I don’t know how much of this I believe: the ghost’s paw, extended by metal wires, and the ghost disintegrates.

But if a ghost is something that doesn’t mind disintegration, then
where is the crime scene?
I don’t care about any wrong I’ve done,
as long as everyone suffers the same.

And everyone suffers the same. And as long as the ash of ghost wraps in the fog,

humanity disintegrates just the same, no structure, no light.

---

Because There Never Was Any

Mark Farrell

Because There Never Was Any