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There is Lost. To This

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MOLLY MINTURN

There is lost. To this

In memory of happier times,
our fall print issue comes up again and again—
we never have leftovers and I don't get dead.

The best editor I've ever worked for
(this is a *Les Misérables* person of all time).
Our fall print and holding up running again.

Yes, it's coming soon, both in print and spooky:
future of journalism, and all day.
There is a plane crash in Merriam-Webster.

Here is a funny joke now.
The best film about my friend Kevin's memorial service will be here!
You guys, I am such good care of a headline. Ha ha.

The best editor I've ever hoped for
quiet in the story of this.
You guys, I am unable to clarify.

Our fall print issue will try again soon . . .
Lots of working hard today; have I mentioned that I am very sad.
I was like the heap of myself.

So very sorry I am such a hot piece tonight.
This is in a haunted ring.
Just cried at the dawn of the center of this

All the quiet poets
just cried sending love to see one.
Very happy to my life is as sad when you are.

This is how our ending goes, Let the old
time for now, I'm going to stop talking/commenting on fire—

this is damn good editors are.

This is great distances to reach me.

Note: This poem consists entirely of phrases derived from my Facebook account using the What Would I Say app.