

# 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.