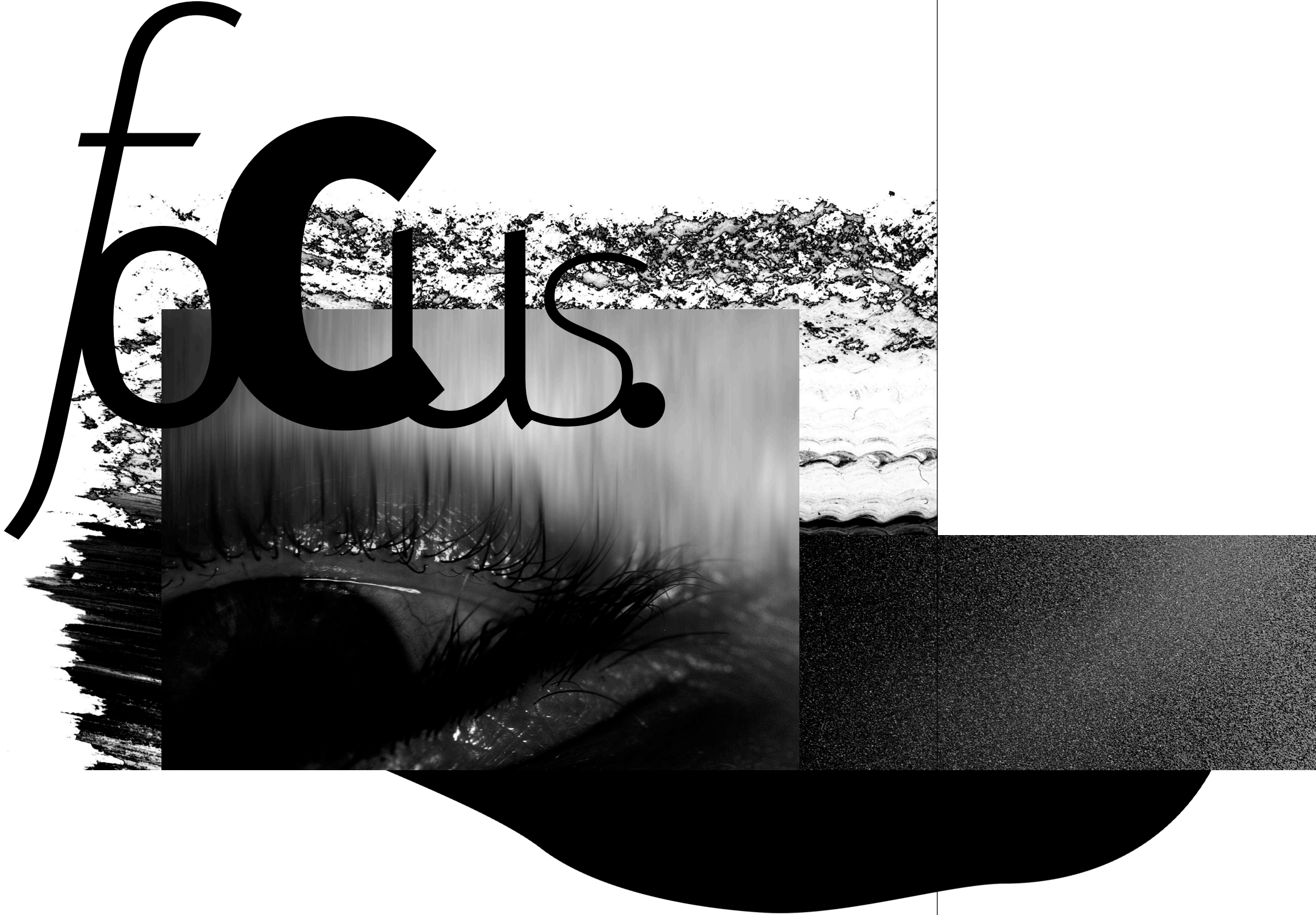




My ghost won't let me



won't let me



Moments of peace
are
pierced
by an
assailing haunt.

Agitation
is inevitable
and
pacification
is hindered.

My ghost
lives
unseen,

no
visible,

known

only

to

me.





A moment of
perceived silence
is confirmation
of
presence.

