

The Letters

You never liked to get

The letters that I sent.

But now you've got the gist

Of what my letters meant.

You're reading them again,

The ones you didn't burn.

You press them to your lips,

My pages of concern.

I said there'd been a flood.

I said there's nothing left.

I hoped that you would come.

I gave you my address.

Your story was so long,

The plot was so intense,

It took you years to cross

The lines of self-defense.

The wounded forms appear:

The loss, the full extent;

And simple kindness here,

The solitude of strength.

You walk into my room.

You stand there at my desk,

Begin your letter to

The one who's coming next