



Every story is a ghost story.

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Even the ones you tell about yourself.



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When I was little I believed that the person I was today and the person I was yesterday and the person I would be tomorrow were three separate people.

I believed that I lived only one day. In the morning I was born and in the evening I died and the person who awoke in my bed the following morning was someone new.

I believed that this cycle continued day after day, the variances between iterations subtle enough as to be nearly imperceptible, but each iteration nonetheless distinct from its predecessors and descendants.

Like frames in a film, this succession of discrete individuals appeared from a distance to be continuous, but upon closer inspection was clearly divided by regular intervals of darkness, of nothingness, which most people mistakenly referred to as sleep.

This was a childish belief, of course.

The truth of it is that every single instant we are, all of us, obliterated and refreshed.

In the time it takes to blink or turn around, you have become someone new, separate from the originator of the action, who is gone now forever.

A brief conversation between yourself and a stranger is, in reality, a hundred some snippets of sound passed between a hundred some strangers and a hundred some versions of you.

And if, at a later point in time, you choose to relate this conversation to a third party, you are telling the story of people long gone. You are telling the story of ghosts.

These are mine.

