

HOWARD WRIGHT

*Hard copy*

The postman is a killer.  
The envelope is a smile.  
The postmark is a blink of the eye.  
The stamp is out of deference.  
The address is the back of the hand.  
The opening is a slamming door.  
The page is a cold colour.  
The perfume is a charm offensive.  
The unfolding is a declaration.  
The handwriting is silent lightning.  
The syntax is imperfect peace.  
The punctuation is hit and miss  
The love is glacial meltwater.  
The watermark is the moon's sadness.  
The refusal is a suppressed sneeze.  
The future is a silver lining.  
The pain is a breath of air.  
The secret is knickers in the sink.  
The release is a faltering stream of traffic.  
The signature is an invocation.  
The kiss is a cut on the lip.  
The consolation is a Christmas morning.  
The hug is the embrace of alcohol.  
The name is a lump in the throat.  
The memory is a railway track.  
The loss is time at the vernal equinox.  
The past is the old regime.  
The reply is what doesn't exist.