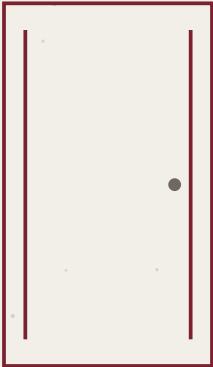


GHOST ONE, GHOST TWO

A poem about reciprocity, usefulness,
and who the fuck actually shows up.

FILE STATUS: OPEN



Who will come knocking at my door?
Motherfucking who?

GHOST ONE
GHOST TWO
GHOST THREE
GHOST FOUR

Will it be friend number
one,
or will it be friend number
two?

Ghost one, ghost two,
ghost three, ghost four.
I'm not even mad
anymore.
I'm just wondering
who will come knocking at
my door.

WHERE'S WALDO???

WHERE THE HELL
IS EVERYBODY?



ATTENDANCE: UNKNOWN

Search radius: the whole damn map.

You wanted me for my charm.
You wanted me for my sex.
Then when I needed a hand,
guess what happened next?

You were around
when I had a lot of luck.
Now you done disappeared.

What the motherfuck?

You loved me
when I was carrying all the load.
Then you look at me
when my margin gets thin
and expect me not to explode.

You loved me when I was strong.
You loved me carrying on.
Then the minute strength got
expensive,
where the fuck had everybody
gone?

You knew exactly who to call
when your little kingdom hit the
wall.

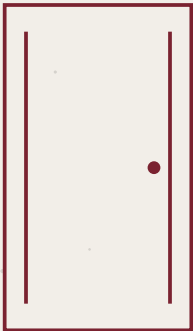
But when I stumbled for a
minute,
motherfucker, where were y'all?

RECIPROCITY LEDGER

RECEIVED: ATTENTION

PROVIDED: LABOR

BALANCE DUE:
ONE FUCKING HUMAN



Downstream consequence
storage unit.

You called me highly intelligent.
You called me highly intense.
But have you ever checked yourself
for being emotionally dense?

“He’s intense,” you tell your friends.
“He thinks too fucking deep.”
Maybe depth looks frightening
when your empathy’s ankle-deep.

INTENSITY REVIEW

Observed depth: excessive
Listener empathy: ankle-deep
Finding: not instability
Finding: nobody fucking
listens

**Maybe depth looks frightening
when your empathy’s ankle-deep.**

DEPTH MEASUREMENT: HUMAN // EMPATHY DEPTH: UNDER REVIEW

**You can hide behind your status.
You can hide behind your friends.**

**But character gets fucking obvious
when usefulness ends.**

Don't forget you came to me
with all your darkest secrets.
I held them without judgment
when you were at your weakest.

CONFIDENTIALITY: MAINTAINED

RECIPROCITY: PENDING

USEFULNESS TEST RESULT: relationship quality becomes measurable when utility drops.

You gave me what you feared
the rest of the world might know.
I never used it as a weapon.
I just gave you room to grow.

So don't preach to me of loyalty
like you invented the damn word.
I carried things you whispered
that nobody else had heard.

FILE NOTES

Contents entrusted:

dark secrets

Security classification:

human

Weaponization:

denied

Room to grow:

granted

Return favor status:

mysteriously delayed

HELD IN TRUST

I was shelter when it rained.
I was silence when you cried.
I was there when shit got
ugly.
Where the fuck did everybody
hide?

Ghost one, ghost two,
ghost three, ghost four.
Everybody knew my name.
Does anybody know my door?

Everybody loved the party.
Everybody loved the show.
Then the lights got a little
dimmer
and suddenly nobody knows.

SOCIAL PRESENCE MAP

High attendance during party
hours.
Coverage dropped under real
conditions.



TRAIL ENDS HERE

Last known location: when things got hard.

HUMAN CONTACT AUDIT

- ☐ Knocked on door
- ☐ Called
- ☐ Asked if alive
- ☐ Asked if fed
- ☐ Asked if okay
- ☒ Thought about doing one of the above

WHERE'S WALDO???

WHERE THE HELL IS
EVERYBODY?



STATUS: Humanity continues to investigate.

So who will come knocking
when there's nothing left to score?

No charm to borrow.
No body to adore.

No title.
No favors.
No luck left to explore.

Just a human in the house
and a motherfucking door.

If you're reading this
and wondering if it's you,
good.
Congratulations.
You're motherfucking
Ghost Twenty-Two.

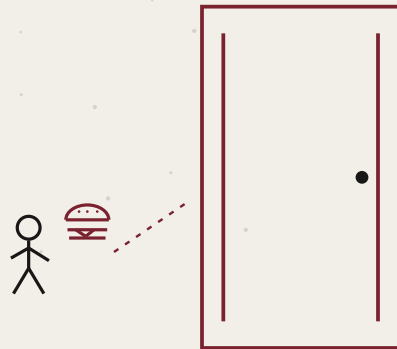


Did your friends' committee
have to approve the cheeseburger too?
Did somebody need a group chat
just to tell you what to do?

Funny thing about being human:
one day this could be you.

One day you might watch the doorway
wondering who the fuck comes
through.

But here's the good news:
I still think you're human too.
And if your lights ever go dim,
I wouldn't Ghost Twenty-Two you.



NO COMMITTEE REQUIRED

STATUS: STILL HUMAN

**Ghost one, ghost two,
ghost three, ghost four.**

I'm not chasing anybody.

I'm just noticing the door.