

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.