

BRITTAN SEMLER

Fairy Letters

When I was six or seven,
My summers were filled with fairy letters.

In the magic moonlight
The letters I tucked into lily buds
 Or slid into the knot of a tree trunk
Were stolen by secret travelers
With butterfly wings and wind chime voices.

In the humid misty mornings I would find their dew-
Dampened notes in the same places mine had hid
The night before.

They wrote to me of fairy houses
 And chipmunk friends

Tea parties of nectar and berries
Flower petal dresses stitched with spider web.

Late one muggy summer night,
An insomniac of my own imagination,
I treaded quietly downstairs to glimpse my fairies
frolicking in our star-dusted garden.

I instead found my mother
Tucking a glittery note beneath a tiny canopy of
strawberry leaves.
My childhood splintered;
No more was I the girl chosen by the fairies.

Traces of their thriving colony
 Faded with the season.
Their fairy ghost town crumbled;
Great twig roofs collapsing on moss carpeting
Acorn chairs washed away by the rain.

My backyard barren of secrets
I packed away my letters of lies.

Years later, I re-read those carefully penned stories
About magical secret admirers.
In all the fairies I thought I'd lost,
I forgot the one I always had.