

MARTHA SPRACKLAND

## POSTBOX

Can you grasp him? Can you try  
to take hold of him  
and make him stop?

The blue proboscis already  
rootling among the innards  
as if (bloodstained) searching  
for a clean shirt (any)  
in a dark wardrobe—oh, help me.

He bats aside with his knuckles  
the unripe hanging fruits.

He knocks the bees  
whose honey's singing

who all know where they're going  
except me who needs to stop him  
from unslotting the comb

who has changed her mind  
or never made it up but dropped it

slipped between into the throat  
disguised as a fine idea.

The claw has retrieved and stowed it,  
it is taken away, oh look, oh no—  
it is taken away to the processing place—  
and I feel a terrible relief and stop running, stitched up,  
dreadfully good so I might as well  
shut my head in it.