

CHARLES KELL

DEAD LETTER OFFICE

I wake in the cemetery,
raise my finger
to the foggy sky & draw
a slanted mausoleum.

Place what's left of my
father's ashes inside its mauve
walls. Prop the door with mother's
wooden leg. Carve a window

in the granite so my last
phantom has air to visit.
Each suicide is a successful
attempt at sublimation

the gravedigger warned me.
I am crawling naked
in circles on a mountain
of femur-shaped spirea.

This is what the Bible
promised. I am
a beetle fingers & toes
wiggle in the wind.