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Dear You

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DEAR YOU

Aaron Ly

Salute to days of solitude apart
Where open hearts and shallow marks are equal
The well of water known as “I love you”
Has been reduced to dribbling drops
While soda pop and Tequila shots inhabit
The world around you but she still lives by that well
And with an ocean in between
With distance anchoring their dreams
The only thing that ties their strings is postal literacy
But the years got by
And with every stroke constructing letters

EXCHANGE Claire (Qu) Wu

She tries to grow another feather
But there's so many now, they weigh her down
And only her spirit keeps her tethered to the ground
But the only sound that you can hear
Is the scribble and scratch of a pen and pad or piece of paper
And it doesn't have to be neatly tapered
It doesn't have to be college-ruled
Because like a fool she blissfully wrote out these
Letters of love on the back of her tax bills
Her rough drafts consisted of the backs of grocery receipts
And leaving no method obsolete she
Disobeyed the physics of her heart
And disregarded that ocean for the sky
In her right hand is a pen. In her left is a string
Because as a child when she was first plunged
Into the darkest depths of "school"
There were only three things she found comprehensible:
The first was that boys have cooties
The second was that THIS was how you hold a pencil
You take your index and middle finger and with the utensil as a barrier
You squeeze tight and you write, but what she wrote was incomprehensible
That was when she learned the third thing
That THIS was how you STRING together letters and words
And you let them RING throughout your head almost
As if the metaphysical was physical
So she tightens her left hand into a ball and lets her wrist roll
And she doesn't let go, and it's not because she can't
It's because she doesn't know
How, so every night, I can see the silhouette
Of a feathered quill against a piece of paper
Ending each continuous string of thought
On, "I hope to see you soon." With emotion
In every word she prays a silent prayer
To her savior and with the next line,
The next page, the next letter: "Dear you,"