

Every Time I Die, Emergency Broadcast Syndrome

position the phantom rigged in reflective tape.
situated like a makeshift antenna, grinning like tinfoil.
we're losing reception. we can't pick up the game.
i should be discontinued.
i am a broadcasting embarrassment.
hiss like the damned.
decoding the transmitted pulse that dispatch from her lips.
i am not receiving a sign that says i am still here anymore.
do you hear me?
am i coming through at all?
is any of this making sense?
you've got a ghost on your hands.
a televisual image only partially clear.
scrambled phantom (i wish we'd all just stop talking at once).
spitting and cursing from the scrapheap we're on.
you should have lost your cool.