The Ghost That Lives in My Bathroom

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First Prize

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This morning he is a sigh of light, one flicker, almost unnoticeable, as the night sky becomes Rochester gray and I stand under a waking stream of water, shampoo, and body wash, trying to remember if I dreamt in color or black and white.

This afternoon he is a drop of water, browned with age, left on the bathroom floor, or trickling down just right of the mirror as if he were trying to see himself, but was afraid to look.

Tonight he is a whisper past the door as I brush my teeth and wonder: is he the ghost of someone already gone or someone yet to come?

--Stacy Wittmeyer