

*Unsent Letter #1*

Dear ,

There's a mallard and his mate, outside my window. The rose bushes have been uprooted; ready to be replaced. Across the street the police are in the process of arresting a woman. Her husband [boyfriend] leans against the building like he's seen it all before. It's difficult. I think I'm ruined. I'll take my chances in slivers; not brave enough to flat out ask and too smart [afraid] to blow it all by being honest. If you were here I couldn't fake it. But you're not. You are a handwritten letter; an untold story. Tomorrow, the landscapers will be back.

Love,

*Unsent Letter #2*

Dear ,

Now, there is nothing but dirt. They took the trees, bushes; even part of the sidewalk. The police are gone. The flashing red and blue a quiet promise of their return. I want to tell you stories. I want to find one more way to turn the truth. I want to be subversive. I'll confess my crimes; I'll take my chances; tell you what you think you already know. I do plan to post this bundle of letters. Maybe I'll redact them. As if they were sent from a war zone or some Eastern Bloc country; before the wall came down.

Love,

*Unsent Letter #3*

Dear ,

Sometimes I no longer believe you are real; this letter will sit in the dead letter office. Unopened and unread until one rainy day, a bored employee will wonder who it was meant for. They will open it, read it aloud; create their own narrative. I wonder will they be able to see the curve of your hand, that spot on your wrist I used to kiss; the freckle on your rib. On my window ledge, a petal, used to be a rose. It is a stamp that has fallen off an envelope; one more letter unable to be delivered.

Love,

*Unsent Letter #4*

Dear ,

I think about carefully writing letters then leaving them in random places:

Dear Subway Passenger,

Dear Passer-By,

Let me tell you about my lover. She's beautiful in that way sadness has of rounding out edges. She likes to go barefoot; better to feel the arth tremble, she says. She worries about the sun when it rains. Likes to sit in her grandmother's chair; best seat in the house when it thunders. She believes in long good-byes and wide-open spaces. Last thing she told me was how words seemed to come alive, when written by hand.

Love,

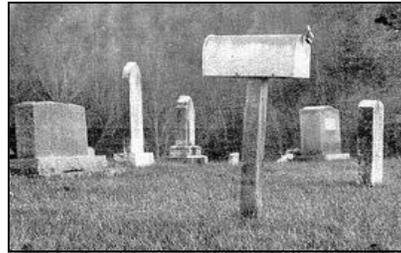
*Unsent Letter #5*

Dear ,

Every day I stop at the park. Same time, except on Thursdays [I'm a little late]. I lean against the car and wait. Sometimes I'll walk the path. Once I sat under a maple; watched a robin collect twigs for a nest. One day there will be nothing left to breathe; a few moments here, a question or two there. I notice the same people: an older woman sits on the bench facing west [always leaves at 4:30], a young boy and girl, [the beginnings of a crush]. Sometimes, I wonder if they recognize me; know what I'm waiting for.

Love,

# Dead Letter Office



For J

.....so you can carry me in your pocket

Alex Stolis

*Please recycle to a friend.*

ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM

origamipoems@gmail.com

Cover art: From The Web

Origami Poems Project™

Dead Letter Office

Alex Stolis © 2012