**If I were a ghost – Seb B**

If I were a ghost, I would be dead. All ghosts are dead, after all. I would have passed on through the world of the living, and instead of going onto the next, whatever that may be, I would be chained to this world. Perhaps I had an early death, and lurk in the memories of my mother or my father, who wanted so badly for me to outlive them. Maybe I was hit by a drunk driver, walking home late at night from a party, and my bloodied face haunts his dreams in dark nights.

That’s all in the past.

I step through the house I lived in with transparent feet, my hand slipping through the pictures hanging on the walls. My desk with all my art supplies, I try to pick them up in vain. My parents, sometimes walking through the house, I try to hug them. I try to tell them that I am okay. They weren’t religious people, and that worries me a little. They think that I am gone forever, into that infinite void, my soul gone. I wish that I could tell them that somehow I still live, if you could call it that.

You would think that I would be bored, existing all the time, but not able to do anything. That’s certainly what I thought, when I read stories of ghosts. But there’s a strange peace, in just existing. Time doesn’t pass like it used to, I just simply exist, because there is nothing else that I can do.

I think I exist in my parents’ house because they loved me. That love keeps me with them, in a dimension they can’t see. Sometimes I’m pulled away though, to the man that hit me with his car. He was never caught, but he didn’t need jailtime for punishment. I do it enough. Whenever he closes his eyes, I am there. I don’t get a choice in the matter, but I’m not angry when I manifest in the void behind his eyelids. I give him the look that I feel all the time. Slightly sad, slightly empty. He finds it hard to sleep. When he does, and the tears stop, I am returned.

I am back in my house, my never-ending, hollow stroll. I want to live, but deep down, I think I want to die.