

Doug Holder

Mailing Out the Comp Copies

Liquid? Perishable? Hazardous?

Not really, but the lines are fluid.
Streams of thought, a river's journey.

The paper is not free from acid
it fades, like all of us.
Brown will pockmark its skin
and then engulf it.
Words will be lost
to the collective Alzheimer's.
They will rot in the compost heat
and maybe to return as an
exotic flower,
or a suffocating weed.

Hazardous?
Perhaps a poet
will throw
barbs at an errant
line break
some bug of a typo
that won't leave them alone.

The postal clerk looks
at me with a bewildered face

" Do you need any other postal products?"