

Aden Thomas – Three Poems

The Origin of Ghosts

Without the void,
there would be nothing
on the other side of giving way.

Inside the dark
matter between us, a sorrow,
the phantom's journey
of a million empty stars.

Seaside Wyoming

There's another reason for the wind.
It brings us news from the Pacific Ocean.

It travels twelve hundred miles,
the taste of sea-salt on its lips,
to whisper dreams of seashells.

Those whispers are the way of lovers
from the memory of distant shores,

longing for the mountains,
the pine air clean like sagebrush rain,
and the open, salmon skies.

Blue

The light of the world was always blue.
It found a way into the colors that wonder,
the sheen in the black of a raven's wings,
the whispers of midnight snow.
There's the blue pull of the moon
that keeps young lovers in their gravity,
and once, when the wind was lost
it was a winter blue that brought it back to the forest.

The second time I came to you
blue was the tremor in my veins.
Eventually you returned those tremors
to the room spinning blue around me.
In those undefeated days
we walked out to the grass and rain.
Your eyes, the air, the smell of sagebrush, all of it
blue falling on worlds of blue.

Aden Thomas grew up on the high plains of central Wyoming. He has worked dozens of jobs over his career, from dishwasher to C-level executive. His work has appeared in *The Inflectionist Review*, *The Kentucky Review*, and *The Blue Mountain Review*. He now lives north of Denver.