

Hello, I saw your name  
on the return address  
for the love letter I read  
while he was out for a haircut.

I love the way you write  
about stars, that they drink  
up our biggest feelings  
and don't budge.

Of course, if it were my love letter,  
I'd write a more technically  
correct description:  
the stars are racing away from us.

Your love letter has met a good fate.  
Two years old and it has gone  
to dust on its spine from folding  
and unfolding.

It lives on his coffee table  
in good company, among papers  
to grade and books to read,  
above the drawer with the stash of chocolate.

I just wanted to say,  
I have also written love letters.  
But I won't send him any.  
Yours is enough.