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Page 3



THE MAN AT THE POST OFFICE
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"I used to be St. Nicholas,"
he said with a wink,
"until they passed a law against it.
Now I have to stand here
explaining to customers
why I have to steal from the rich
and the poor, why stamps
are worth their weight in gold,
why poets will just have to stop
sending editors their hearts first class
in fat white envelopes."
He slipped me a candy cane under the counter.
"All I want for Christmas,"
I said solemnly,
"is my mail delivered to the right address."
His eyebrows drooped
like mistletoe in January.
"Wouldn't you rather have," he pleaded,
"a nice flying reindeer for your own?"