



Design by John Waterman

Each private cubby, watertight, opens a black aperture for the delivery folded and sealed—slender packages made of paper and ink, not a rustle or squeak, keeping something or nothing to themselves.

from "What the Postmark Knows"

A Case for the  
Dead Letter Detective  
poems by Lori Brack

Kelsay Press, 2021



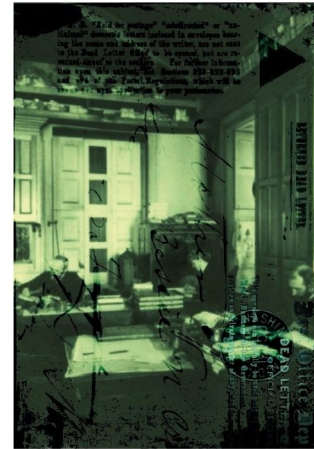
Photograph by John Waterman

Sunlight through high windows filters the leafy floor. Someone's plastic roses dulled by dust. A still wasp, half wrapped in cobweb. Veined marble and ranks of bronze with names he strains to read.

from "The Dead Letter Detective as a Boy"

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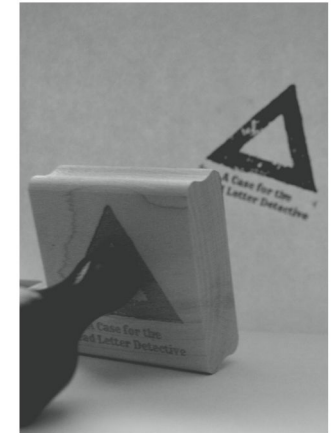
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The desks are green. The floors. The rank of files against one wall and light seeping through blinds, underwater green, pond green where turtles emerge with algae dripping and spring frogs sing like a machine.

from "Memory of the Green Office"

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Photograph by John Waterman

His hand recalls the shape of the cancellation stamp's wooden knob. He will miss its sound daubed onto the inkpad, impressed onto an envelope.

from "The Dead Letter Detective Grows Old"

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