

A Mail.

Drifting with masts and oars,  
 Tattered and ragged and thin,  
 Laid in the docks in the sun  
 And with a life scarce begun;  
 - Scattered in signals and signs -

Under the tallies, and skin  
 Callid with <sup>marks</sup> ~~call~~ and neglect  
 Stilled is the heart  
 Beating so warm and so true,  
 Though battered, despoiled and defiled.

A mail crashed up on a distant shore,  
 No sought, unclaimed, engulfed once more.

L. Leconte,

Flores

Suggestions of poems  
and essays - thirty.

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