

Mia Doi Todd, The Last Night of Winter

Thanks for your letter. It made me feel better. I was down,
And it gave me a lift; appeared the Goodyear blimp.
The tree out your window is covered in pink snow.
You put a few blossoms in the envelope. I didn't know.
Now on the sidewalk, outside my p.o. Box, I'm a parade.
I'm confetti of fuschia hearts. We are never really apart.

You dreamed of me the last night of summer.
You dreamed of me the last night of summer.

You were coming. I was leaving. We met in the harbor
Where whaling ships dock. We threw some rocks.
Everyone wanted you. I was not immune to the fever
That overtook the cast and crew. I couldn't get to you.
But I had a secret, a torch to give you. I stole an hour
Or two to share the fruit I grew with you.

I dreamed of you the last night of winter.
I dreamed of you the last night of winter.

(Hidden treasure, buried long ago, of immeasurable gold.
I'm drawing a map, connecting the dots, fusing the past to the present.)

I must always remember our moments together
And believe in magic. It exists just beneath the surface.
New York City thinks it knows everything. The buildings,
The people threaten to crush your body, your mind, your soul.
But you keep writing, and i'll keep writing, and one day
The story will be told. All our oysters will unfold.

You dreamed of me the last night of summer.
I'll dream of you the last night of winter.