

[A seemingly orderless work, its form was dictated by an exercise invented by one of my fellow Intro to Creative Writing classmates. It is as mysterious as the book from which its lines are ripped.]

A GHOST for Mark by Jeremy Kings

Horizon that is both empty and meaningless
Only it does not spill
Unrevealed laws of the Torah

Scream. Even though I know we couldn't
Empty. And the bed in the corner
Only to discover that the compass is useless

First hallway leads away from the room only to return
Letting the syllable hang in the air like a question
Eleven numbers feels like an infinite stretch

About to leave when some invisible impulse stops him
Vanishing into the woods where nothing moves
Ensuing tension is more than temporary
Somehow robbed of itself