

## **The Ghost Chaser**

by r. bremmer

He chased a ghost  
to the crack of our whip.  
Our simple plan:  
the ghost would vaporize  
through his fingers  
before delighted eyes  
and excited sighs.  
The stupid man!  
He couldn't understand  
the plan.  
He caught the ghost  
we loved the most.  
His prize:  
the stings of our whip.  
Away he ran.

(for Roger Maris)

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