

Title: A ghost

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Source: *Janus Unbound: Journal of Critical Studies*, vol. II, no. II  
(Spring 2023), pp. 61-62

Published by: *Memorial University of Newfoundland*

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*Janus Unbound: Journal of Critical Studies* is published by Memorial University of Newfoundland

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*Janus Unbound: Journal  
of Critical Studies*  
E-ISSN: 2564-2154  
2(2) 61-62  
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2023

## A ghost

—After a drawing by Eleanor Callanan, age 4

Ooooo, is what I'm saying.  
Ooooo, and I say it so hard that my sounds  
break their floating purple speech balloon.  
When I say ooooo, you had better believe

I mean it.

I glow golden, pure auric aura,  
aurora eyes green like copper flame, atomic  
excitation. They are filled with light  
and they want to burst  
out of my head.

I have taught myself to look  
forward and backward  
at the same time.

I do it by wrenching myself  
'round, wringing myself out  
like a washcloth. I  
am weightless  
and I have no spine, so it isn't  
very difficult.

Sometimes I feel as though  
my body just barely suffers  
my mind, my thoughts  
oppressive as pollen clouds,  
mugwort and ragweed rampant  
and fractious. Lung-plugging,  
spirit-stifling.

Ooooo, I say. Ooooo.

Sometimes I wonder if my mind  
will abandon my body altogether, rise  
up out of me, spectral, phosphorescent,  
lifting luminous from the muck

A ghost

and decay of this sullen world.

Sometimes I remember:  
it already has.

### **Biography**

Andreae Callanan is a doctoral candidate in English at Memorial University, and author of *The Debt* (Biblioasis, 2021).