

FEDERICO ESCOBAR-CÓRDOBA

## Aleksandr

The man hobbles out to the mailbox.  
He checks, tugging open the lid, peering in.  
His flowing beard wrestles the wind.  
More anonymous mail, trying to lure him.  
He finds it disgusting,  
this froth, this feast of availability.  
How he used to celebrate fruit:  
a single banana was a joy;  
even half a banana, browning in solitude.  
Limping back to his porch,  
he turns to an indolent extispicy of the envelopes.  
Two-thousand-something models of cars,  
promising salvation,  
credit cards shrieking their percentages,  
summer camps.  
Summer camps.  
How majestically words realign themselves.  
Memories effloresce in the cold whisper of the porch.  
Those voices, those voices that read  
poetry out for him in his head.  
Does anything remain of those voices  
subdued into survival,  
anything other than what he hears when he sits down to read?  
Perhaps he's gotten them wrong;  
perhaps what he hears now is not what he heard then.  
Did they, at least, when fading,  
think it was worthwhile?