



Sometimes it's a white bike,
or shoes on a post.

These ghosts were people.
They were people.

Sometimes there's a bouquet,
or votive candles,

These visions are white,
like the ghosts they are.

Ghost Visions

Some are named,
some are not.



They cycled, walked, or rolled.
Some had no choice.

Sometimes there is a sign,
or a remembrance.



All were vulnerable,
All expected their next breath.



A loved one was
killed in a
traffic crash here.

