

I'd like to know whether it's possible, if you write a poem for someone you love, and then send it out, and you wait several months or longer, and in that time, if that love ceases to be, whether that poem is still traveling in that time you don't see it, very quickly, across space and time. Like the time we traveled all the way up the Davis Mountains, shivering in the cold, squinting through the lens. And we saw Jupiter's red spot, and all the stars in the sky. And, if the poem does appear, later, on the pages of some journal, which you may discover nestled between other journals in a bookstore, after a solitary walk, whether it is possible then, that poem may still carry some of what was traveling, a moment to be savored later, the way a star can, out of nowhere, burn out, but whose last light has arrived, just now, after taking so very long to get here.