Silence

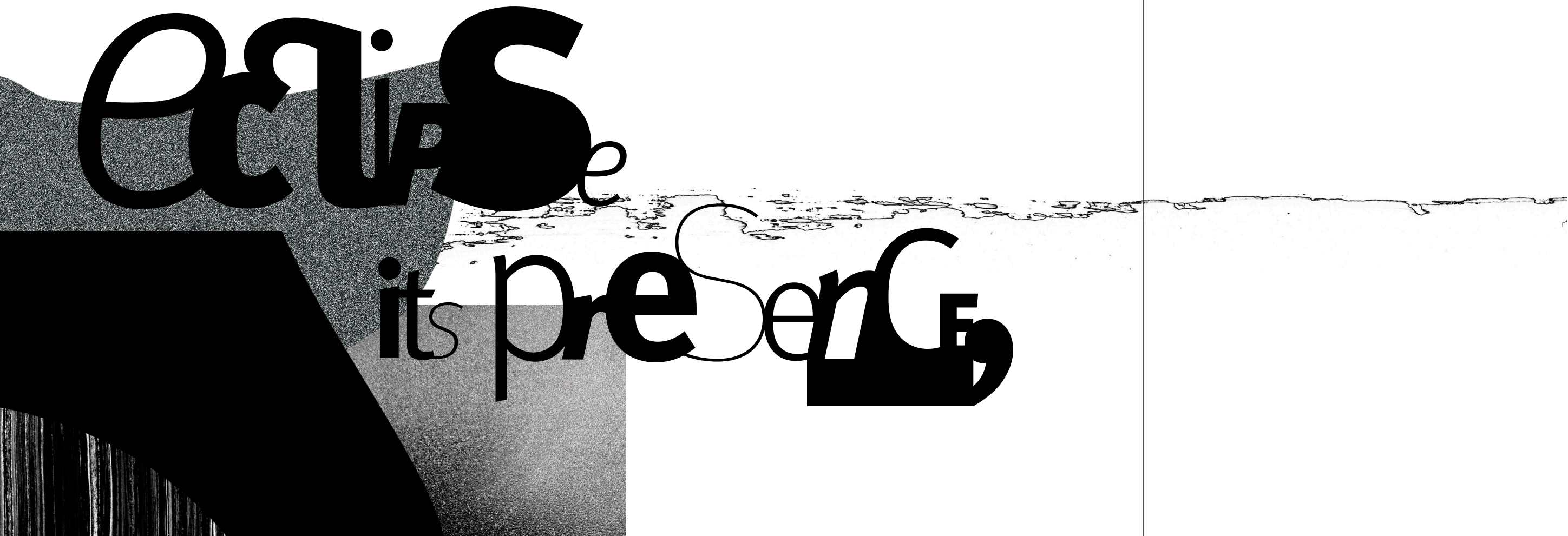
is

Presence



My ghost
haunts
and hinders my being,
but
I have learned
to keep it at
bay.

