

## The Ghost in My Porch Swing

I've decided to name  
the ghost in my porch swing,  
a secret name of course.  
Curly emu feathers float  
from the field next door  
and land in my back yard  
on breezy afternoons.  
They tickle his feet  
and send echoing laughter  
into my wind chimes  
that sing, tell stories, and ask,  
"How was your day?"