11:59 AM

prie_





unwelcome guest

Love comes to me in the middle of the night, gently rouses from sleep, lifts tired eyes open.

Like moth to flame, they seek out the time: still long 'til light, still time for flight—for ascension to

puffy clouds warm from endless sunlight. Allow me to rephrase: I'm burying my face in the pillow I always hug, imagining it's you.

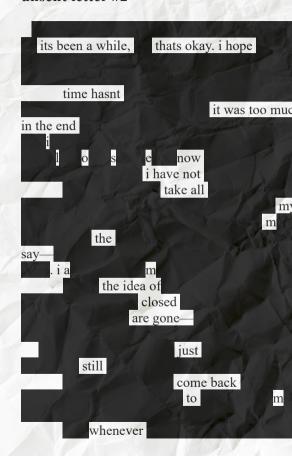
Love comes to me in the middle of the day as freshly brewed coffee and a backdrop of lively cafe chatter. It comes in the way our eyes meet again and again—moths to flames,

except there's no fire. We're scared and we're clumsy, wings beating out of sync, tangled in a dance that's only meant

to end. Currents collide. Your breeze pushes against mine until I decide I don't want to fly

anymore. I'm sorry it was you.

unsent letter #2





sunshine girl

a tap on my shoulder from behind a pair of brightly lit eyes inquiring

"what's your favorite color?"

mine is blue, i have to think hers is yellow and she answers with ease tinkling windchimes in a breeze her gentle voice rings

bright, and she doesn't specify but i know it's a

bright, bright! yellow

she smiles thinks for a while,

"we're like a nice, sunny day"

like today, i say and s

she steps into the sun and she glows

i stay where i am

i'm warm enough where i am

i wonder if she knows

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throats sustaining an ambrosian neume
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           we twirl around on bare feet dancing and laughing in spite of the heat
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             to placid meadows: flowers overflowing in rigid bloom
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             i get lost in it
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             gets taken away
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               eternal sunshine
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             of golden sunset scenes
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           polished my mind-
                                                                                         it in her dainty face her bright, knowing eyes
                             i learn this from my mother, unnecessarily—
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           sky glaring back, so intense that
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             in sleep she whisks me away
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               away
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           songbirds frozen,
                                                                                                                             her sly smile and saccharine lies
                                                                                                                                                                                           of empty dreams
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           fall back onto fleece-like grass
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             still, i find myself in search of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           that fairy song
                                                                                                                                                             my fairy sings to me
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               drift
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             stare up into an aureate
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             i've emptied my heart
her name means fairy,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               until finally
                                                               because i can see
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               i collapse
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misplaced

oops! i'm so clumsy with my heart

no, no, it's okay let me take care of the pieces

and the spill?

well— drink up.

