

When I Write to You

When I write to you the words are disjointed,
as if scattered by the wind of my longing.
The text is from notes I take while we're apart:

I saw a

Did you know

It was beautiful here today.

It was cold.

When I write to you the complimentary close is out of sequence;
I put your name last so that
it nestles into my signature, spoon-like, content, waiting.