

Teitur, Letter From Alex

The end of February,
a garbage truck
is backing up outside my window.

Four years ago
my father died,
that's more than a thousand days.

Emily is across from me,
her head cocked like a curious dog.
She's muttering lines from an upcoming show,
broken into jazz standards.
Something about "Baby leaving"
and "Never coming back."

Where are you
in the winter
when I need some camaraderie?

I'm disappointed
about my job.
It's definitely not what I envisioned.

Emily is staring out the window,
the three armed lamp is out one bulb.
I hear you are travelling around towns I can't pronounce.
You know, I used to live in them!
Now I must get some rest.

All the good symptoms of art will always bring some restlessness.
In the februarys of my late twenties and, I suppose, my thirties.