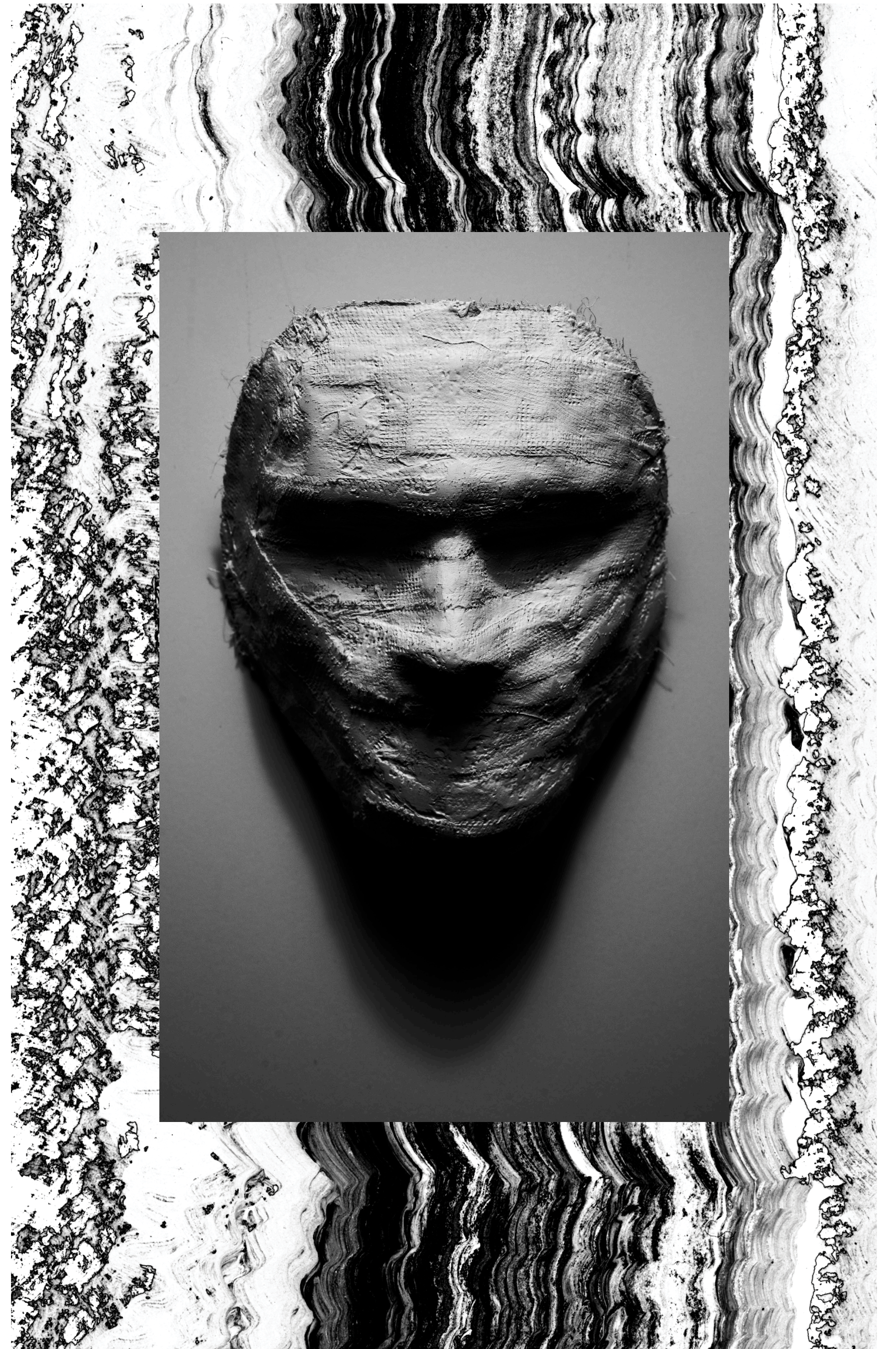
I can



Shadowing
the tide of haunting
with a mask.

Under this cover,
my ghost is abated.
I wear
many masks in my day,
suits most
occasions.

My mask
is a key;
used to access sleep,
to access focus.

