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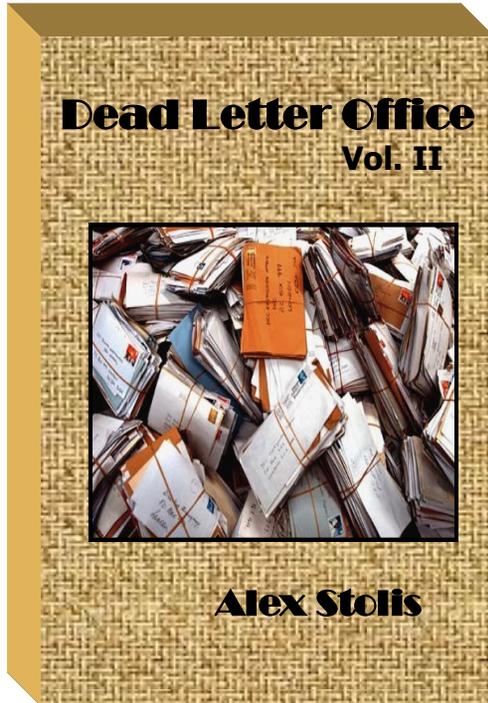
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Cover art: From The Web

**Origami Poetry Project™**

**Dead Letter Office Vol. II**

Alex Stolis © 2013



**Unsent Letter #6**

Dear J,

You told me your husband wished you were more practical. I wanted to accidentally run into him; tell him I was envious. Convince him you're perfect. We were everywhere. We were overflowing, abandoned. I promised to not count the days, but they were right there: full fresh days; a bawdy yellow field; a dark sitting room, the backseat of a car while it rained. There were wide highways; clean, flat and endless. When I stopped counting it was long enough to end it all. You're patient; all ready to take the long road. I'm unforgivable; writing my way into nothing.

**Unsent Letter #7**

Dear J,

I love edges. Anything that can take me down another city block, around corners; into the permanent. The air is lousy with shouts from irritated cars. It's all breakable; you tell me joy is the number 8, always doubling back on itself. There is a catch in your voice; you would rather be home, digging in the garden until the sensation of floating ebbs into a drop of rain. I want to plan a full color escape, feel the brush of your hand against my cheek. Until everything is simple math: minus me; plus you; divide us both in two.

**Unsent letter #8**

Dear J,

Remember the night we stole your father's car? The halo-glow of the porch light illuminated our crime. You slid across the long bench seat, told me to drive. Drive to nowhere; drive over the edge of the earth; watch the look on God's face as we crack the horizon. I remember crickets singing louder the further we went; the hum of wind through wing windows. There was clean static from AM radio; your hand on mine. I wake, three four five times a night and you're invisible; a shadow; a heart-shaped moth watching over me as I fall to sleep.

**Unsent letter #9**

Dear J,

Not sure what is left to write. I've told you about the birds that nest in winter; the simple pearl of water that glides down my window; an unpainted bridge over Lester Park Creek that reminds me of that summer. We cannot forget what we don't remember; cannot let it go again. Next time will be forever. This morning the moon was a dim light wrapped in gauze. We are separated; not by distance, not time but circumstance. We will carry each other; two butterflies frozen still on pink petals. Handwritten notes folded in our pockets; everything we'll ever need.

**Unsent letter #10**

Dear J,

I want you to forget you love me. Forget how trees scallop the sky, the way the horizon shuns the stars. I want you to bury the words you gave to me. The ones that belong to the soft rush of wind through puffy willows. Pack away the quiet adjectives you use to describe the sound of morning; forget it all. I'll write you from another continent, bare and thirty words; underfed and worthless words. I'll write of broken promises; made up prayers from lost lovers. I'll tell you about paper wings; ashes; a wet moon a wash on the shore.

**Unsent Letter #11**

Dear J,

I'm looking outside my window 5:30AM: the only one here; not ready to work. Its quiet; the quiet roar of a world that's still and within itself. You tell me you are flying out in five days: England then Portugal. I wonder what love feels like after a distance; after silence turns into a rush of wind. Later this year I'll be in London; funny how we end up in the same places but never at the same time. Send me a card, a cheap souvenir. I'll fold it into a talisman; every crease a reminder of where I've been.