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Commemorative Piece For The New P.O.

what's wet against your skin is the thought I put there  
like a postage stamp to insure delivery

I'd hang around a post-office  
and watch the postmaster perform his duties  
handling hundreds of clients daily  
with bureaucratic politeness

I'd work in a post-office without pay  
reading all the postcards  
smelling scented letters lovers airmail to each other  
over county lines  
I'd learn to guess ounces  
and measure with a sober eye how far a stamp will travel  
of course you'd smile at my second childhood  
"is it still time for games?" you'd ask  
and I'd nod professionally  
to impress you with the dry solemnity  
of all this licking

I'd miss the eyeshade that's out of style now  
everything looks like everything  
and everyone looks the same

yes I'd live in a post-office  
and pay for the privilege  
I'd smell those new sheets of stamps before anyone bought them  
and study those memorial pictures  
I'd overplay the lightweight scale  
count the change in the drawer  
and even dust off the posters  
of those glum men who've struck their own poses  
I'd put my fingers on the wet sponge  
and think of your breast damp against my fingers

I'd stick a stamp on your belly  
and give it some thought

Stele: (stēl , echoing "steel") -- seven syllable poem with  
typography dictated by the poem itself ... evokes an  
emotional, kinetic, and/or intellectual response by  
presenting an image, action, or statement.