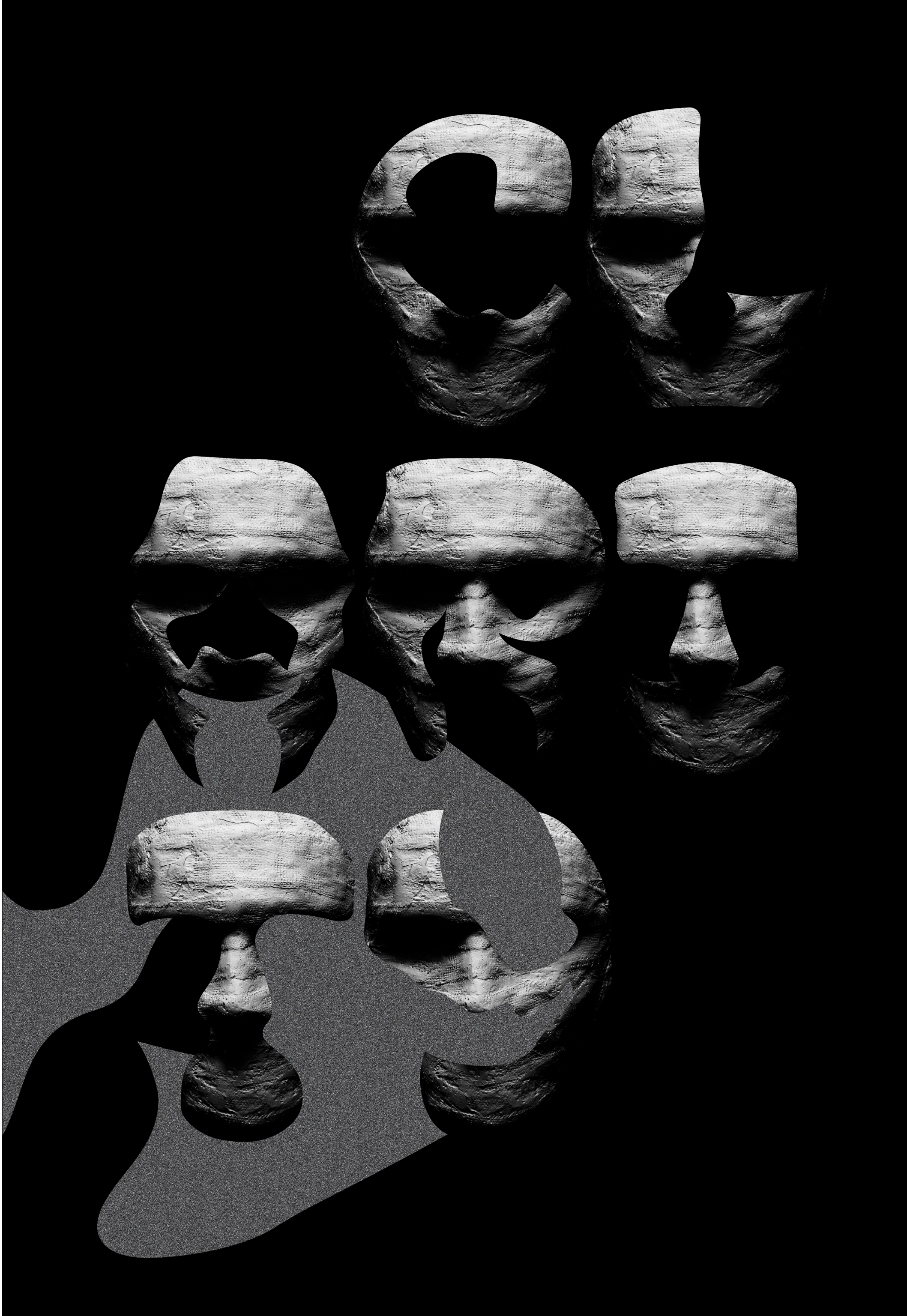


I am calm in my mask,
my mind bears

Clarity and
Comfort



My mask is







My mask is



Don't misread my words,
my ghost
is



when my mask is on.

Rather,

my ghost

is

patiently
waiting.

All masks must come off,
and with no intermission
my ghost
will return.

Invasive and persistent,
I am without
a modicum
of solitude.





I must choose;
wear my mask or
succumb to the haunting.
Going without, open
and
exposed;
this holds consequence.

My ghost haunts
with nothing but
anxiety,
torment,
frustration,
distraction
and pain.

My ghost is

unremitting



attentive, and a glutton
for haunting.
Every opportunity
is seized.



