

Unsent

by Philip F. Clark

The letter never found an eye.
I opened it, forgetting it was mine;
its paper worn to dough, its ink a ghosted blue
on the page. I could just make out words,
untethered sentences: '. . . your decision,'
' . . . years from now,' ' . . . A risk on my part.'

To whom had I wanted to send it? No face
came back to me. It was an erasure now,
made with years of bad weather. The rest
was conjecture -- my eyes trying to make
out its runes; a puzzle. I kept it.
I put it back in the wet and crumbling box.

All day I thought of it -- by whom it may
have been held. The winter kept its promise
of snow. I do not have the hand
I had then, nor the paper -- not an image
came to me. And this is where we end --
the exorbitant eye of forgotten days.

