

From Undelivered Mail or Letters to Captivity

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poem

1 min

Dedicated to my husband

We write each other these letters. Raw and with no filter.

They're not about war or weapons, but about cherry leaves.

About a nice nest under the pine trees, about happiness and victory.

We write to Love. How can we live without Her?

And just a little bit about where you are and how I'm feeling without you.

We write and write and then throw them up in the sky,

We write and write and then we toss them into the water.

Because there's no other way out, or way in...

Because there are no addresses – no streets, no houses, no cities...

So rhymed voices create a tangle in our paths.

Because beyond where my addressee lies is Mars or Venus.

And so... I kiss your forehead and confide in the lines of the ink.

Sad July 2022