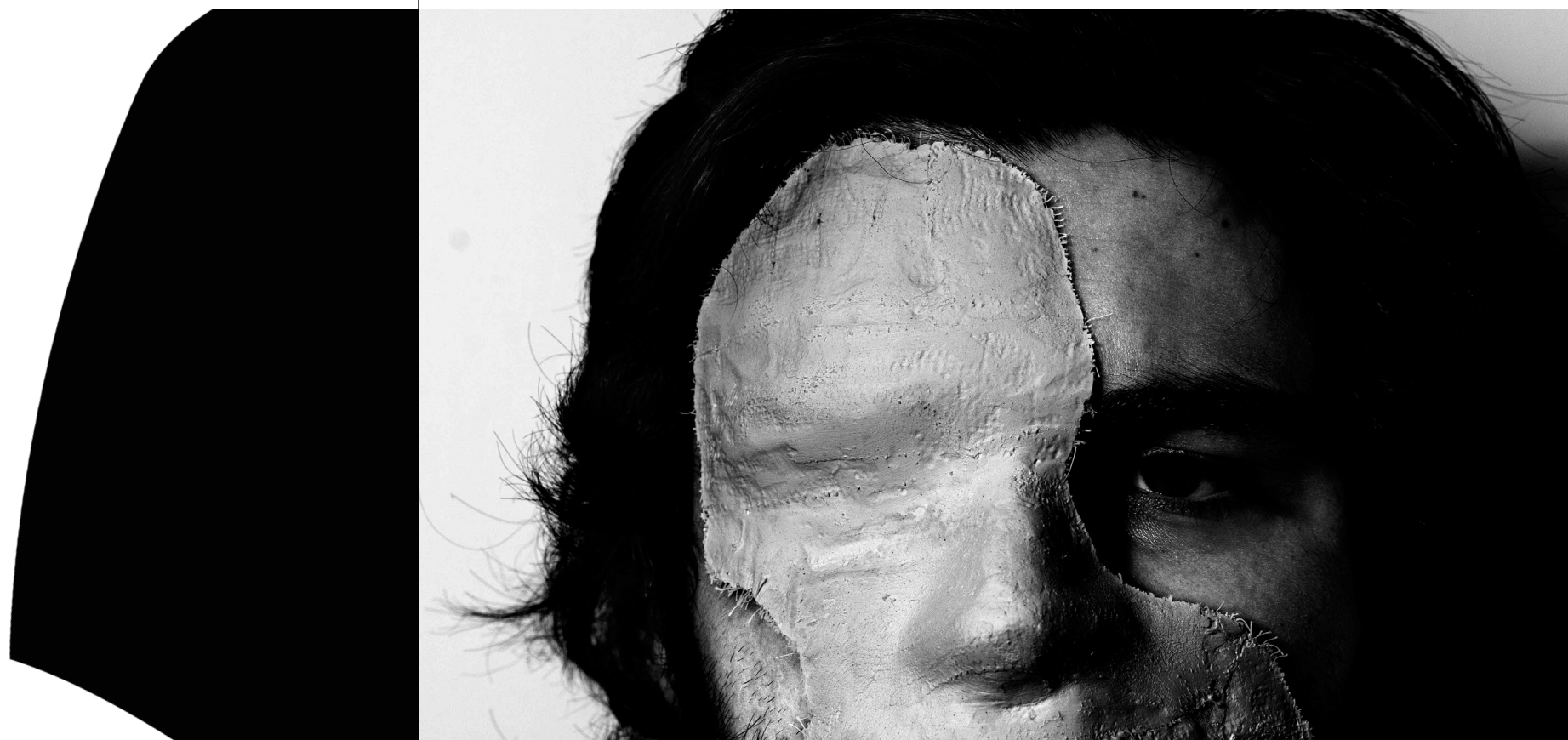
All being said,
I have no fear of my ghost.
I know its vocation
and I understand

our bond
is inseparable.

I cope,
I wear my masks
to

make the
burden

But I am not happy,
I am not at peace.



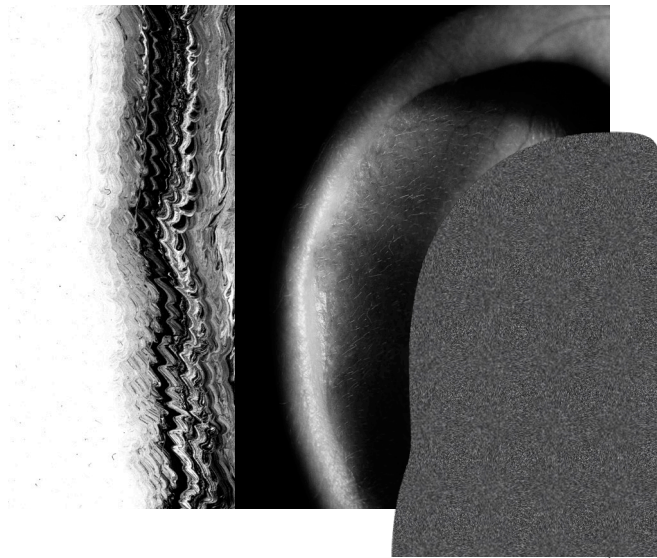
I'm tired,

I am

so

tired.





The departure of my ghost
would bring me no grief.
My masks offer transient relief,

a reverie
of a broken bond.

I've worn my masks for so long,
I wish
I could go without.

But alas,



They are
all I have
to keep the ghost
at bay.



