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## Detritus

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## Detritus

Read this, her letter said.  
Read between the lines and above them,  
below and through them.  
Read it, like the skin of a grape,  
whose pulpy mass  
did not become wine.

Read it in the mirror.  
Maybe backwards,  
you could understand it.  
Read it, like the brine that is left  
when all the olives have been served.  
Read it in the dark,  
when a wispy wafer of moon  
provides the only light.

Tend it, like a daisy  
whose soft stem  
leans dangerously  
over the edge of the pot,  
all its petals gone.  
Loves me,  
loves me not.

There's nothing you can do.  
Even if you tear it  
into bite-size pieces,  
then eat it,  
it provides nothing useful  
for your limp limbs.

Once it was a story,  
almost an opera.  
But no sopranos  
could sing the high notes.  
It was staged,  
but there were no subtitles.  
Viewers knew no words  
and heard no melody.  
Their eyebrows slammed together  
in frowns of superior ignorance.  
They left the theatre,  
as the aria played on.

Read this like a letter  
to the very end.  
Then give it one last,  
loose handshake.  
You won't give it another thought  
as you shred it  
and slip the pieces  
into the recycle box.