

Letter from Limbo

Let this missive assure you, except for
a recurrent shortage of pronouns, nothing
and no one tortures our inhabitants.
Odd habits, yes, admittedly. A body got
framed in wire and failure but was not *caged*.
Another was discovered draped in rosaries,
but in no circles is serendipity of this sort
considered a sin. Irony is not inescapable.
The words *menial* and *tedium* often float
too handily among the implements, and
the word *temporarily* endures as a favorite joke.
Some like their tee-shirts soaked in tea,
like memories, the effect a sepia tie-dyed stain,
but it doesn't sink in *too* deep. Absurdity only
threatens to take over without ever doing so.
And paper images remain merely paper.
The daily news can reliably be rolled
into a thinking cap. When burned its words
can still be read in the scraps. News stays news.
Even when someone wants it to disappear.
Reported that Daphne was happiest as a tree,
twenty feet and still growing. Not a hurtful thing.
Have I made it clear? Not so much as
a pilliwinks is permitted to enter here.