

A Collection of Letters I Have Not Yet Received from my Former Love

poetry

Andie Klarin

Dear Former Darling,
Late November- I left you 3 weeks ago
Fucked 3 people since then
Sent their bodies to you
cold white flags sticking out of your mailbox.

Dear Former Darling,
Here are the silver hoops, the black belt, the journal you left at my house.
You never asked for the last one back but I have read it through and I am
bored

Dear Former Darling,
Here's your stuff, dyke. Here you are crying in the back row of a crowded
plane. Here you are familiar with the smell of me. Here's where it ends.
Here you are writing a poem about missing somebody who never
wanted you in the first place. Here's another reason to feel sorry for
yourself. Here's a picture of a man: 22, Jewish, liberal, handsome. Here
are the things I needed to get rid of before he came over. Here's a blunt.
Here's a good kiss with a stranger in the parking lot of a coffee shop.
Here's to never going back to New York. Here's Iowa or Scotland or
somewhere we won't ever walk down any street at the same time. Here
is the most embarrassed I've ever seen you. A new pimple, bad breath,
suitcase packed too quickly. You can't focus on that book and you can't
write a poem that isn't bad or about feelings that are unreciprocated.
Here is all of your shit.