I say my name to the mailbox. Then yours. Hers. Even her name and still nothing is there, no stern accounting of debts, no date when the penalties will come again, no credit offered in seriousness understood by machines. Mouth of air. Mine and the box, strung with vines, a hidden thing, vines going up from the ground on nothing, you’d think. Red flag I never raise when there is something required of me and the check is scrawled late or the letter signed, pen in mouth and heart in throat a few times every year. To be fair, not so often. Brokenness never lasting all that long. Even in your name and her name, in the absence by which we’re taught best, no totem is found. In the road, so soft in the heat it’s pliable, the car’s berth wider than I could ever need, rolling past in the other ditch almost. Some stop, offer help, help they’ve not even decided I need, shown by their rattled way back into the car. Away with words and miles. Sometimes I wait a long while beside the mail not there and imagine even more of it, its spill, its rustle like water rolling from one’s hands. When something comes with its dead postage, embossed by cancellation, I lean my face to its mouth
almost to kiss it, almost to thank its purpose,  
and with my lips carry it  
down and in. The same pens  
which spill my name  
slit each envelope open I’ve pulped soft  
with my tongue.  
Blue threads through  
whatever words accordion forth.  
Sometimes a letter. Places I’ve been  
and remember. Places I’m unlikely ever to see.  
Strange children. Minor injuries.  
The freight of the body  
in motion. Once all petals. Once only seeds.