

JOINING THE COMMUNITY OF GHOSTS

By Richard Pflum

We are friends now and I'm told that I might eventually be elected to their Board of Trustees if I continue to work for their interests. What I'd like is that I not be required to wear a suit and tie at the meetings, that even a bit of bone or decaying flesh would be optional depending on my seniority. And I can see myself now floating through walls and time-traveling to visit various friends, lovers and historic figures and at times even appearing again to the living. Giving some sound advice to those I approve of and scaring the bejeebers out of those who are obviously jerks. And so I'd win the ghostly equivalent of medals and awards, maybe even stipends and special privileges. And, because of all that light coursing around at the end of the tunnel, I'd see things I wasn't able to, when alive. Whisper to my literary critics, the real meanings of my metaphors. And I'd do the Dance Macabre on Halloween nights with super attractive ghost princesses even though in life I was clumsy as a log. Since gravity would have no effect, we'd dance on the ceilings of haunted houses, tap dance on the tables of mediums to the bright accompaniment of clacking bones and a ghostly violin. And it will all be great fun, for in Ghostland we won't have to worry about any of the constraints of earthly dimensions.

So now, still being alive, I think sometimes I might see through the veil into an interesting future, with ditsy scholars pouring over my papers and hard drives, and (with much difficulty) trying to figure out which word goes where. Finally asking, "who wrote all of this abstruse and disjointed stuff? Who was this language criminal anyway?"