



Paper Trail XI

In his truck's console, grandpa hides a Styrofoam cup. He often brings it to his swollen lips. The longer he whispers, the darker the paper towels stuffed inside blush.

A Styrofoam cup takes over 500 years to biodegrade. In 100 years, it powders.

Because grandpa's teeth shine like dawn-gilded fence posts, Mother believes they are real.

Grandpa accidentally freckles my face with spittle. Mother grumbles, dabs me clean with a wet cloth.

I hide the scent in my errata, to which I refer often.

After visiting grandpa, we pass a Mail Pouch barn. The wind has blown several Styrofoam cups to its base. They bloom like lilies.