## CutBank

Volume 1 Issue 11 CutBank 11

Article 35

Fall 1978

## Mail Order

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#### **Recommended Citation**

Dunn, Sharon (1978) "Mail Order," CutBank: Vol. 1: Iss. 11, Article 35. Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss11/35

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### MAIL ORDER

You work alone at the shop on the second floor above the grocery. It smells of sawdust, paint and rain. On school vacations I come with you and at the shipping table you show me what I will do.

Your hands dwarf mine, wrapping screws in cellophane. You fill the window feeders and the evening grosbeaks flock as soon as your back is turned.

Hours go by.
This is a small town, no traffic, no noise.
Only the flutter of black and yellow wings.
At lunchtime you turn on the radio.
I smooth the waxed paper from the edges of the bread.

We work till five, you in the back room spraying feeders, and me separating labels saying Fragile, This End Up, Do Not Crush.