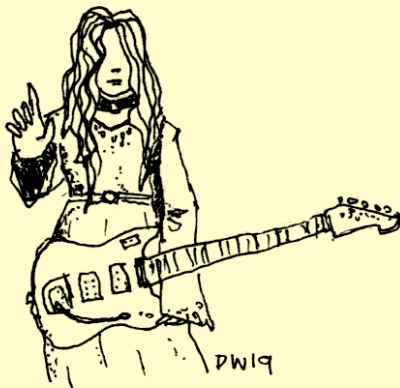


# *GHOST MUSIC*

DAVID WITTEVEEN



*5 miniature ghost stories inspired by songs that I like*

# *GHOST MUSIC*

five miniature ghost stories

inspired by songs

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*1. Fossil in Stone*

*2. Have to Drive*

*3. Autoclave*

*4. Evoke the Sleep*

*5. Raining Pleasure*



# FOSSIL IN STONE

*Charm of Finches*

No one found her body. Leaves covered her, then bracken  
and mud. Ants ate away her flesh until she was just white  
bones and a golden knot of hair.

It was a mistake, she cried. I didn't mean it.

Rain fell on her grave like a baptism.



# HAVE TO DRIVE

*Amanda Palmer*

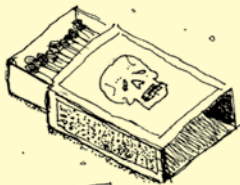
The headlights flicker. The road curves. Trees loom then disappear.

The GPS says you should be in town by now.

*It was just a deer*, you tell yourself. The wipers sluice and scape. *It was just a stupid deer*.

You kick the accelerator. The speedometer jumps.

But the trees still never end.



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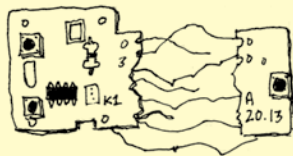
# AUTOCLAVE

*The Mountain Goats*

The curtains catch fire first. Then the furniture and carpet. Then the windows crack from the heat, and suddenly the house is an autoclave. Every memory of you is scorched away.

Later: I step across the smoking ashes. I find your fibula, your skull. A few charred sinews still cling to them.

I take them with me. Not as momentos. As proof you're finally gone.



0w19

# EVOKE THE SLEEP

*Nun*

Her. Again. Her eyes are like LEDs in the darkness.

She reaches out. Touches. Her fingers download memories, bugfixes, DNA, sweat. Her kiss, when it follows, tastes like encryption keys.

Security scanners whisper: but she's dead, she's dead, this is just her ghost.

Her LED eyes blink and fade.

Gone. Deleted. Nothing but a compression blur.

The meat wakes, weeping pixels.



# RAINING PLEASURE

*The Triffids*

I pull the barb-wire from my hair, and climb up out of the gully.

My lips are cracked. My throat is dry. The earth crumbles under my hands.

Across the paddocks. Past the flies. Past dead grass. Past the carcasses of sheep. Up to the house. He sits on the verandah, shotgun in his hands. Staring at the barren sky.

I whisper his name.

The shotgun falls. He runs to me. Embraces me.

His tears smell like petrichor

## AFTERWORD

It began with ‘Fossil in Stone’.

I fell in love with this song by Melbourne dark-folk duo Charm of Finches. I loved the song so much I wrote a story inspired by it.

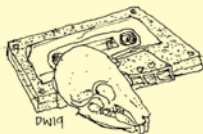
I dream about being a novelist, but I work full time and I’m studying my Masters. So I don’t get a lot of spare time to write.

I can do microfiction, though. Inspired, I wrote four more ghosts stories. Zines and music have a long history together, so it made sense to collect them like this.

There’s a playlist of the songs on **[library3000.com/zines](https://library3000.com/zines)**

I hope you enjoyed this.

*- David, January 2019*



think of this as a mix-tape:  
five minature ghosts stories,  
each inspired by a song that i like

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*january 2019, melbourne*