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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,"