

ghosted
by Tristan Robert Lange

i love you so much
i always have loved you ever since the
days that I first laid eyes on you and then made contact with
the black holes within the deepest brown of your soul's oceanic windows
i remember sitting across from you at the diner all those years ago when you looked
into the blue seas of my eyes with such confidence that i would have believed anything you
would have said to me in that moment which feels like a monument in
my misty-eyed memory that won't be denied no matter how
many times i may question whether our love back then was ever truly
real that confident prophetic gaze predicting that we would one day marry ling-
ers like a ghost haunting the halls of their long lost love there but not visible to anyone even
themselves i remember that day like it was yesterday followed by the lives we built up to make
those predictions a reality because i believed in the dream that we were 'scaping together as
painters with the world as our sacred canvas we had our palette of freesia lavender fuchsia
crimson apricot lemon and the deepest obsidian sleek and filled with the wonder of mid-
night and speckled with beads of glimmering white like the stars of light that fill up the dark-
est night yes i can remember it so well just like i can remember the mural we painted in
two feminine halves our creation together became all of our hopes our dreams our
fears and our undoing all in one seemingly quick fell swoop of the harvester's scythe
yet I know that it happened over a much longer period than my memory serves
me because both good and bad crops take a season or more to be cultivated
and grown and those crops took many years decades even to paint to the shape form
and hue it ended up having i was not the one who came up with that design nor was i
the one who made those masterstrokes yet i saw the design subtly at first not thinking too
much of it however it became clearer overtime that i was being left out of the scene we were
painting well that is not exactly true i am on the canvas in the same way that diego velázquez
and his mysterious doorman are on the canvas in his famed *las maninas* there but why present
yet not really feeling like they actually belong there but are there out of
obligation to fill in blank spaces so that the canvas appears to be complete
yet no one is fooled by the foil only confused and then. eventually they
move back to the focus of the frame forgetting that the other painter and his
friend are even there because they're really not anything more than props

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