

Jennifer Wolfe

Letter

By the time you get this
I will be in some charming room
halfway across the country
humming my good-mornings
to the fishbowl, the sunlight
slanting in just so, moving
over the postcard
of the Japanese Tea Gardens,
redundant with cherry blossoms
in its silver frame,
and onto one sleeve
of my bathrobe blooming roses
—Can you see it?

I hope that the girl
mooning over her steamer trunk
and handkerchiefs
is thinking of someone else
because that room is still
months off and I must confess
that tonight I am thinking of you
all too often
so that the pain of it

keeps me sleepless,
writing a letter in the only
language I know, sending it
to the only place
I'm sure you'll ever get it.

You're unsuspecting
standing in the hallway
as a familiar face
works its way through the crowd
to give you this special delivery.
You crouch down along the wall,
running your index finger
over the first page
and then you see this,
start reading,

and if your world is swirling in,
if your heart pounds as you read this,
drowning out the voices, the crowd,
that slightly puzzled face
standing before you,
if these words pound into your skull
with the dull grace of a jackhammer
then know, know that somewhere
I too am swirling and know
that this letter is for you.