

JENNIFER GIVHAN

Ghost Girl in the Recovery Room

I am safe I say to myself and pray for mercy.
—Ai

She points past the empty field
past the ringing of a church bell. She asks who rings

the church bell & I tell her no one now—

says the silverware needs shining
in the game she's making up. She tells me

she is an empty treehouse
and I am a moon pool—

but she's the architect of my scarred abdomen
she's set for tea. It's an ordinary weekday. The sound

of bells on rocks. Or rocks for bells. She says, No—

your mother won the heaven lottery
and had a beautiful daughter. I remember saying

something like this to her but she's internalized

and repeats back the beautiful empty of my abdomen
scarring the moon pool—

I am a church bell.

I empty past the field past the ringing of play—
I remember a table.

It's an ordinary weekday.
The silverware needs shining.

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