

Paper Trail
A Life-snippet

I hope to preserve
this Papi's love-crafted words
on holiday cards

haiku memories
rescued from Yule's common fate:
Christmas morning's trash

shredded red ribbons
and crumpled wrapping paper
shall not be their grave:

*beloved gap year girl,
seems you've caught the travel bug,
a healthy virus*

*our own tech wizard
who can see under the hood
of our devices*

Setting: Sarasota FL and Woodstock CT, winter holiday 2021



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