Dear, ...you...

Hello my dearest-no, my most...hmm...forgive me, for I should not start there. Honesty is key—don’t I know it—and I should proceed with more caution. Terms such as “dearest” and “most-something-or-other” ought to receive more thought than they often do. And so first, I ought to reflect, “What truly is dearest to me?” before I spew out such rash language concerning you and your eyes that are greener than an algae filled pond, and your hair that glows like...radioactive...things...

So instead, I say hello to you my...friend—new please, do not be alarmed by my addressing you as “friend.” I value this term more than most, and I do not subscribe to the damming notion that the association between two individuals most commonly entitled, “friendship” is one from which there is no end I merely wish to convey a level of affection that I have found—for the present—to be mutual, and of course both parties maintain their right to move closer or further away from the stated association as he or she pleases. And do not be alarmed when I speak of affection. I simply desire to clarify the feeling that seems to flow mutually in our present interactions. However, if I have misread the look in your eyes or misinterpreted your words, please inform me in your reply, and I will never again speak of affection nor anything of the sort. These affections of which I speak are my purpose in writing you this day. My hope—if it pleases you—is to inform you that my feelings which you were familiar with at the time of our last association maintain their flow. They are as steady as the surgeon’s hand or the factory’s smokestacks. I would even suggest that close observation of these flowing feelings would result in the conclusion that they flow even stronger than before—yet of course! I present these figures with trepidation and complete respect for your wishes. If such news is unwelcome then please know I never meant to be a bother. Having expressed the desired message, I now close. All the good wishes and hopes I send now to you...my not quite dearest present partner in a moderately affectionate relation which could be termed as being that of friendship.

With all the sincere affections which you would be willing to receive at this time, ...me...

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Like phone calls, there are dates I cannot make. Everything comes to look like mud—
I am stabbing my pen into mud. Tight plastic pill pops move me inward.

Everything comes. To look like mud
Salt must drain from every pore.
Tight plastic pill pops. In me moves Baby-lies and lust.

Every pore must drain salt from
Each cell with wine-sips,
Lust, lies, and babies;
Maroon is the drunkest color.

Sip wine with each cell
Until writhing dies,
Maroon is the drunkest color,
The color of my tongue.

Until writhing dies
I am stabbing my pen into mud.
The color of my tongue:
Like phone calls, there are dates I cannot make.