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An Idea Once Crystallised

Emma Purshouse

Maybe it was a weird thing to do
to send a paper bag full of suck
in the post, not so much as a note,

their smell permeating the jiffy bag
waiting to waft out into your room,
that heady mix of the medicinal

and the factory filling your air with
the sort of smell you might put on a wound
or a scratch where the swarf has bit.

The sort of smell that might,
one cold night, remind you of
home, of me, of the Black Country.

E. Purshouse (✉)
Wolverhampton, UK