

Caitlin Moy
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Thoughts on a Three Day Journey

These words that I carry with me
Aren't my own.
And with my disregard
For a splotch of ink on a paper card
I wouldn't dare decipher them.

I don't know if someone's nine year old nephew
Is inviting his classmates over
To hover around a lump of flour and eggs with a candle in it,
Or if a son is sending a cold piece of printer paper to his mother
In place of the hug he promised her
Three months ago.

Yet my purpose surpasses that of the writer
Who groans over grammar,
Cross-eyed from revisions,
Or the mailman
Who drags his feet up driveways,
Satchel slung over his shoulder,
With the impending nuisance of overly-friendly dogs.

Though confined to the corners
Of a four by nine inch frame,
I remain the only barrier
From parchment-melting rain,
Bacteria-ridden hands,
And curiously prying eyes.

Something about
An untouchable shade of eggshell white,
A thin seal of glue,
And edges sharp enough to trace a faint line of red on a finger,
Is enough to keep trespassers away from the words
That I guard,
But can't comprehend myself.